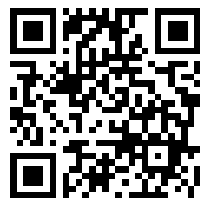
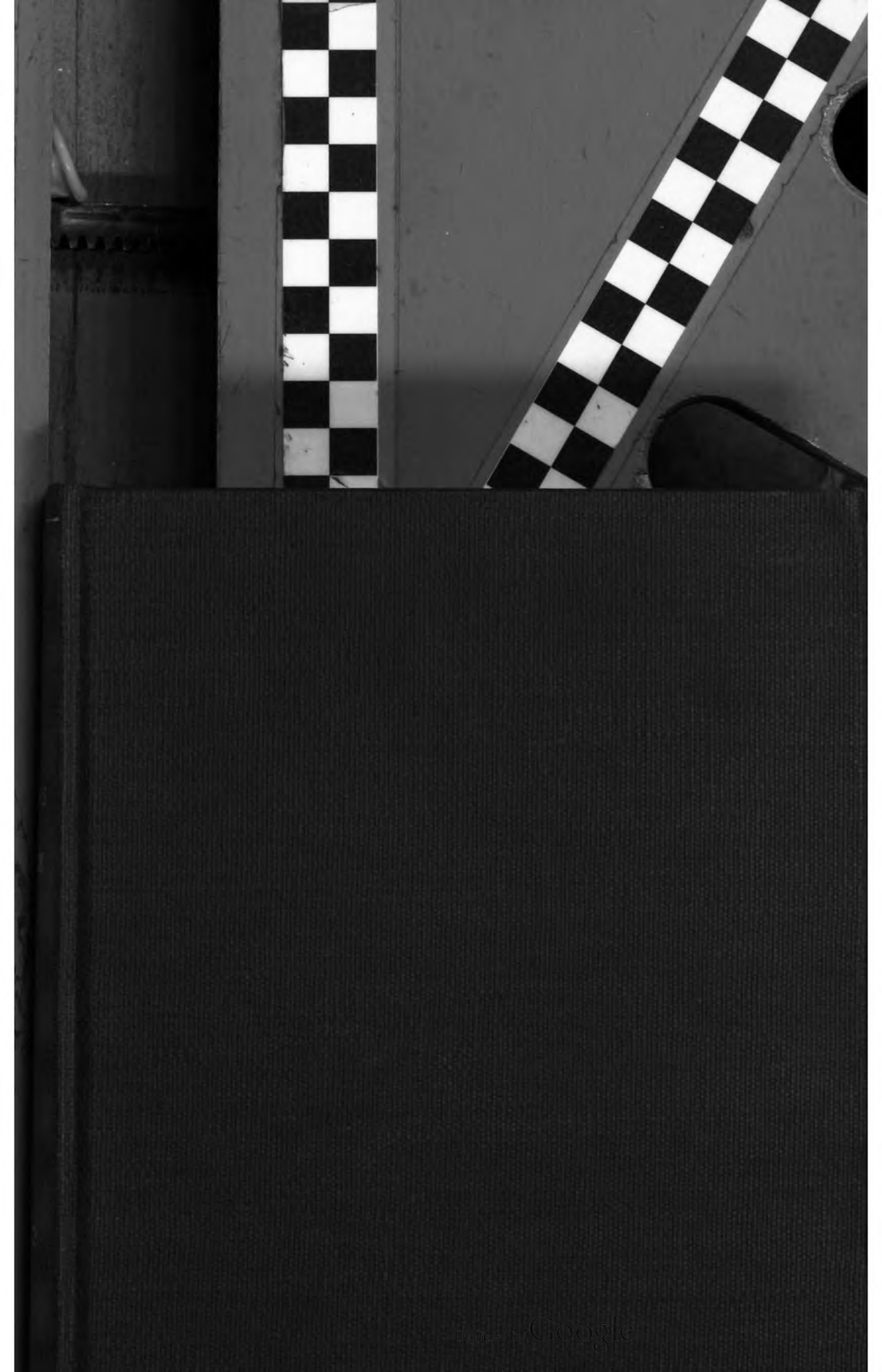

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1892

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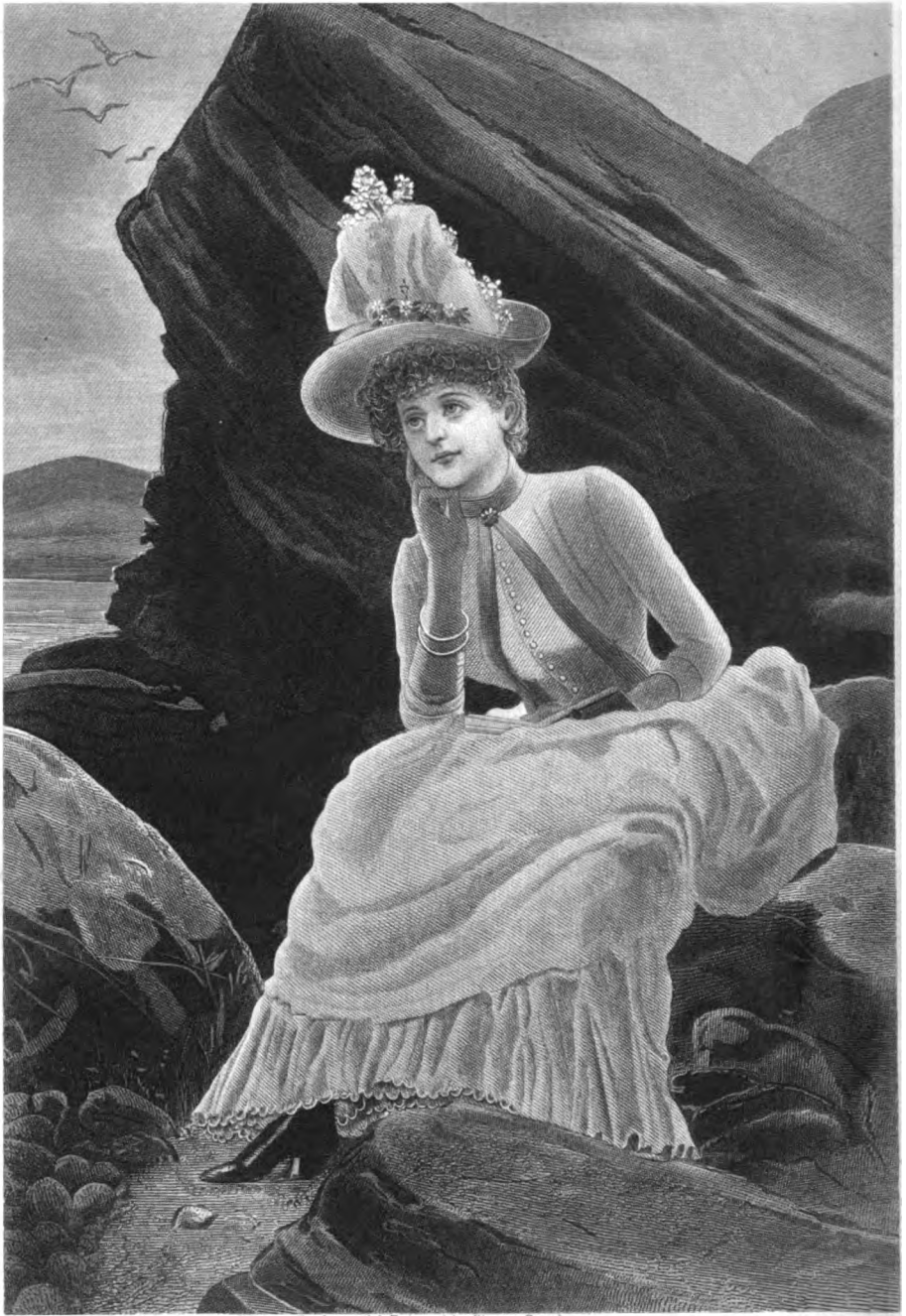
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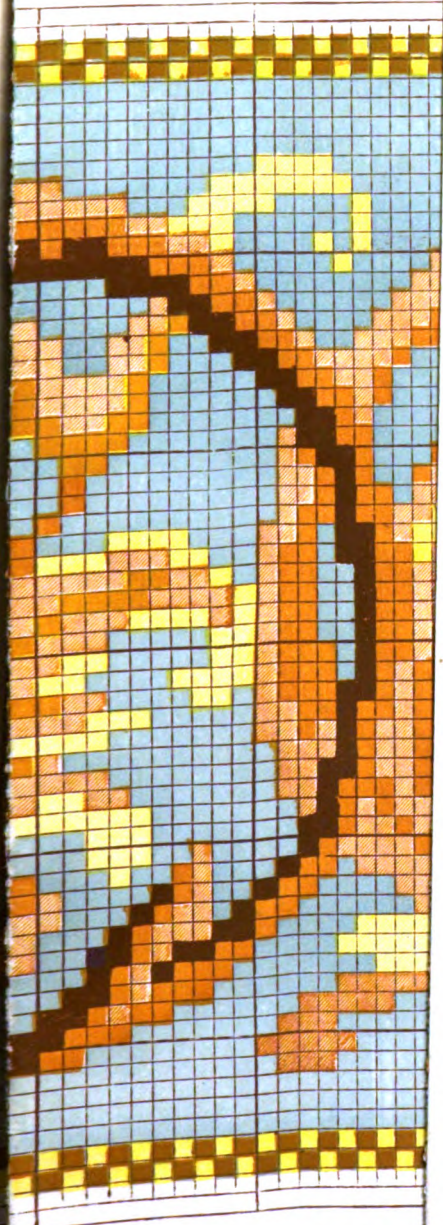


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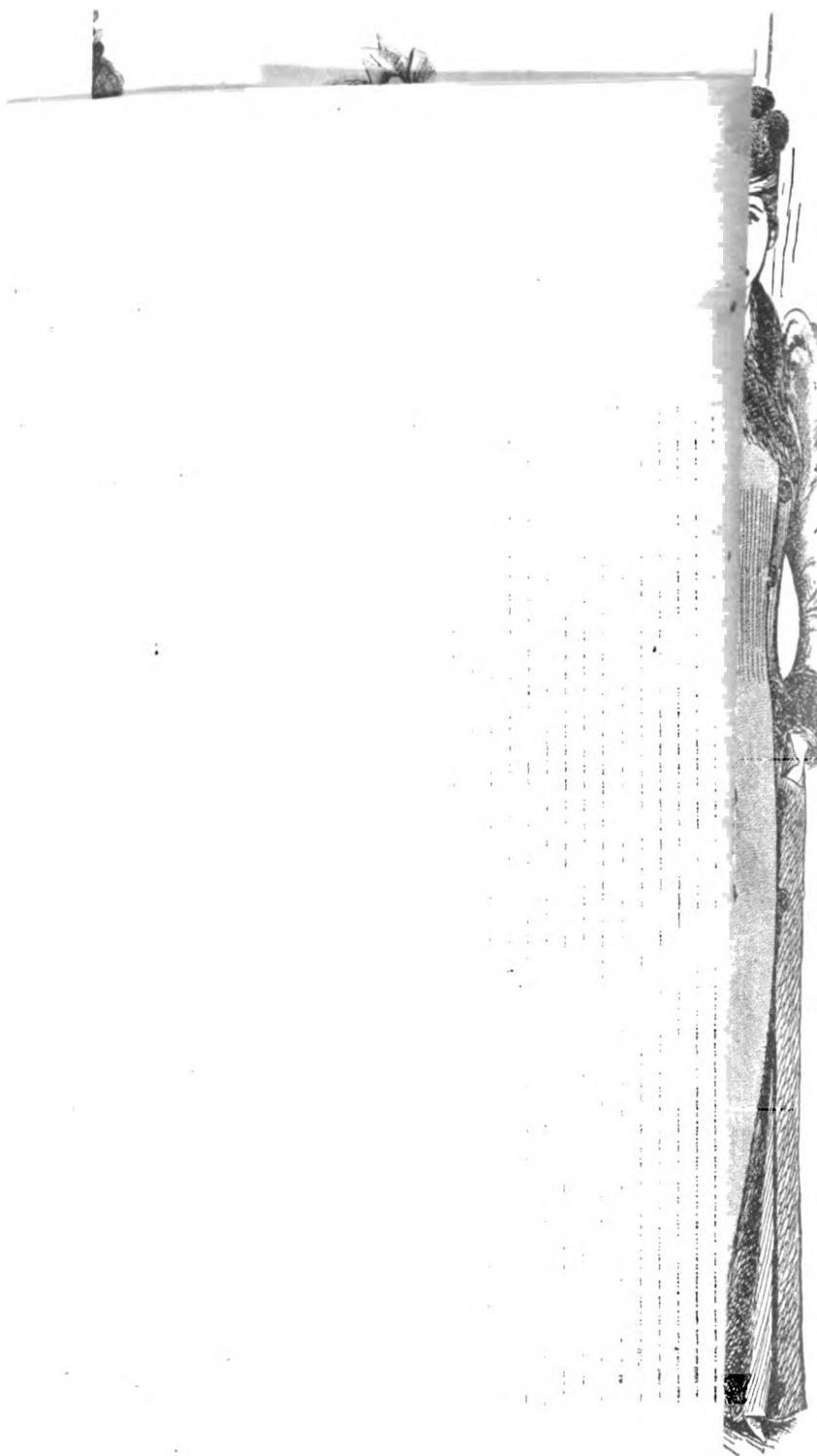


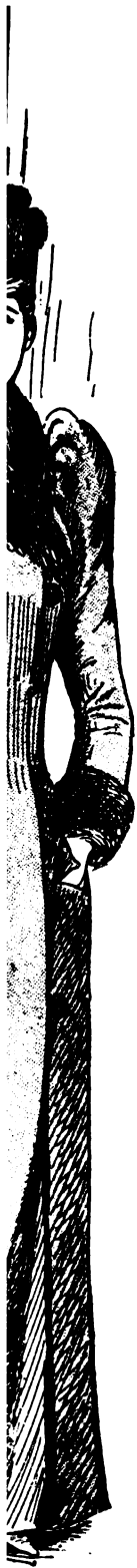
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STRIPE IN







PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. CI.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1892.

No. 1.

AN AMERICAN NOVELIST.

WITHIN the last ten years, Mr. Edgar Fawcett has so rapidly grown in public favor that to-day he ranks among the most popular of American authors. No writer has more successfully dealt with certain phases of American social life or portrayed with closer fidelity the virtues and foibles of that large portion of the rich and idle among our countrymen who are more at home in Paris or Nice than in their native land.

Edgar Fawcett was born in New York City, May 26th, 1847, and graduated from Columbia College when twenty years of age. He is one of the few among our literary men who has made literature his sole profession without being forced to resort to journalism or editorship; that he has been able to remain a novelist alone, speaks loudly for the popularity of his works.

His first story was written somewhere about his ninth birthday, and he gives an amusing account of his recollection of his heroine, as a widow blessed with eighteen children and persecuted by a diabolical villain, over whom she finally triumphed. He followed this effort by numerous other creations quite as remarkable; but, from the time he entered his teens until his college course ended, he had little leisure for the development of his powers in that direction.

His first novel, "Purple and Fine Linen," appeared in 1873, and, before that decade ended, he had published two other romances; but his first real triumph was achieved by "A Gentleman of Leisure" in 1882, a keen biting satire on the various cliques and types of New York society, and soon afterward "An Ambitious Woman" gained him fresh laurels. In the words of a recent able reviewer: "The success of these books marked an era in the author's literary life. Experience and

ability had equipped him notably for the task of exploiting the romance, the mystery, the absurdities and extravagances of the great city in which he had been born. He had imagination and insight to penetrate beneath the surface; he had a keen and cutting satire to expose superficial pretensions with jocund adroitness, while his social environment offered him all necessary opportunities for utilizing his gifts. The public approbation revealed to him his own strength and convinced him that here lay his true field, and a long string of metropolitan novels and sketches have been the result of this fortunate conviction."

In general, Mr. Fawcett's readers give the palm to his novel "A New York Family," and we are inclined to agree that so far it may be considered his masterpiece. Certain incidents in the book no doubt contributed to the interest it excited on its first publication. A portion of the tale deals with the period in which New York was governed by the most corrupt municipal clique to which it has ever been subjected, and various among the members are introduced with wonderful fidelity and force. But the continued success of the romance proves that it did not depend on these portraits for its elements of popularity. The men portrayed are already nearly forgotten, but the novel keeps its hold on public favor and ranks among the best works of fiction which America has produced during recent years.

Mr. Fawcett's list of published works must now count some twelve volumes, and each book has proved more successful than its predecessors. His powers are in their prime, and it is safe to predict that his brilliant career has not yet by any means reached its zenith.

Although best known as a writer of prose

fiction, Edgar Fawcett merits a prominent place among the younger generation of American poets. In 1878, he gave to the world a collection of verse under the title of "Fantasy and Passion" which gained the flattering praise it thoroughly merited, and it is to be hoped that before long he will follow that effort by the publication of his later lyrics. Many of these poems have been widely copied both here and in England, although in the latter country frequently without his name, a habit to

which English newspapers and periodicals are, we regret to say, very much given when appropriating the articles of American authors.

Some of the very best among Mr. Fawcett's shorter novelets have appeared in the pages of this magazine, and our readers will be glad to possess a faithful portrait of the writer who has so often delighted them with his caustic wit, his dramatic dialogue, and his rare gifts of narrative and characterization.

CHARITY.

BY MRS. A. GIDDINGS PARK.

OH, why should you censure your brother
Who fell in life's march by the way,
When you know not his strength or his weakness
Or the force that was long kept at bay?
Perchance, in the contest for victory,
A Titan he proved 'gainst the ill,
When we measure the power of resistance,
The legions at war with the will!

The hero's true courage is counted
By dangers he braved or has staid;
The depth of the wound is conjectured
Alone by the length of the blade!
The hand of a friend may have wielded
The weapon, unconscious of harm;
Or it may be that love as delusive
And false as the treacherous charm

Of the Siren of Caprea lured him,
Forgetful of all, to his fate;
Lend a hand to his aid and his rescue,
Ere it be for that rescue too late!
Oh, ye who on moral foundations
Stand firm as the rock of the sea,
'Gainst whom waves of temptation beat vainly,
Man the life-boat for wrecks! is the plea.

Send the light of your watch-tower streaming
Far out o'er the treacherous wave!
No mission more noble or God-like
Than lost ones to seek and to save.
Heed the cry that is constantly sounding
Along life's wreck-strewing strand,
Hoist the signal of warning and danger—
To brothers adrift, lend a hand!

SLUMBER-SONG.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

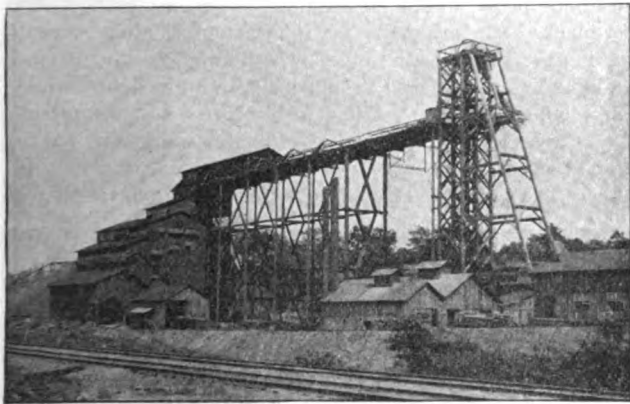
LISTEN, my little one, don't you hear
Bells out of Sleepland, low and clear?
The elves that are hidden till twilight-time
Are up in the steeples, ringing a chime
That floods the air with a spell of dreams,
And the little one, listening softly, seems
To float away on the melody
As a leaf down a river drifts to the sea.

Listen, my little one! Drowsily
The bells out of Sleepland ring to me.
The river of slumber is white with sails
Of dream-boats drifting where peace prevails.
Oh! white-winged fleet, with a freightage rare,
I give my little one into your care.
Bear him away to the land where he
Shall see dream-elves shaking the dreamland tree.

Little one, leaf on life's restless stream,
Drift down the current of sleep and dream;
Dream of the love that I bear thee, and this
Words cannot tell, so it's told in a kiss.

IN A COAL MINE.

BY HARRIET LATHAM.



“ON Susquehanna’s side fair Wyoming,” wrote Campbell, over a hundred years ago, and, after writing that tolerable line, went on to display a delightful ignorance of his subject by describing “red flamingoes” and other tropical birds and beasts as sharing this picturesque spot along with the cruel red men.

He did not even approach correctness, in his description of the famous massacre; so that, in his ambitious attempt, he succeeded no better as an historian than he did as a naturalist or a poet.

The only trace left to-day of the awful struggle is a monument standing midway in the valley which stretches for some thirteen miles along the heart of Luzerne County, one of the finest sections of Pennsylvania.

A lovely valley it is, with the green mountains rising on either hand, and the capricious Susquehanna winding through its midst.

Some of the richest coal fields in the country lie beneath this peaceful loveliness, and civilization and progress have done their best to ruin its beauty, but fortunately have not succeeded. The great steam coal-breakers which rise on every side have become so blackened that, instead of being unsightly objects in the landscape, at a distance they look like half-ruined castles, and the vast mountains of coal-dust piled near

take fairly rainbow tints in the sunlight.

I have not the slightest intention of boring you with a geological article, and you can buy the State reports if you want statistics; all I set out to do is to relate my experience in a coal mine and show you copies of some of the photographs that were made in our presence. I must, however, tell you—though I dare say you know it already, or knew

it once—that the entire valley is underlaid with veins of anthracite varying in thickness from two to fourteen feet, though these are the extreme measurements.

A drift mine is reached by blasting out the face of the rock in the side of a hill; a slope mine works its way gradually down; a shaft is of course a vertical opening into the bowels of the earth.

There are hundreds of these shafts, varying in depth from eighty to six hundred feet, though the last-mentioned limit is one that has only been reached in two or three mines. In some instances, these subterranean excavations comprise a radius of several miles and can boast streams and waterfalls of very considerable dimensions.

The closing illustration shows the steam breaker belonging to the shaft mine which I visited. This breaker was a huge building, a hundred feet or so away from the mouth of the pit. The car-loads of coal are carried by steam power to the very top of this building, inside of which is a chute making an inclined plane to the bottom, with gratings placed across at intervals. The coal is dropped into this slide and broken into fragments by the force with which it falls, making every size of the coal in use, from the great blocks to the tiniest bits.

Perhaps I should have said the breaker contains a series of inclined planes, for at

each story there is a trough in which coal of a certain size stops, while men and boys carefully pick out the slate mixed therewith, after which process the grating is opened and the coal drops through.

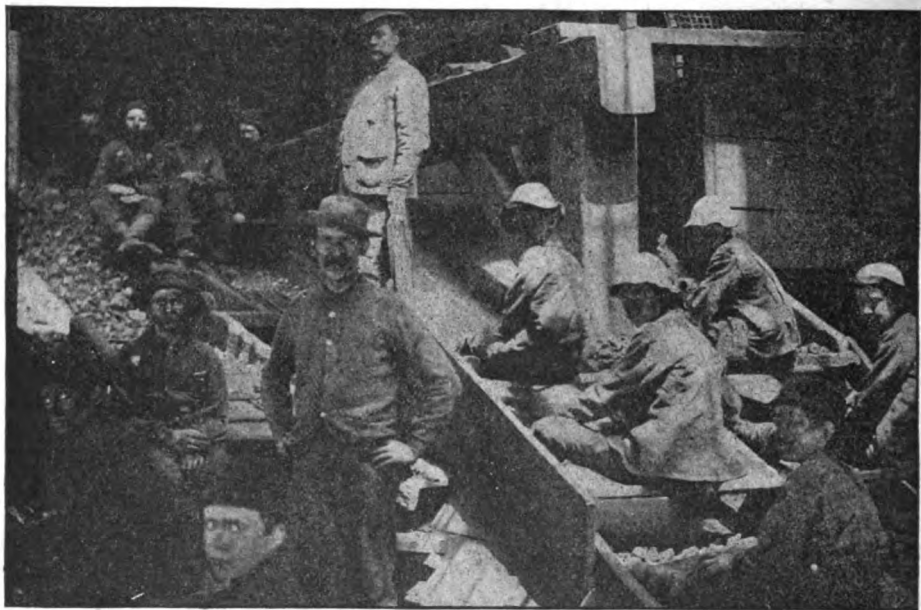
We went into the breaker first and mounted to the very top by easy staircases, and, being dressed expressly for the expedition, did not mind either dust or black.

When we got outside again, I made the acquaintance of a remarkable old mule and his quaint old driver, the pair having for many years spent six days of each week in helping to build up the mountain of coal-dust at the side of the breaker. The old

a German workman who was listening remarked sententiously: "Gulum is gulum, it makes no matter what mine she comes out of."

I would gladly have prolonged my interview with General Putnam and the old Lincolnshireman, if only to put off the remainder of the trip; but my companions forced me ruthlessly away, as indifferent to my thirst for information as they were to certain tremors which beset me the nearer I reached the black chasm into whose yawning mouth I had rashly agreed to trust myself.

It was not encouraging to have visited on the way a place where a new shaft was being opened, and to see a photograph taken of a



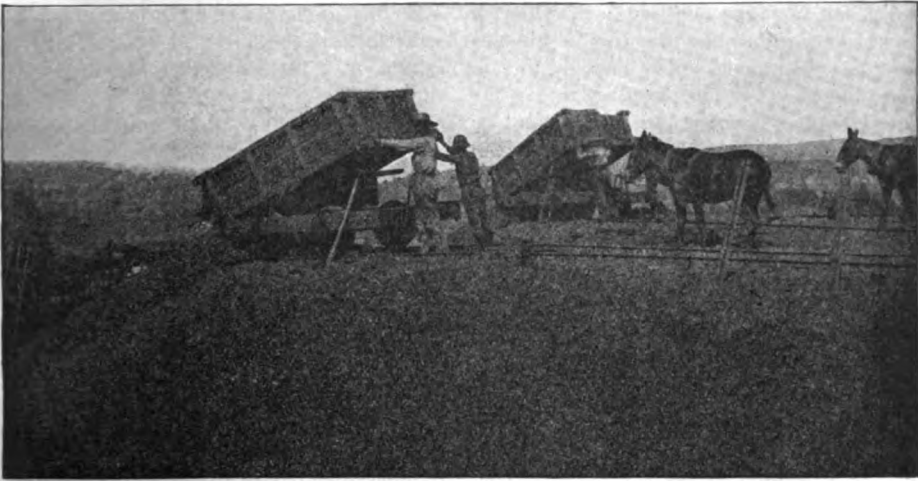
PICKING SLATE.

man told me a great number of stories about the sagacity of his four-legged companion, and General Putnam, as he called the hybrid creature, looked as self-conscious and gratified as a human being could have done at this flowery tribute to his unusual gifts.

But one thing the old man could not tell me, nor could anybody else, and that was how the name culm came to be given to the heaps of coal-dust. "It wor iver the name in Hingland," he said, and an old Welsh miner whom I asked replied: "Cot pless our souls, how tid anyting's name pegin?" To which pertinent question, I had no response to make, any more than I had when

group of men just ready to descend into the mouth of the pit. The stalwart fellows looked as easy and unconcerned as if they had been standing in an elevator of a city hotel, and I longed to rub a little black on my own face, for I was mortally afraid that my companions might see some sign of the annoying tremors which kept growing stronger each instant.

But the fatal moment had arrived; I was obliged to leave General Putnam and his satisfied air, and the old man with a last story still unfinished, and to accompany my stout-nerved friends with such appearance of composure as I could call up.



DUMPING CULM.

We soon reached the shaft-inclosure and saw the wooden cage suspended over the abyss. Into this vehicle I stepped with a reluctance similar to that I always feel when forced to take possession of a dentist's chair while its owner smiles as serenely as if he were going to treat me to a little feast.

The signal was given, and off we started! It required a powerful effort of will for me to keep from clutching the arm of the gentleman standing next to me, and I was rewarded later by a complimentary speech in regard to my courage. It was too bad to have the effect of the gallant youth's pretty phrase spoiled by the remark of a blundering brother-in-law of mine.

"Oh, she never keeps so still unless she's frightened," said this inconsiderate person. "Isn't that so, H?"

I disdained to answer, but I annihilated him by a glance of lofty scorn. I mean, he would have been annihilated if, like every other unfortunate woman's brother-by-mariage, he had not been as devoid of sensitiveness as he was of conscience. However, I must do him the justice to say that he atoned somewhat for his misconduct before we left the region, by presenting me with a beautiful bracelet of what are called indifferently mine diamonds, sulphur stones, or star jewels. They are in reality iron pyrites, and are found in considerable quantities in the coal strata. When fine, they nearly equal diamonds in brilliancy; into the bargain, nobody one meets elsewhere, unless it be

some tiresome old geologist, ever knows what they can possibly be, though the dullest person—even the most ill-natured—is forced to recognize at a glance that they are minerals of some peculiar kind.

But I really must not leave my companions and myself any longer suspended in mid-air, with the pitchy blackness below rendered blacker by the little glimmer of the cage lamp. Down, down we went—oh, it seemed to me as fast as a sledge descends a toboggan-slide, and as far as the centre of the earth at the very least! Indeed, I should not have been much astonished if I had suddenly caught a gleam of daylight and discovered that we had missed our route, gone all the way through this terrestrial ball, and come out among the Celestials on the other side.

The cage stopped with a bump, and we were helped out to find ourselves in a kind of murky grotto with night overhead save where it was broken by a gleam from the shaft down which we had traveled for two hundred and fifty feet.

As my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I perceived tiny stars, which were lights on the caps of our conductors and passing miners, and was able to gain some faint idea of our surroundings. The illustration of the spot will, however, give my readers a better conception thereof than any description of mine could do.

After a good deal of valuable information on the part of the charming mine-owner who goodnaturedly accompanied us, and a great

many not very wise questions on the part of my brother-in-law and the rest of the men visitors—we women knew enough to hold our tongues—we were bundled into a car. Away we sped along a narrow cable railway for another hundred yards or so, till we reached a second grotto-like space, into which opened the countless chambers in which coal was being bored or blasted out.

Just as I was helped from the car, there came a dull roar like distant thunder; the rock beneath shook, and I again hastily decided that our guides had mistaken the route, only this time we had landed down in a dark vestibule of Pluto's dominions and that his majesty was having a salute fired in our honor. I was told, though, that it was a blast explosion I had heard, and I suppose it was, though to the day of my death I shall always, in spite of my reason, cherish a belief deep down in my mind that we must have gone very near indeed to Pandemonium to reach an atmosphere so filled with fumes of sulphur.

The odor, however, did not strike one as I should have expected it to, nor was it so very disagreeable after all. The irrepressible husband of my sister remarked that the smell was like that of several thousands of hard-boiled eggs, and suggested that perhaps the imps in Hades were just taking breakfast.

Up in the realms of day, the morning had been very warm; but, down in those regions

of night, the air was moist and cool, and somewhere in the darkness I could hear the gurgle of a little brook as it hurried off through a gap in the rocks.

We walked about from one chamber to another; we were told that the vein of coal varied from three to five feet in thickness, and, when full work went on, scores of tons were taken out daily. But, in that section, the coal mines make one of the numerous vast monopolies which are as much of an anomaly in a republic as they are a disgrace to progress. Even if a single proprietor own a mine, he must to a certain extent join that monopoly: work when told, leave off when bidden, send to market so much or so little coal; and, if any bold spirit should attempt to oppose the will of the great company that owns most of the fields, he would speedily be crushed metaphorically as flat as he would be physically if the roof of his pit fell in on his head.

There really is not much more to tell, for the visit does not offer any wide variety—an inspection of one chamber is an inspection of all, they vary so little in appearance.

Not long before we visited the valley, however, some strangers did manage to meet with a sensation more startling than agreeable. There were about a dozen persons in the company, and they went to inspect a portion of a mine in which work had altogether ceased—the vein had been worked



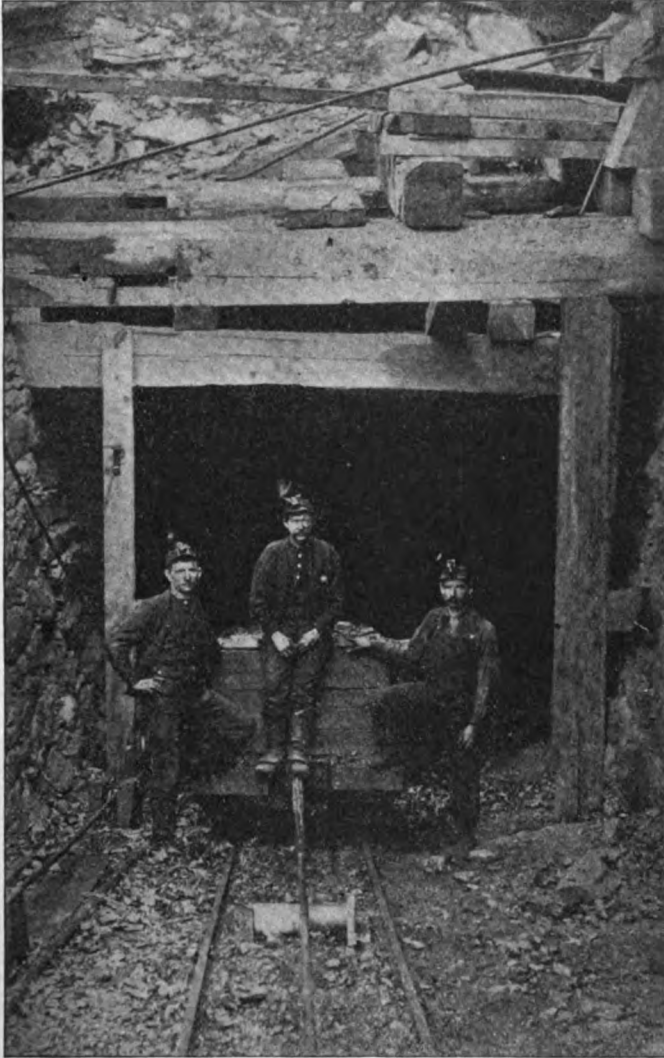
GENERAL PUTNAM.

out. From that place, they walked to the mouth of the slope, and, when they emerged into daylight, discovered that one of the ladies was missing.

Of course, an exploring party hurried back in search of her. They were gone so

up from another part of the mine to relate that, as he came out of the breast in which he was working, he had stumbled over a lady lying in a dead faint on a heap of straw and rubbish.

It appeared that, when the rest diverged



AT THE BOTTOM.

long that the rest grew frightened and made the guides take them back too. They had naturally expected to find the girl in the deserted portion of the mine; but, though they visited every chamber, she was not to be found. Just as the alarm was spreading even to the conductors, a man came hurrying

from the principal tunnel to visit the disused section, the girl had supposed they meant to return by the route which they had taken. She was a romantic young person, and wanted to experience the sensation of becoming temporarily a hermitess deep underground. She could not resist carrying her

desire into effect, rightly suspecting that her absence would not be noticed from among so large a number, as she had nobody to be particularly interested in her except her sister and her sister's betrothed, neither of whom had of course any leisure to bestow on her.

the wisest thing she could have done, as she did not recover consciousness until her companions found her.

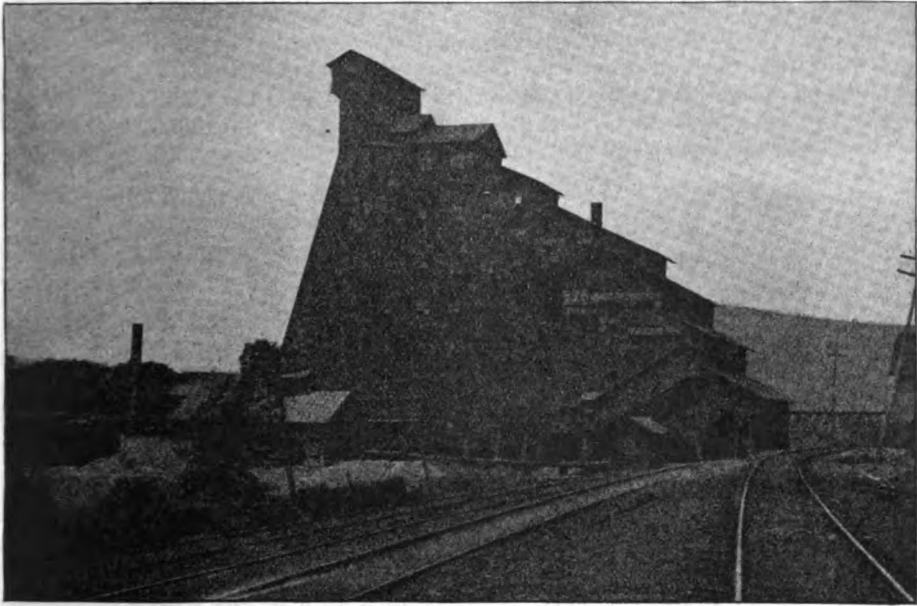
With the close of this tale, we once more reached the foot of the shaft and could gaze up the dizzy height to the circle of light that



SHAFT-SINKERS.

Once alone in the dark, she grew frightened—called—shrieked; but there was no one within hearing distance. She started up, tried to run along the track, lost her footing, fell on the heap of straw, and fainted comfortably away. Under the circumstances, this usually foolish proceeding was

looked so dim and distant. Again the signal was given, and in what seemed to me a much shorter time than the descent had required we all stood once more on the outer crust of this planet, with the blessed blue sky above, winking and blinking like a company of belated owls, and as soiled and blackened as



A STEAM BREAKER.

if we had been weeks instead of an hour down in the recesses of the earth.

Later in the day, we drove down the valley, past smiling fields, quaint old homesteads and pretty little hamlets, stopping to inspect the graceful monument at Forty Fort which commemorates the terrible massacre that has given the region its historical interest. We went also to visit an old gentleman whose grandmother had been among the fortunate persons who escaped to the mountains, and he told us a variety of stirring stories which she had related to him in his childish days.

I suppose I ought to be ashamed to confess

it, but the tale which most impressed me was a laughable one, and I cannot resist giving it as a new cure for paralysis. A woman who had lain on her bed for ten years, a helpless paralytic, heard the alarm of the Indians' approach, and saw the family with whom she lived hurry off, half crazed with fear.

The poor creature's agony of mind worked what seemed fairly a miracle. She rose, dressed, ran a mile to reach the river, got into a canoe that was just pushing off, fell out, was helped in again, and escaped with the other fugitives. After this feat, she lived eleven years and remained a hale healthy person almost to the close of her life.

CONTRAST.

BY NELLIE C. TUCKER.

A YEAR ago, ah me! a year ago,

The sun shone warmer than it does to-day,
And gladly, gayly welcomed I the May;

The bird trilled forth its merry roundelay,
And all seemed very bright. Why was it so
A year ago?

A year ago, love all things glorified,

For thou wast in the world; and so I went
Along with flowers in my path, content

And thankful for the boon from heaven sent.
Delight was mine; but then, thou hadst not died,
A year ago.

And now my heart is lonely and oppressed—
There seems a shadow over everything;
Nothing e'er more can comfort to me bring:
I only weep when feathered songsters sing,
And, looking back, remember I was blest
A year ago.

THE MAN AND THE MANOR.

BY PATIENCE STAPLETON.



A, I want a orange. Send Het out to git me one!"

Hetty frowned, the male passengers of the Pullman looked at her kindly, though the female travelers did not seem to be

aware of her existence.

Yet Hetty was a pretty little creature, despite her shabby gown. Her thin girl-ish face was brightened by a pair of gray eyes under black

lashes, and the brown curls escaping from her faded veil had a beautiful golden tinge. A soldierly-looking old gentleman sitting near glanced at the boy and muttered: "Cub!" He understood the situation. There was madam, nervous, overdressed, buried in a novel; miss, the oldest daughter, also book-absorbed and ill-mannered; two small self-conscious girls, and this lad Teddy, and lastly a sickly boy baby who had not been out of Hetty's arms during the long day's journey.

Teddy had confided to anyone who would listen "that ma and the kids were going to grandfather's to spend Christmas, that they left nurse behind for grandfather did not have a big house like their New York home, that Hetty was a sort of relation and taught the kids, that his elder sister was cranky and had a beau, and ma was fussy and made him tired." He followed the men to the smoking-compartment till they shut him out, and finally, when no one would notice him, he returned to his original occupation of teasing his sisters and making the baby cry. At this noise, though his mother did not listen to the little girls' tireless "Ma, can't Teddy stop?" she would look up and say sharply: "Hetty, take some pains to amuse the child."

Toward dusk, the train ran into the station of a large city, where it halted a half-hour.

(18)

Teddy, who had been gluing his nose against the pane, saw some oranges on the lunch-counter in the building. He announced his intention of going to get them, but his mother shrilly interfered.

The elderly gentleman with the soldierly air rose, put on his greatcoat, and, followed by the well-paid porter with his valise; went through the car. As he passed the young nurse, he said kindly:

"I am afraid you are very tired."

"Thank you, sir," stammered the girl, quite upset by his interest.

Madam gave her a long chilly stare. "Oblige me by not speaking to strangers," she said, when the old gentleman was gone.

"Ma, I want a orange; I'm going git it," repeated Teddy, who had only stopped to hear Hetty scolded.

"You shan't stir a step. Here, Hetty, you get him some. Give me the child, and hurry back."

Hetty rose hastily, laid the baby gently in its mother's lap, and reached for her shabby shawl.

"Allow me," said a spectacled man, handing it down; "can I get the fruit for you?"

"No, no; please don't," said the girl, quickly, and darted out.

"I don't see why so many men speak to Hetty; I don't think it looks well, ma," said miss, audibly.

"I'll never take her again. It is her bold way," said madam.

Poor Hetty heard, and felt that all the women in the car regarded her as a flirting unmaidenly creature.

Five minutes passed.

"Why, she is gone a long time," says miss, annoyed by the fretting of the baby, laying down her book.

"Ma! ma!" roared Teddy, "the train's moving, and Hetty never went for 'em at all."

"Stop the train!" cried madam, hysterically; "she must have been left!"

"Bolted!" whispers a youth to his neighbor.

The conductor was summoned, but he

could only write a telegram. He was puzzled how she could have got left, for the counter was just across the platform.

"Think she got left, eh?" said the porter to him, confidentially. "Well, she didn't. I helped her off the car, and I watched her. She gave a quick look at the train, seen they couldn't tell where she went from the winders, and then turned like a streak of lightning and run into the street. She skipped, but I wouldn't tell them so."

That was just what Hester Carpenter did. She ran away. She left her cousins, her aunt, the baby, and Teddy the exasperating, and fled—where, she did not know.

Sixteen years back, she had lost her mother by a railroad accident; two months later, her father died, leaving her to the care of his only brother. It was the oft-repeated story of an unwelcome charge. She became the family drudge before she was old enough to learn to read. Her willing little feet trotted all day, and her tired arms carried heavy babies. When her uncle grew wealthy, very little was done for her; she taught herself, though they did pay for her music-lessons, for she had great ability in this direction and could teach the younger children. She had a home, a few clothes grudgingly given, and enough to eat, so people said her uncle and aunt were very noble-hearted people.

She had a faint recollection of her mother, a bright pretty little creature with tiny hands and a sweet laugh. Her father impressed her more strongly. She recalled his mustache that used to scratch her face, the brass buttons on his uniform, and how he would hold her in his arms and cry over her after that terrible blank when her mother came no more. Someone had told her that her father was an army officer out on the Western frontier, that he was forty years old and a bachelor when a new chaplain with a pretty daughter of sixteen came to stay at the post, and this daughter was married to Major Carpenter after a short acquaintance. Her father and mother had lived only five happy years, and at their death the friendless waif was sent to her uncle in Massachusetts in the care of Lieutenant Ford, her father's friend. That was Hetty's life-story; and she knew, when she ran out into the strange world beyond the station, that she burned her ships behind her. Cruelty, unjust suspicions, and

the hopeless dependency of her position had driven her desperate.

"I can work," muttered Hetty, under her breath; "I can earn money. I have paid back their protection with faithful labor."

She hurried on, unnoticed in the crowd, her only desire to get so far her aunt could not find her. Every street she turned made her capture more difficult, so she kept dodging into unfrequented places and getting entangled in a labyrinth from which she could not extricate herself. She reached a dark foul-smelling street, with rough uneven pavement, rickety houses and lighted cellars from whence came loud laughter, music, and the clink of glasses. If she could only find a policeman, he would guide her to a place where she might find respectable lodging; even the station-house would be a safe place. She clutched the fifty cents given her to buy the oranges; it was all the money she had.

How many miles she had gone she never knew, but she began to feel faint with hunger and nearly frozen with cold. A side street leading to a dark court where there were high gloomy warehouses offered a shelter and safety in the darkness. She turned into this; her footfall echoed on the frosty ground like a ghost following her. She hoped to find a quiet outlet from the street, where she could reach a better part of the town. To her despair, she found only a court walled in by the big unlighted buildings. Suddenly she fell, with an awful sensation of sinking, like dropping down into a deep dark well.

"Hullo! wot ails yer?"

Hetty came back to herself with a little cry. She was in a low dark cellar; a small stove gave out a pleasant warmth, and a flickering tallow dip showed her broken furniture, crockery, and disordered bedding lying on the floor.

"Where—did I fall here?" she asked, sitting up and pushing the curls out of her eyes.

"The same," answered her strange companion.

Hetty looked at her. A girl of twelve, stunted and undersized from poverty and neglect, dirty and ragged, but having withal a pair of pretty violet eyes and a mop of wiry blonde hair. The girl chewed a wisp of this hair and looked shrewdly at Hetty. "Fust I knowed, you fell down them steps

an' bounced inter the room, where I was jest setting things ter rights."

"How long ago?" asked Hetty.

"'Bout harf-hour. I guess you hit yer head most like, for I couldn't git no sense inter ye."

"Thank heaven I am safe!" cried Hetty, and then she told how and why she came into the court. Her listener was such a wise child that it seemed like confiding in an old and friendly person.

"Golly!" was all she said, when Hetty finished and sat up to look about her. "I hate kids myself," she went on, "an' I'm a orphin."

"But you don't live here alone?"

"Not ginerel," said the orphan; "I'm alone now, though. My eye! if you'd bin here two hours ago, you'd 'a' seen a dandy fight. Dane Mike an' Mis' Leary was a-havin' it. Mis' Leary took me outer a 'sylum 'fore her husbend died, an' I've staid with her sence."

"Who is Dane Mike?" asked Hester.

"Oh, he's a sailor; he jest stops ashore here. Wot's your name?"

"Hester."

"Mine's Generwieve. I calls myself that private. Mis' Leary called me Jinny; that's the Irish in her. The b'ys round here hes shortened it ter Gin; but land! who keers fur dock-rats? I don't." She stopped to meditate, then went on: "Wal, them two was fightin' when I come in. I'd a dollar in nickels in my pocket, an' didn't I want'er buy suthin' in the shop-winders! But biz is biz, I says, an' where'd I be but fur Leary? I'd ruther be dead than shut up in a 'sylum. I comes downstairs, and them two was so tight they never noticed me. Purty soon they got ter smashing things an' hollerin', an' I see was goin' fur b'ar. I made out to lay low an' hid in the rags. A crowd filled the stairs an' door, an' then I heerd the gong an' the rattle of the waggin, an' the perlice comes an' takes Leary an' him off ter the lock-up. The crowd gits out, fur there wa'n't nuthin' here ter pay ter steal, an' I gits left. I dassent stay, fur our rent's due termorrer, an' Leary will be sent up an' wun't be here, and I'll be drove inter a 'sylum."

"Where are you going?" said Hester, sympathetically.

"Dunno; there's lots o' room in the world, an' suthin' will turn up."

"We are both outcasts," said Hester, sadly, "you and I. Shall we go together, Genevieve?"

The child colored with pleasure at the name. "If we could!" she cried, with kindling eyes; "but I'm such a skeercrow, an' you look so genteel."

Hester laughed. "That won't matter—you are much better off; you have a whole dollar, while I have only a half."

"Let's go airy," said the child, quickly, "an' steer fur the kentry. Be you hungry?"

"Starved."

"All right; you lay low, an' I'll git some vittles." She turned the broken crockery over. "You an' me don't want no lick—'sides, it's all drunk up; but here's a mess of tea: you set it to steep, an' I'll git the truck. I'll whistle when it's me."

After a period of anxiety, Hetty heard Jenny's sharp whistle, and soon after the forager herself appeared with sandwiches and doughnuts.

"This is fine!" said Jenny, drawing her sleeve across her mouth after a deep draught of tea; "what jolly old chums you an' me will be."

They lay down and slept till early dawn, when Hester was the first to wake. "Here's a gown for you," she said, holding up a neat blue flannel skirt, "and your waist is not so bad; then these stockings are whole and nice—I found them in the cupboard."

"That's Leary all over," said Jenny, grimly; "she begs clo'es fur me outer them relieve sassities an' sells 'em, but I verily b'lieve you've took off your under petticoat fur me."

"What of it?" said Hetty.

"You'll git your death; an' there, you've tore that shawl in two an' give me harf. I wun't take 'em."

She was finally prevailed on to accept both, and the girls crept out in the gray morning, leaving the quiet court, and, guided by Jenny's sharpness, soon reached the better part of the city. They did not stop here, but turned to a wide street, passing fine residences and churches, and, miles away in the suburbs, stopped at a bake-shop for bread and milk. They evaded the questions of the kind German woman behind the counter, and went on their way. The sun was warm, though the air was bitterly cold, and their brisk walk kept their blood in cir-

culatation; but, when the twilight shadows began to fall, both were nearly exhausted with cold and hunger. The snow was crisp and hard under their feet, and the many roads they passed utterly bewildering. They were on so far now, there was no house, not even a barn in sight. They had stopped at the meeting of four roads a few miles back, and taken the one to the left; this they now saw had been scarcely traveled, and led into thick woods. They were lost, and night was approaching.

"I have read in books of wood-cutters," said Hetty, hopefully; "maybe we can find shelter. Certainly we can't go back."

"I've clean lost the lay of the land," said Jenny, gloomily—she had made no complaint the long weary way; "but, ef there ain't no b'ars nor wolveses, we kin git along."

They went on a half-mile, and then saw another road to the right, on which were fresh marks of a horse and sleigh. They followed these; for miles they plodded along, seeing nothing but the forest trees, hearing only the weird sound of the crisp wind in the brittle branches overweighed with frozen snow. A deep black shadow stole down the forest aisles, while overhead in the steely blue sky a single star-diamond sparkled and twinkled.

"I was thinkin' of them lighted streets to home," said Jenny, dreamily; "fur this is Chris'mus Eve, an' all the poor folks is a-buyin' fur their childrun."

"And I was thinking," said Hetty, "that you and I might lie here dead, and no one would miss us nor care for us in the wide world."

"Don't you give up now," cried Jenny, briskly. "Golly! there's a light! I seen it! I seen it!"

She caught Hetty's hand and hurried her forward. Sure enough—hidden from them for a long time by a turn in the road—shone the gleam. When they drew nearer, they saw a high brick wall and an open iron gate that led by an elm-bordered avenue up to a fine manor.

"I hope there ain't no dorg," whispered Jenny.

It was a strange scene. Behind them the thick woods, before them the quiet house, no sound of human voice or bark of dog—absolute unbroken silence. Their footsteps sounded strangely loud on the frozen ground,

as they went timidly up the clean-swept granite steps to the wide veranda. Hester gave a sounding rap with the brass knocker; another—a third—no step of someone coming to answer. Jenny tapped on the window, where, behind the curtain, there seemed a dim light; no one came to see who it was. Yet over the oaken door, through gorgeous stained glass, a bright beam of light streamed out on the snow.

"Let's go to the back door," said Jenny, practically; "ef it's ghosts, I ain't 'fraid of 'em. Folks used ter say they was in them warehouses, but I never seen none."

The side doors and the back doors were all locked, and no one seemed to hear their knocking. There was a dim light in the kitchen; and the barn at the back of the house, though locked, bore fresh traces of a sleigh.

"Folks is gone sumwhere," said Jenny, thoughtfully, "an' we've either got ter freeze or burgle."

"But everything is locked," cried Hester, miserably.

"Don't you be too sure; I'm little, an' I can wiggle in. There's a suller-winder under that porch, an' I'm goin' ter try it."

"You might fall!"

"Huh! I've got as many lives as a cat; lots o' fun I've hed, a-cavortin' in them old buildin's in the court, an' harder to git in then this."

She disappeared under the porch; there was a crash of glass, a scuttling sound like a body rolling down a pile of coal, and, after a few moments of terrible anxiety, Hester saw Jenny's face, grimy and coal-stained, at the kitchen window.

"I'm on deck—come on!" she called, and helped Hetty in. There was a pleasant kitchen, with a fire carefully covered in the range, and many other evidences of occupancy. Jenny coolly washed herself at the sink and wiped her face on a roller towel. "I tore your petticoat," she said, ruefully. Then she began to explore.

"Why, here's coffee ready to warm, steak an' 'taters all here fur a meal. What a lark! Let's you an' me have the things; we've burgled ennyhow, an' we've got money to pay fur 'em to the folks, ef they're mad."

Utterly reckless, casting aside the principles of a lifetime, Hetty joined in the fun. First they took the lamp and went into the

hall. This was richly furnished and carpeted; there were several doors, but all were locked but one. This they opened, and entered a large room with polished floor, where there was a table set with exquisite china and silver for one person. Around the walls of this room were many handsome paintings—one over the mantel, beneath which smoldered a grateful of coal carefully covered, was of a young and sweet-faced woman in a muslin gown with a narrow waist-ribbon. She seemed to smile a welcome on the poor little tramps, and they gathered courage to explore an opened door that led to a small music-room where there was an open piano.

"Kin you wring a tune outer that?" said Jenny.

For reply, Hester set the lamp down and ran her fingers over the keys. A moment, and then how the melody rippled and sparkled like champagne foaming and frothing in a glass! How the sound went floating in deserted rooms, up dark and narrow stairs, drifted in ghostly corridors, and lingered in weird cadences in the far attic. Hester forgot she was a sinner and had no right to be there, and Jenny was completely absorbed.

"This is a ghost-house," said the child, dreamily; "the music tells me so. I ain't Jenny no more; I'm jest a-floatin'."

"You dear little thing!" cried Hetty, and she turned to kiss the eager face.

"I—I ain't used ter that," said Jenny, with quivering lip.

"This is fairy-land," said Hetty, quitting the piano. "It will all be gone in the morning. Perhaps you and I are dead in the woods, and this is a sort of hereafter. Well, let's go cook the supper and eat at the table."

This they did, joining forces in the cooking, and in spare moments Jenny hunted in the pantry, where she found a cold turkey and a boiled ham. On the sideboard was a decanter of wine, with fruit and biscuits, besides extra knives, forks, and plates. At last, everything was ready—smoking steak, coffee, ham, turkey, and plenty of bread and butter.

"If I only did not feel like a thief," said Hetty. "Come on, Jenny." She seemed a very bacchante now, with her cheeks red, her eyes sparkling, and her curls all awry. Jenny, her tousled hair standing up straight,

her big eyes full of delight—for this was all right and proper, to her communistic young mind—followed Hetty, and they took hold of hands and danced in a circle a wild gallop of delight. Then Hetty spied a portrait on a corner easel—a pleasant-faced old man, in clerical black, clean-shaven, with a sort of cynical smile on his thin lips—and they dragged him on the easel up to the table for a host. They ate ravenously, these two young burglars, and sadly mangled the turkey in their misguided efforts to carve it. The quiet host looked on with his cynical smile.

The lonely star over the lonelier road seemed fairly to quiver—to laugh, maybe—with delight, when a bell-less sleigh came smoothly along in the shadow of the evergreens. The driver of the plump horse was a rather jolly-looking old man, and his companion, tall and thin, with bristling gray mustache, had a soldierly air. The latter, in his fur coat, had a traveled look beside, and it was easy to see he was the master. "Hush!" he said, and just then the sound of rare music floated out on the frosty air.

"It's ghosts, sir," said the driver, timorously; "though I never heerd sich afore."

"Nonsense, John; you go quietly to the barn with the horse, and meet me at the kitchen door. I'll investigate the ghosts."

The soldierly man jumped out of the sleigh and crept up to the house; in a few moments, the driver joined him, and unseen they were witnesses of the cooking and feasting occupations of the burglars. The driver almost burst with rage and kept muttering: "The hussies!" but his companion, highly amused, made him be silent. Overcome with laughter, they witnessed the dance and the installation of the new guest.

"Wal," snorted the old man, "they is lunatics, sure; but, colonel, how the old Squire would laff to see hisself settin' there! See the young one eat!"

"I am glad they enjoy it," smiled the colonel; "it is the funniest thing I ever saw."

"Your coffee is very good, Mr. Ghost," said Hetty; "we enjoy our Christmas entertainment so much, we will meet you here every year."

"I shall be very glad to see you," said a pleasant voice, and the colonel stepped into the room. Jenny held the drumstick she

was eating, half-way to her mouth in dumb horror. Hetty, pale as death, awaited her fate. John, the small man, hurried in after his master.

"You young thieves!" he snapped.

"That is just what we are," the girl said, quietly: "homeless outcasts. We lost our way, though we were going nowhere, found this house, got in—"

"Suller-winder," ejaculated Jenny.

"And ate your food. We were famished and nearly frozen. Here is all our money—a dollar; that may pay for the damage we have done. We are ready to go to jail anywhere; aren't we, Jenny?"

"'Cept 'sylums," said the child.

"Lunatics," muttered John; "I knew it."

"I suppose so," said Hetty, with a bitter laugh, "though Jenny meant orphan asylums. She and me are flying from charity; in our misguided efforts to be free from benevolence, we have become thieves."

The colonel removed his fur coat and hat.

"John, some more plates. Ladies, permit me to join you."

"Mebbe you're a stealer too," said Jenny, hopefully.

"No, unfortunately I am the proprietor; but perhaps I can prove a good comrade."

"We eat all the steak," sighed Jenny; "but wa'n't it good?"

"I have dined. I reached town yesterday, sooner than John expected, and he did not come for me till this afternoon. Your music showed someone was here, and we have watched you." He was eating a biscuit and eyeing Hetty, who had become shamed and silent. John looked on with a broad grin.

Suddenly the girl rose and went to the fire, where she stood a moment with tightly clasped hands, then she turned to the colonel and told him her own story and that of Jenny's short existence as she knew it. The colonel listened quietly, shading his eyes with his hand once or twice, and moving uneasily in his chair. Once John said: "Bless your poor little heart, and a soldier's daughter!" Jenny slyly placed a number of biscuits in her pocket—for rations for the morrow, if they were to be sent adrift. When Hester had finished, and, pale and silent, awaited his condemnation, the colonel went up to her.

"Have you not seen me before?" he said, gently.

She looked at him with wondering eyes. "You were the kind gentleman on the cars!" she cried.

"I recognized you from the first, Hester; you are like, yet not like, the one woman I ever loved. So that was your aunt, and they have not treated you well. Had I even suspected it, how different your life would have been. You knew me longer than yesterday: sixteen years ago, you nestled in my arms during a long railroad journey, and you wept bitterly when I left you with the relatives you had never seen."

"The lieutenant—my father's friend!"

"More than that," he said, earnestly: "I loved Nelly Carr, your mother. Your father and I were both officers at the post when she came there; she gave him a wife's love, me a sister's. When he died, your father willed that portrait over the mantel—painted the year of her marriage—to me, providing when you came of age you would not want it. He did not leave you to my care, for I was poor and had a widowed mother to support. Ten years ago, the old Squire who lived here—my uncle—died, leaving me his wealth, and then I hunted for you; but I never dreamed the rich Carpenter of New York was the poor man of the little Massachusetts town. To-day, utterly lonely and weary of the world, I came back to this house to live, and I find at my door, at my very hearth, the little child I have carried in my heart all these long years. Have you come to claim your mother's picture, Hester? Look—it is smiling on you."

"I would not take it from you," sobbed Hetty. "You loved her best."

"Then stay!" he said, eagerly; "be my daughter! Your dead father and mother will know and rejoice if their poor little wounded bird finds a happy home and loving care."

"If I could," cried Hetty, "and I would not be a burden!"

"Love knows no burdens," he said, tenderly, stopping to take her resisting hands from her face. He kissed her fondly, for the old love for the mother turned to a father's affection for her child. Her eyes grew bright, and a light of happiness flushed her sweet face, and then they heard a sob of anguish. Jenny had flung herself on the floor in a corner, and was crying bitterly.

"It's 'sylums fur me," she cried, in misery.
 "We will stay together always," said Hetty; "I never thought of deserting you—how could I?"

"Of course Jenny stays," laughed the colonel. "I want two daughters—so that when one marries, there is one left; and Jenny will stay single the longest. Is it a bargain, Jenny?"

"Honor bright? No funnin'?"

"Honor bright."

She covered his hand with kisses. "It is the fairy-land you was tellin' 'bout, Hester, an' it won't be gone termorrer. Oh, I'm so happy, an' I kin be fixed up like them childrun, an' have Chris'mus-trees, an' be Generwieve, an' three meals a day, an' not beg, an' have my hair curled."

"All are possibilities but the hair," said

the colonel, laying his hand on her head; "but it has a charm in its wildness, and Hester has curls enough for both."

"Thet's so!" assented Jenny.

"There was a pie, sir," said John, bringing in a dish: "a mince-pie that I baked for Chris'mus, and here's some of the wine—the port of '43. I'll jest fill these 'ere glasses fur us all—if you don't objec', I'll take one and drink to the health an' a happy life to the colonel an' his da'ters, an' to the old man dead, who I know is glad to see happiness spring up here where all his children died an' where he lived so many lonely years—to the old man dead and the manor that shall be a joyous home agin."

"To the kind old man dead, and the manor that shall be a joyous home agin," echoed the colonel, and his words were prophetic.

OVER US ALL.

BY CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

I BUILD up fair castles with gray misty towers,
 And I send out my vessels to sea;
 If my mist-towers fall and my snowy sails melt,
 Dear heart, that is nothing to me.
 For our earth-built castles must always come
 down,
 And our rich-freighted vessels must sink;
 Whether builded of stone and of iron, or of
 clouds,
 Still the same fate awaits them, I think.

So my ships shall keep sailing the blue starry
 main,
 And my castles shall dot the pink slopes;
 Each sail shall be wings for some fancy of mine,
 And each castle be peopled with hopes.
 And no human pity need reach out to me;
 For the great of this earth, and the small,
 Have one thing in common: and that is, that
 heaven—
 Kind heaven—bends over us all.

OLD EYES AND YOUNG HEARTS.

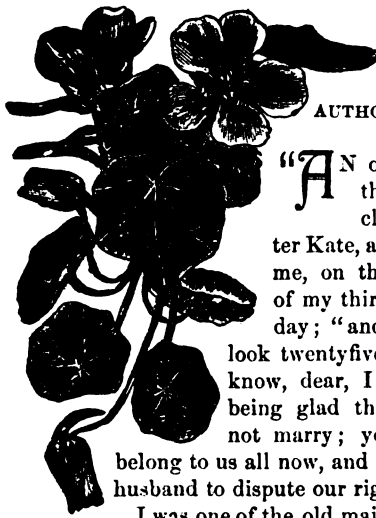
BY EMILY BROWNE POWELL.

FAIR Lillian sits by the casement vines,
 Her bright hair catching the sunlight's sheen,
 Her fingers straying amid the leaves—
 As sweet a picture as ever was seen.
 Young Oliver, gazing with heart in his eyes,
 Thinks her an angel in mortal guise.

Her mother knits in a corner near,
 And says: "Young people were not inclined
 To squander their time, when I was young!"
 So she gives them a tangled skein to wind.
 The young man smiles and says to himself:
 "That was Cupid's suggestion—the cunning elf!"

Bending low o'er the knotted strands,
 Golden ringlets touch sun-browned cheek.
 Didst learn, O mother! when thou wast young,
 The wondrous language young eyes speak?
 The good dame's needles falter and cease,
 And she rests in dreams of untroubled peace.

Waking at length, in mute dismay
 She stares at the picture before her eyes:
 The young man's arms round the maid are twined,
 And her shining head on his bosom lies;
 While the skein to the floor has been left to fall,
 And the kitten plays with the half-wound ball!



ALLIE'S WORK.

BY EFFIE W. MERRIMAN,

AUTHOR OF "PARDS," "A QUEER FAMILY," ETC.

"AN old maid of thirty!" exclaimed sis-

ter Kate, as she kissed me, on the morning of my thirtieth birthday; "and you don't look twenty-five. Do you know, dear, I can't help being glad that you did not marry; you seem to belong to us all now, and there is no husband to dispute our rights."

I was one of the old maids who had never had a romance. I did not lack for escorts to all places of amusement, for I was a favorite with the other sex; but I'm sure no man ever thought of me except in a brotherly or cousinly or fatherly sort of way. My escorts were very apt to be engaged to be married to some lady of my acquaintance, who, on going away for a while, always charged her lover to "pay attention to no one but Zua Colman." Girls never feared that I would steal their lovers away from them. Very often my escorts were gentlemen who had quarreled with their sweethearts, and many an estrangement I helped to clear up. Young men always came to me with their love-troubles, but never seemed to think that I might like some such troubles of my own. Indeed, I'm not sure that I gave the subject much thought; it certainly did not worry me. Whenever I dreamed of being one of the principal actors in a love-scene, it was always with some man very different from any I had ever seen. And so the years passed swiftly and happily, and my thirtieth birthday found me feeling as young and care-free as a girl of eighteen.

Sister Kate, who is four years younger than I, married at twenty and went West. She came for her first visit home on the day before my thirtieth birthday, bringing her only child, a bright little girl of four years. She had business to transact for her husband in a city still farther East, where she

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intended going at once, and proposed leaving little Allie with me until her return, a week later.

Allie and I had struck up a warm friendship at first sight, and both agreed heartily to the proposal. She was such a sweet-tempered and obedient little creature that I looked forward to unalloyed pleasure in the week's close companionship with her.

The first day after her mother's departure, I took her for a walk to the Park, where I often spent an afternoon with a book. I found my favorite bench, and gave Allie permission to play near me, first pointing out the paths beyond which she must not stray.

My book was unusually interesting, and I had soon forgotten my surroundings, when I was disturbed by hearing my niece's voice:

"These are my new stockings. Isn't they p'itty? Auntie made them out of her stockings. Auntie doesn't like to mend stockings, an' she's going to make me many, many new ones, 'cause she's got much as fifty-'leven with the biggest holes in them—the biggest holes that ever was!"

Then followed an amused laugh in a masculine voice just behind me, evidently belonging to Allie's new acquaintance. What could I do? I disliked to call her away and thus run the risk of proclaiming myself the owner of the ragged stockings. Perhaps, if I sat still, she might soon tire of him and come to me, and then I could take her away.

I wished I could get a glimpse of the gentleman's face, but did not dare to turn my head. His voice was not familiar, and that was one comfort. It would have been hard, had one of my acquaintances heard of my ragged stockings; for I was considered an exemplary housekeeper, and deserved the title except so far as stocking-darning was concerned.

While my thoughts were busy with the best course to pursue, my niece had not been quiet.

"Do you know," she said, confidentially,

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"auntie doesn't know how it would seem to have a man propose. She told mamma so, yesterday; she laughed, and so did mamma. She says she doesn't despair yet, even if she is thirty years old. What does 'propose' mean, and what does 'despair' mean, and what difference does thirty years make?"

"A very great difference, sometimes," answered the man, his voice quivering with suppressed laughter. "Do you think you ought to tell all these things, little girl?"

"Oh, yes; auntie don't care. Auntie is awfully nice and good. Don't you know her? She's sitting right over there. Her name is Aunt Zua Colman. Come and see her, won't you?"

Something must be done at once! There was no knowing what the dreadful child would say next. I never felt so uncomfortable in my life, nor so doubtful as to the best course to pursue; but I must do something. I stood up, turned around quite deliberately, and told Allie that, if the gentleman had listened to as much private history as he cared to hear, we would go home.

I think I spoke frigidly, but I felt as if burning up; and my head throbbed so violently that for a moment I could not distinguish the features of Allie's companion.

"Miss Colman," he said, rising, "I wonder if you have forgotten me? You certainly must remember your aunt's orchard and the ignominious failure of a young gallant who once offered you assistance there."

"Willis Stanley!" I exclaimed, holding out my hand; we both laughed heartily and sat down together to renew an acquaintance made twenty summers ago. I was staying with an eccentric aunt who owned a large farm with a nice orchard on it. I was allowed to pick up the apples which had fallen from the trees, but not to touch those on the branches. Willis Stanley, a neighbor's boy two years older than myself, was my only playmate, and we were together nearly every day. I wanted a particular apple which grew on one of the trees, and he offered to get it for me if I would promise not to tell auntie. As it happened, however, she caught him in the act and gave him a most vigorous old-fashioned spanking, which so hurt his boyish dignity that he did not come to see me again, and we had not met since.

"Don't accuse me of questioning your niece," he said. "I ought to have persuaded her to change the conversation, I suppose; but, to tell you the truth, I didn't know how."

"I didn't really think you to blame," I answered; "I spoke as I did because I was annoyed."

"Naturally," he said, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, and then we laughed again. Really there seemed to be nothing better to be done under the circumstances, for Allie had told only the truth.

Mr. Stanley asked permission to accompany us to our door, and of course I invited him in. The next day, he took us both for a ride, and somehow, after that, we seemed to have known each other ever since that summer at auntie's; and he took to running in to see me whenever he happened to be passing my house, just as he used to do then.

Allie had been with me four days when she rushed into my little sewing-room, where I was trying to make over a dress with the help of Miss Davidson, who, though a good dressmaker, was the most inveterate gossip in town.

"Oh, auntie!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Stanley says he's coming up to see you this evening."

The dressmaker's little gray eyes were fixed on my face. I knew she was suffering for an item to retail, and my momentary annoyance got the better of my good sense.

"If he does, he'll come without an invitation," I answered, petulantly, and went on with my work so earnestly as to put a stop to any questioning from Miss Davidson.

The window was open, and presently I heard voices in the garden below:

"Did you tell your auntie what I told you to?"

"Uh-huh!"

"What did she say?"

"She said if you came you would come without an invitation. What does 'invitation' mean, Mr. Stanley? Is it something good?"

"It depends," he replied. "Tell your aunt that I shall not trouble her."

He went down the street, and I had to sit there before that detestable woman and look quite unconcerned. She sat farther from the window than I did, and I hoped she had heard the conversation. I was determined

to give her no nice morsel to carry away with her; but, as soon as I thought I could safely do so, I left the room and went to my own little sanctum, where I could be alone and try to think what I would better do. It surprised me to realize that I should care so much. To be sure, I never liked to hurt the feelings of anyone; but I could not and did not try to disguise from myself the fact that I should have cared less, had it been anyone else in the world. I told myself that I was a fool, that I was ashamed of myself, that I was too old to be so silly, and everything else that a well-balanced woman of thirty would be likely to tell herself in such a case. After having kept my heart in my own possession for so many years, it seemed utterly ridiculous to lose it in favor of a man who was almost a stranger; but acknowledging the folly of the situation did not alter the facts in the least. I blushed excessively, as was entirely proper under the circumstances, and wisely decided not to worry, but to let matters take their own course and calmly await results; then, in the face of that decision, I again began wondering what explanation I could make. I wished to frame the most satisfactory explanation possible, and at the same time give Mr. Stanley to understand that it really made very little difference to me whether he accepted it or not.

If I had not cared so much, I suppose I should at once have written a note explaining the situation frankly; as it was, I found it too difficult to say that I had answered Allie petulantly because I did not want a gossiping tongue to link our names together. Imagine yourself in a similar situation, dear reader, and judge if you would not feel as I did about it.

Presently my reverie was disturbed by voices from the sewing-room, which was next the room in which I sat.

"You ask lots of questions, don't you?" Allie was saying. "Mr. Stanley asks many questions too, only his are all 'bout Aunt Zua, and yours are all 'bout him."

"You mustn't tell that I ask questions," interposed Miss Davidson, hastily; "if you do, something awful will happen to you."

"What?" asked Allie, calmly.

"Why—why—perhaps Mr. Stanley, whom you think so much of, will take your head off close to your ears."

"No, he won't," answered Allie, confi-

dently. "He likes me. He said if it hadn't been for me he should never have found Aunt Zua."

"Heaven help me!" I groaned. "Will Kate never come and take that child away!"

I called Allie to come to me, endeavoring to speak in a tone free from excitement, and succeeding but poorly. It is needless to say that she did not entertain Miss Davidson any more that day, but was obliged to amuse herself in my bed-room until tea-time, much to her disgust.

When evening came, I put on my prettiest dress, hoping Mr. Stanley might repent his decision and call, as he had intended. All the while, I told myself that he would not come, so I ought not to have been disappointed because he didn't; but I was. I was even silly enough to cry a little, after I went to bed; and Allie, who slept with me, turned over and threw both arms around my neck.

"Don't cry, auntie," she pleaded. "Allie loves you, if anybody else don't."

I turned cold all over. Had the child guessed? What would she say next? Did she just happen to make that speech, or—or—my brain was in a whirl. I felt that, if Kate did not arrive on the train on which she was expected, I should become insane. But something must be done, or, like as not, it would soon be all over town that I cried because I wanted someone to love me.

"Allie," I said, "you must never, never tell that auntie cried. You won't, will you?"

"Why?"

"Because it is very silly for a big woman to cry."

"Mamma cries, and she isn't silly, and she's bigger than you, too."

"It's silly for aunties to cry. Now promise not to tell, and to-morrow I'll buy a cradle for your doll."

The promise was given promptly.

The next day, I went out to make some purchases, taking Allie with me, and met a friend who insisted on my helping select a silk dress for her mother. While we were discussing the merits of the pieces shown us, I suddenly became aware that my niece had left my side and was talking with a gentleman near the door.

I strained my ears to hear what she was saying.

"I shan't tell what auntie did last night, because she said I mustn't."

"Then of course you must not."

"I won't. She only did what I do when mamma spans me hard. Why didn't you come? Auntie had on her prettiest dress, and she looked out the window every minute."

I left my friend, and, resolving to keep Allie under lock and key if ever I got her home again, told her that we must go now. I bowed to Mr. Stanley and tried to appear as if nothing had happened, but felt my face growing very red and my eyes filling with tears of embarrassment.

"Miss Colman," he said, "perhaps I have been laboring under a wrong impression. Will you invite me to spend the evening?"

"No, but you may come without an invitation."

"Then you did say it?"

"Yes; but not because I didn't want you to come."

I hurried away, fearing that if I staid longer I should say more than I wished to. That evening, everything was explained, and I discovered soon after that I did not fear Allie's tongue at all, and that I loved her better than anyone else in the world, except Willis Stanley. I did not hesitate to admit it, because he had said more than that to me, even going so far as to promise never to ask me to mend his stockings.

THE YEAR'S LESSON.

BY S. Q. LAPIUS.

THERE's a knock at my door! Wretched stranger, come in!

'Tis the aged and fast-dying year!

Ah! the hair on his temples is frosted and thin,
And his features are wrinkled and sere.

Take a seat by my fire; warm your cold bloodless hands;

From your beard thaw the ice and the snow.
See! his eyes are as dim as the pale ashy brands,
And his footsteps are feeble and slow.

I remember him now. As a gay lusty lad,
How he played through the flower-laden May!
When his crisp golden curls were the treasures
he had,

And his smile was as bright as the day;
When his bare feet were bathed in the cool crystal dew,

And his breath was as sweet as the smell
Of the breezes that strayed where the May-apples
grew

And the dog-woods were flecking the dell.

I remember him, too, as a bonny young man
With the first silken beard on his face;
With a brow that was bronzed in the midsummer
tan,
And a form clad in beauty and grace.

He incessantly toiled through the long sunny
days,

And he garnered the hay and the grain;
While his fruit-reddened lips framed an anthem
of praise,

Or emitted a love-burdened strain.

In the pride of his strength, in the autumn of
life,

He reposed from his arduous toil;
For his garner were full—fruitful treasures were
ripe—

And his caskets were bursting with spoil.
So his russet-red beard he complacently stroked,
As he sipped at a goblet of wine;
And he lighted his pipe and contentedly smoked,
With the thought: "All these riches are mine."

But his wealth is departed—he's beggared and
old;

And the serfs that he fed at his board
Are engaged in a fight o'er his last piece of gold,
The remains of a bountiful board.

Hark! The clock strikes the hour—it is mid-
night at last!

He is dead! unattended, alone;
And the pitiful wreck of a prosperous past
Is at rest in the mystic unknown!

MORNING SONG.

BY J. H. ROCKWELL.

AWAKE! Awake! The long dark hours are
gone;

Night disappears before the spreading dawn.

Awake! Awake!

Whate'er thy hopes, they blossom with the day
Whate'er thy possibilities, they pass away.

Awake! Awake!

Awake! thou troubled heart, and let the light
Drive far aloot the terrors of the night.

Awake! Awake!

Awake! The final day so soon will come,
And what thou wouldst have done must now be
done.

Awake! Awake!

HARBORING A CONVICT.

BY WILLIAM BILBO.



H, I am not afraid!"

"Nor I!"

"Nor I!"

"He doesn't see us," said the original speaker.

"He would run if he did," said the second.

"Let us

make a noise," suggested the third.

"It would scare him."

"That would be fun."

"We might capture him!" boldly suggested Number Three.

"And get the reward!"

"Hurrah!" cried they in chorus, leaping to their feet; and Number Two flourished a long keen knife she carried to cut some evergreens.

The intended victim sat on a projecting crag, an eighth of a mile away. If he had been an ordinary person, not a convict, one might have supposed he was contemplating the fine scenery that lay within his view; for he appeared to gaze out over the rugged hills and fair green valleys.

The place was wild and solitary. On one side, a deep unbroken forest; on the other, overhanging cliffs and broken declivities, the tall tree-tops slanting for more than a mile down the mountain side. Half-way down, in a cleared patch of unfenced ground, was a deserted log cabin, the big stick and clay chimney leaning ready to fall; and below, in the narrow cove, a thin column of smoke curled up from a rude habitation half hid in the timber.

Across the gorge, a little back from the mountain brow, in plain view, yet a quarter of a mile as the crow flies, stood the empty hotel and almost empty cottages of Beersheba Springs, once the most charming and popular pleasure-resort on the Cumberland plateau, if not in all the South.

Here, in the days of slavery, the Southern planters came, with baggage and servants enough for princes; drove fast horses, danced, flirted, and enjoyed themselves the long summer through.

Our three heroines were the daughters of two old families who had cottages here and still came every season, either out of remembrance of the past glory of the place, or because the air was cool, the water a good tonic, the scenery unsurpassed, and the spot at times not wholly wanting in gayety.

Three days previous, a number of convicts had escaped from a neighboring mining-town, and were supposed to be in hiding thereabouts. A boiled ham and other edibles cooked for "over Sunday" had been stolen from a mountaineer's cabin, and two suits of clothing had the night before been taken from one of the cottages at the Springs. These fellows always at the first opportunity exchanged their prison stripes for less striking garbs.

The girls had been warned not to venture into the wood. But they were not of the timid sort. Besides, the place was intolerably dull, with the hotel deserted and but few cottagers remaining; they were ready for an adventure. They had almost hoped to see a convict.

And they saw one; at least, they saw a man—a suspicious-looking man. There could be no doubt that he was a convict. There were not many men about—the mountain people did not lounge idly around as this fellow was doing, and, of the men at the Springs, three were old; of the two younger, one had dyspepsia, the other had rheumatism, and no one of the five ever got further than the springs or bowling-alley.

When the girls sprang to their feet, the man rose too, threw a gun over his shoulder, and started directly toward them.

They looked at one another. Most girls would have run away.

"He has stolen a gun," said one.

"He might shoot us!" said another.

"I am not afraid!" declared Nora Shan-

non, looking defiantly at the approaching figure. Yet she was a little pale.

The wood was unfrequented; a call for help would have been in vain.

The man drew near; it was now too late to run. Nora's companions shrank close to her.

"See how big his coat is!" cried Fanny Hawes, under her breath.

"He might have stolen one to fit him better," returned her sister Susan, trying to pick up courage.

"Hide your watch, Nora!" whispered Fanny.

"I shall do nothing of the kind!" scornfully, surveying with contempt the little man in a big coat, coming toward them with his head down.

Nora now bristled with courage. She saw the fellow imperfectly through the underbrush; and, to be candid, she thought him a half-grown boy. The big coat added to the deception.

She was quickly undeceived. He was a grown man, with beard—that is, with a mustache, a handsome mustache too, turned up at the ends with an exquisite twist. So far, he had the look of a dandy, but no further. He was muscular and formidable enough. To these girls, he appeared a great deal bigger and stronger than he was.

Fanny and Susan looked around wildly. To fly was impossible. Steep cliffs on the right and on the left and behind them—the convict in front.

He might have passed without seeing them, for a cluster of ivy almost hid the trio. They should have let him pass, if he would; Fanny and Susan would have let him pass. Nora was impetuous, wrought up, and nervous enough to be rash.

She confronted him.

"Halt, sir!"

Down went the fellow's gun, up went his cap. He bowed low and with grace. His figure was erect and supple as an Indian's, with square shoulders, fair sunburnt skin, pleasant blue eyes, broad good-natured mouth, and—he might have been twentysix.

Fanny and Susan were in a flutter.

Nora tried to hide her alarm behind a look of severity.

He had the air of an insolent fellow somewhat perplexed, yet delighted. He was not a bit scared.

The girls were sure now that he meant to rob them. Nora's hand went instinctively to her watch. If she had only hidden it, as Fanny bade her! With a mere glance at the sisters, his eye rested boldly on her; on her pin and watch, she thought. She did not know how much brighter than diamonds her eyes were.

"How can I serve you?" he inquired, in an insinuating way and with a broad smile. "I shall be delighted."

"Lay down your gun, sir!"

She retained a show of courage, and her nervous impetuosity carried her to an extreme that almost took her breath.

Susan and Fanny were ready to scream.

His blue eyes opened in greater perplexity and in greater admiration. Her dark palpitating beauty dazzled him, rogue that he was.

"Lay it down this instant!" she demanded, "or we will call our escorts. We know that you are an escaped convict, and resistance will be useless!"

These words were not spoken right out, as we write them; the speech was a little broken and gasping.

The culprit's face plainly showed his astonishment. He stared from one to another. Then slowly a smile, broader than ever, broke over his face.

Nora, in for the worst now, was rather nettled by his cool insolence.

"Shall we call our escorts, or will you do as we bid you?"

"I would rather surrender to you," with emphasis on the "you," and a look of admiration so open and cool that her face flushed.

He stepped forward and handed her the fowling-piece. She shrank a little at his approach. Fanny and Susan cowered behind her. With the arm in her possession, her courage rose. She had learned to shoot birds on her father's plantation, and knew how to handle a gun. A more dangerous criminal than he would now have been in danger to presume too far on her being a woman.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked, meekly.

"Turn you over to the officers of the law."

Nora was, of course, the spokesman.

"You suspect that I am an escaped convict?"

"We know that you are."

"Suppose that I am not?"

"But you are!" decisively.

"Suppose I assert that I am not?"

"We should not believe you."

"Ask him where he found the coat," suggested Fanny, growing bold.

"And the trousers and waistcoat," added Susan, growing bold too.

He shrugged his shoulders, glancing down at the big threadbare coat.

"The coat is a borrowed one."

"Borrowed without the owner's leave. And the other articles?"

"You would not believe me if I were to say that they are my own."

"Indeed, we would not."

"What can I say to convince you of my innocence?"

He turned his fine beseeching eyes on her without effect.

"Nothing!"

"Do what you will with me, but I am an innocent person!"

He looked distressed.

Susan relented. He was a handsome young villain. A woman never wastes sympathy on an ugly rogue. He caught her eye. His countenance lighted instantly:

"Intercede for me, kind young lady; you will never be sorry, I promise you!"

"I do feel sorry for him, Nora; he does not appear so bad, after all."

"Indeed, I am not bad—not so very bad, Miss—Miss—Nora!"

"How dare you speak my name!" haughtily.

"I beg your pardon, Miss—Miss— I meant no offense, I assure you."

He looked crestfallen.

"He doesn't know any better," put in Fanny.

"That is true—indeed, it is! I knew no better."

He was so ready and yet ingenuous that Nora's manner softened a little.

"Why were you sent to prison?"

"Why was I sent to—to— I fear I could not make you understand; the law is so uncertain. But really I am innocent!"

Nora laughed.

"They all talk that way."

"Do they, miss?"

"As if you didn't know! And you have doubtless been with thieves all your life."

He grew red; his eyes fell to the ground. Fanny poked Nora with her elbow. Susan

pinched her. Seeing the effect of her severity, even the fair captor felt rueful. He was plainly hurt and humiliated, even though he had no good reason to be. He made no reply. He folded his arms on his breast with the air of a submissive though greatly injured person.

Nora relaxed. She appeared to think for a moment.

"He cannot be hardened in crime."

She spoke slowly, half unconsciously, then suddenly asked:

"How old are you?"

"Twentyfive; shall soon be twentysix."

"Suppose we gave you liberty; would you give up your evil ways?"

"No trouble to make promises, miss; to keep them is harder."

"You would not promise?"

"I would rather not; I might be tempted and break the pledge—then I should worry."

Nora laughed; she was pleased with his refusal and the manner of it. Her mind was almost made up. She looked him over critically. He held his hat respectfully in his hand. His forehead was broad and white, full at the temples, swelling out above, graceful in every line, and crowned with an abundance of straight, soft, chestnut hair.

Nora glanced irresolutely at Fanny and at Susan. They were clearly on his side.

"What shall we do?" she questioned.

"Let him go!" Fanny promptly replied.

"Do!" pleaded Susan.

"You are at liberty, sir!"

How his face cleared! It beamed with gratitude. What a pleasant countenance he really had; all three girls were impressed with it. Such a pity he was a convict! Nora felt that he must surely in some way have been the victim of wrong. She half wished she knew the story of his crime and conviction. She had been through a prison once and seen many of the inmates; he was unlike any of them.

She handed him the gun.

"I can trust you to return this to its owner?"

"You can trust me."

He met her eye without flinching. She did not doubt him. She added:

"Please give us the address of the person whose clothes you wear, that we may make good the loss."

He gave her the description of a house and locality where he said the person lived. He smiled oddly; all the time, he fairly feasted his eyes upon Nora. He was so grateful, she thought. The gratitude of even a rogue is agreeable; and the reader understands that this was a good-looking rogue.

Nora gave him a liberal amount of advice and admonition, and was about turning away. He appeared to have something on his mind. He essayed to speak, stopping short.

"What do you wish to say?" encouragingly.

"I am—very hungry."

"Have you no money to buy food?"

"Wouldn't they arrest me if I went anywhere to get it?"

"True, they would."

Nora was perplexed. She looked at the other girls; they offered no suggestion.

"We have no food to give you," she said, with a look of pity.

"No, no, kind lady; I could not think of troubling you! I once went two days without eating; I suppose I can go as long now."

"Poor fellow!" cried Fanny.

"Poor fellow!" echoed Susan.

It occurred to Nora that the man's hunger might prove a temptation to further theft. Somehow he interested her strangely; she wanted to do what she could to help him to a better life. She conceived an idea, then hesitated. She shrank from the thought which crossed her mind. Yet why should she? She was a daring impulsive girl, and her respect for the conventionalities was not great. Her interest was aroused, her sympathies deeply engaged. Need I say that she was hardly likely to act prudently under such pressure? In a moment, her mind was made up.

"We will give you some food. Follow us to a place that I will designate. Wait there. Within an hour, we will return."

If she still had misgivings, his beaming face dispelled them.

Thus it came about that for one, two, four, six days, these imprudent girls harbored the convict.

Sometimes they sat on the broad rocks and talked with him while he ate. They endeavored to turn these conversations to subjects calculated to do him good; yet

insensibly other subjects came up, and they blushed to find themselves listening with lively pleasure to his talk. He had visited many odd corners of the world strange to them, and had an easy way of describing what he had seen. On occasions when he did most of the talking, he consumed a great while in eating, as any poor fellow might with three pairs of bright eyes bent on him in unconscious approval, sometimes in wonder.

The girls guarded their secret well. They whispered a good deal in a sly way, and looked wise when other people were about, yet they were not suspected. Commencing at breakfast and continuing through the day, they pilfered and smuggled from table and pantry, a bit at a time, a juicy steak, a boiled egg, a choice cut of ham or roast, a slice or two of buttered bread, a bunch of grapes, a piece of pie, etc., each one a portion; and in this way they got together a tempting allowance, if not a generous one, and enough to keep the convict from hunger. A place of concealment was provided in Nora's room, and here the food was hidden away piecemeal, wrapped in dainty napkins.

Ah, what enjoyable days these girls spent, and what cunning rogues they were! What sly winks, nods, and sage whisperings they indulged in! How many times a day they shut and bolted the door and counted every precious morsel over with doubts and smiles and palpitations. That villain in the woods—how his bosom must have swelled, could he have looked in on them!

Sometimes all three went to take his food; again, two only went. Nora never failed to go. Twice she went alone—a rash thing for a girl to do, no doubt, yet she was not afraid. Indeed, she tarried longer on these two occasions than at other times. Possibly she felt greater freedom in talking with and admonishing him. He expressed a fondness for books; they gave him two to read—two good books, elevating in tone. Susan was a devout girl; she gave him some religious tracts, and Fanny gave him a newspaper.

Deluded girls!

One evening, about dusk, the stage-coach rolled into the straggling village, with a stranger seated on the box—a man, young and stylish-looking. Now, my fair readers know that a real, live, healthy young fellow creates a stir when he drops in suddenly on

a knot of damsels who have not seen a respectable specimen of manhood in weeks. A half-dozen of the girls, Nora among the number, were out walking. As the coach dashed by, an exclamation was heard from the stranger; the driver drew his reins, and the young fellow sprang lightly to the ground.

"It is Tom! Oh, Tom! Tom!" cried Nora, and dashed forward.

Then the brown mustache brushed her pretty lips.

I will be perfectly candid; the four other girls were as jealous as could be. Tom was Nora's brother, a fine young fellow, as gay and handsome as he was stylish. From that hour, Nora became the most popular girl at the Springs, as she ought to have been all along.

Two days later, Tom created another flutter among the girls. He announced the coming of a friend—a male friend, a young fellow fully as gay and good-looking as himself. Tom heaved a sigh, too, in making the announcement.

The twelve or eighteen girls at the Springs had wholly spoiled him in forty-eight hours. They smiled on him, coaxed him, laid innocent snares for him, petted him, and did a thousand other little things that only lovely girls can do to beguile a young fellow and fill him with insufferable vanity.

The expected arrival, however, was an old chum of Tom's; they had been at college together, and he felt bound to greet him with a good grace. His friend had been in the mountains, hunting, for a couple of weeks, Tom said.

Nora was greatly delighted at her brother's coming; the young egotist was her pet and favorite, yet I must say that after he came she grew strangely quiet, and at times absurdly absent-minded. He observed this, never having seen her so before, and could not account for it.

The day after he arrived, Nora could find no opportunity to keep her—would it seem harsh to say "tryst"?—with the convict.

The reader may not quite understand, though I have tried to make it quite plain, that this was no ordinary convict. A great rogue he was, without doubt; yet there was something in his make-up that does not belong to the common criminal. Girls are quick to discern fine traits and qualities not plain to other people. My girls—I speak

particularly of Nora—may have discovered such in this fellow the more readily, inasmuch as they had not seen a man, excepting old or ailing ones, for a number of weeks. Hence they observed him closely.

Nora, the leading spirit in this whole affair, on the second day had no more chance to slip away than on the first. Tom's coming had given her a sudden prominence that made all her movements observed. Fanny and Susan were specially noticed too, because they were Tom's cousins. Numberless stratagems were now required even to get the food as far as Nora's room, and there it grew stale.

The girls were in despair. The convict would starve, or, believing that they had forgotten him, would go away; possibly he might be tempted to return to his old life, or, driven in search of something to eat, might be arrested. Nora did nothing by halves; her interest, once engaged, was not of the indifferent moderate kind. She had, too, a dash of the romantic in her composition, and, being young, impetuous, and soft-hearted, her feelings outran her judgment. Strange how girls become silly sometimes, and in what a little time too. She began by being sorry, then she grew anxious, then miserable. A serious state for a girl to be in, where a man is concerned, whether rogue or prince—and a dangerous state.

The fellow did not deserve a moment's thought from this beautiful and innocent girl.

Tom's friend came the next evening.

In front of the old Beersheba Hotel, a little way from it, standing out over the crest of the mountain, was a small structure used as an observatory. Tom, Nora, Fanny, and Susan were seated here. The stars were out and the moon was rising like a great ball of fire through the trees.

Tom smoked meditatively; Nora gazed out over the dark valleys; Fanny and Susan chatted and teased Tom, who didn't deign to notice them.

Thus Tom's friend came upon them. They rushed and seized each other, he and Tom, like a couple of girls. Then followed introductions, which, in his excitement, Tom came near forgetting:

"Susan, Fanny, Nora, this is my friend—Charles Asbury; Susan and Fanny are the charming cousins of whom you have heard, and Nora is my madcap sister."

Mr. Asbury shook hands with the girls, one at a time. Nora's hand he held the longest, and pressed it more than was proper; she drew it quickly away, and stared at him. Susan stared at him too, and so did Fanny.

He wore a felt hat drawn over his eyes.

Nora whispered something to Fanny, Susan whispered something to Nora. Then the three whispered to one another.

Tom looked indignant; so did Nora, so did Susan and Fanny.

Mr. Asbury sat down innocently. The girls, who had sat down, rose at once. Nora's face was very red, though it was dark, and nobody could observe the flush.

"Excuse me, Tom!" she said, icily.

He was amazed.

"Excuse us too," said Fanny and Susan.

He was speechless. Were these girls losing their senses? They were moving away. His anger rose.

"Nora! Girls! What is the meaning of this?" he found voice to exclaim.

"This gentleman may explain, as he can best do so," said Nora, with severe dignity, indicating Tom's friend by a contemptuous motion of the hand. She turned her back on them. The other girls were going away as fast as they could. Asbury was too quick for Nora. He planted himself before her.

"Stop, please! I am ready to explain!" he cried, resolutely. "Hear me, Tom, Nora—all of you!"

Nora was in a high rage, and attempted to sweep past him. He held her firmly back. He said:

"A young fellow was hunting in the woods; he ran on three girls. Something in his

appearance excited suspicion; they took him for an escaped convict. They were plucky girls, and demanded his surrender, threatening him with their escorts, who were supposed to be near at hand—he afterward discovered they had none. He expostulated, claimed to be what he really was—an inoffensive person. They refused to believe him. They were lovely girls; one had hazel eyes, the most beautiful he had ever seen. She was the leader, and, not loath, he gave her his gun. Securing this advantage, the girls relented. The prisoner said he was hungry, which was true; he had been in the woods since breakfast.

"They brought him something to eat. The young fellow was mortal. He fell in love, then and there. After that, he hunted every day; he was hungry every day; and every day the girls brought him a luncheon. He fell deeper in love every day. He is now hopelessly in love. She with the hazel eyes was your sister, Tom; he—the rogue—was your friend, myself! I want her, Tom; may I have her?"

Tom jumped to his feet, waving his hat wildly:

"You shall, by Jove!"

He caught Nora in his arms—she was shaking all over with anger. I think he meant to have had the pair kiss and make it all up right there, but she wrenched herself from him and went flying away.

She did not speak to Tom for two days; did not look at his friend for a day longer.

For all that, there was a wedding not many months afterward, and Susan and Fanny were the bridesmaids.

AFFECTION'S SPELL.

BY JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

I know that thou art lovely, dear,
And yet it is not this
That lends the charm when thou art near,
And makes thy presence bliss.

I know thy tender winning ways,
The graces that are thine;
But these are subjects for the praise
Of other tongues than mine.

I've felt the witch'ry of that art
Which nature gavest thee,
But 'tis not this that moves my heart
And makes thee dear to me.

I know that thou art clever too—
Yea, wise beyond thy years;
But in this world 'tis seldom true
That cleverness endears.

I know that thou art good and kind,
As innocent as free,
And yet these virtues I may find
In others too than thee.

But still I know my love sincere,
Although I cannot tell
The source of my affection, dear,
Or wherein rests the spell.

A PRINCE IN DISGUISE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.



I.

I KNEW it would be horrid weather in New York," exclaimed Mrs. Mackenzie Bertram, as she leaned back in her steamer-chair on the deck of the "Umbria," with a shiver of disgust. "Our American springs always are horrid!"

The splendid ship was just then slipping past a thin pale thread of coast which had been declared the shore of Long Island. It was late April, but the air was almost as chill as winter, and masses of clouds hung solemn and iron-hued above a fretful if not turbulent sea. Till about two days ago, the voyage had been delightfully placid, with bland airs fluttering under the bluest of heavens. But stout wraps were now needful for those who cared to stay on deck, and few of the ladies had Mrs. Bertram's hardihood in the way of breasting the chill weather at all.

"Isn't that a very sweeping statement?" asked one of the several gentlemen grouped about her. He was an American of such comprehensive patriotism that no mention of his country could ever please him except it were sugared with the most fulsome praise. Besides, there was an Englishman present with whom he had been quarreling in a series of mild international bouts ever since the "Umbria" had left Liverpool.

"It may be sweeping," affirmed Mrs. Mackenzie Bertram, "but it's terribly true. Some witty Frenchman once said of the English summer that it consisted of a hot day and a thunder-storm. Of the American spring, one might say that it consists of a hot day and a succession of raw ones."

"Well," conceded the Englishman, caress-

ing his blonde beard in a reflective manner, "I have seen some rather bad sort of weather out in the old country even during May and June."

"I should think you had!" cried the American. He turned to Mrs. Mackenzie Bertram. "Let me take you for a drive in Central Park next week, and just see if we can't manage neither to get drenched nor frozen."

"Oh, you'll very soon forget me when we are both back in New York, Mr. Cartwright!" laughed the lady. "I'm only a newspaper-woman here, you know—a scribbler of correspondence, a dabbler in fashionable items."

"You must still remain your charming self," said Mr. Cartwright, with all his reputed national gallantry, "whichever side of the ocean claims you."

"London is always so much pleasanter for obscure people like me," pursued Mrs. Bertram, after one of her most brilliant smiles. "Nobody asks any impudent questions there; I'm simply an American woman who pays her bills and conducts herself with propriety. But New York is always giving you that provincial stare of hers through a plutocratic eye-glass, and seeming to ask 'Who are you?' by her very silence, even when she doesn't express it in the boldest of hints."

"You would think Mrs. Bertram were a nobody in her own country, to hear her talk," said a second American, turning toward the Englishman. "But I assure you it isn't the case." Then he laughed and added: "We happen to be related, and, when I tell you that she was a Miss Van Wagenen before her marriage, I feel that I mention a most important fact."

Mrs. Bertram shrugged her handsome though matronly shoulders. She herself had once also thought that to be a Van Wagenen meant an important fact; but, since her widowhood, which had thrown her almost penniless on the world and forced her to seek the only mode of living that promised

even a semblance of real thrift, she had grown somewhat bitterly to alter this opinion.

Not that anyone ever found her cynical or morose. She had made herself the life of the steamer during its recent passage, although keenly annoyed at being forced home by the editors of the chief Western journal to which she contributed, because of their wish that she should "do" our own watering-places that year, instead of writing about the glories of Rotten Row or the Champs Elysées.

In her loud, metallic, yet by no means vulgar style, she had won over nearly everybody on the ship. She was a woman who abhorred solitude and who would have preferred the company of a clod rather than no male society at all, though perhaps there were moments with her when the clod would have been preferable to the cleverest member of her own sex. For this reason, she now and then felt piqued by the coolness of two masculine passengers, both of whom had addressed her—since she had made their doing so almost unavoidable—and with the greatest courtesy as well, yet both of whom had shown a subsequent reserve that Cynthia Van Wagenen Bertram by no means relished.

"But, my dear Mrs. Bertram," a certain lively and somewhat pretty young blonde had said, "these two gentlemen, Mr. Englehardt and Mr. Waldorf, have treated everybody on board with the same polite avoidance. For my part, I've been simply dying to know Mr. Englehardt! I think he's so awfully handsome; don't you?"

This conversation took place one afternoon in the dining-saloon of the steamer, and just then it chanced that the person whose name was on the lips of Mrs. Bertram's companion passed through that apartment. He bowed with a quiet air of dignity to the two ladies, presently disappearing. He certainly was a man of the finest build, tall and athletic-looking, with golden beard and mustache, and with features of chiseled symmetry.

"Yes," murmured Mrs. Bertram, after he had taken his quick departure. "He certainly is the handsomest German I have ever seen. He looks as if he might be a prince in disguise. But I've met certain German grandees, by the bye, and some of them have been prodigies of ugliness. His friend, Mr. Waldorf, is interesting too, but in a totally different manner."

The young girl tossed her head. "Mr. Waldorf?" she returned, a little contemptuously. "Oh, he's quite ordinary. If Mr. Englehardt were a prince in disguise, his fellow-traveler might be his secretary, you know, or something in that line."

"I hardly agree with you there," replied Mrs. Bertram, with a musing smile on her clear-cut lips and a negative motion of her graceful well-poised head. "Mr. Waldorf, though a trifle too pale and with a rather too gloomy expression in his large dark eyes, is nevertheless extremely distinguished."

The truth was, these two young German gentlemen, who spoke English perfectly though with the inseparable accent of their race, had wrought her not a little annoyance during the voyage. She was a woman who could never endure the thought that age had begun to pale her distinct charms. Well past forty, she looked scarcely seven-and-thirty, and she had long ago grown accustomed to have every man on whom she smiled pay her his complimentary deference. Neither of these two very prepossessing strangers had paid her any actual deference at all, and it irritated her to think that they were perhaps personages of high standing in their own country, concerning whom she would hear during the next few weeks.

No one on the steamer could tell her anything definite regarding them. But just after landing, and while she was about to enter a cab on the completion of her concerns with the custom-house officers, it happened that she swiftly learned something very definite indeed.

"You don't mean to tell me it's you?" she exclaimed, to a tall sallow man of excessively refined demeanor, who had just approached her on the big luggage-crowded wharf.

"Yes, it's nobody else," was the answer. And Livingston Douglass, a man whom she had known since her early days as a society-belle in New York, shook her hand with gentle warmth.

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Bertram, "I've been a perfect wretch! I caught a glimpse of you, Livingston, just as we were all thronging on the tender at the Liverpool dock. But after we'd got on the 'Umbria,' I—"

"You ceased to think of me," supplied the gentleman, as she embarrassedly paused.

"My dear Cynthia," he went on, "I only wish I could have forgotten myself during the voyage. But it's always just like this with me. Even on the tender, I begin to feel deadly ill, and I can never do more than lie like a log in my berth until the steamer stops dead-still in port."

"Oh, I remember how often you've told me what a wretched sailor you are!" faltered Mrs. Bertram, with sincere ruefulness. After that, they talked about their recent trip for a little while, and then, seeing the two Germans, who stood in consultation with an official beside several opened trunks, she begged Mr. Livingston Douglass to tell her if he knew anything of their real standing abroad. "You're such a thorough cosmopolitan," she went on; "you've roamed Europe so often, in spite of your horrid sea-sickness. He's very handsome, isn't he?" She meant Mr. Englehardt, whose height was at least two inches above that of his companion, and whose golden beard gleamed richly in the clear morning light.

"Do you think him so very handsome?" asked Douglass, whose gaze was upon Mr. Waldorf, though his hearer was not aware of this. "And is it possible you didn't find out who he is?"

"Find out? No. The names on the steamer-list were Mr. Englehardt and Mr. Waldorf. You don't mean that those names were false?"

"Oh, one can't tell how many names these big German swells have; sometimes they're legion. I only know him. I recognized him instantly at the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool, the night before we sailed. I'd seen him three years ago, at a very select ball in Berlin, to which our Minister with great difficulty got me a ticket. He's a rather near connection of the German Emperor."

"You don't mean it!" breathed Mrs. Bertram.

"Oh, indeed, yes," returned Douglass, tapping his forehead. "The title is a very old and high one. I should not have forgotten it. Oh, no; I knew I hadn't! Prince Henry of Ingolstadt—that's it. His brother, the reigning Grand Duke, has lately had a quarrel with him. It was in all the English papers; didn't you see the account of it?"

"Now that you remind me, I'm sure that I did," said Mrs. Bertram. "Was not the quarrel owing to a morganatic marriage

which the Grand Duke wished to contract?"

"Precisely. Prince Henry spoke up in great indignation, and declared that all morganatic marriages were a remnant of semi-barbarism. The Grand Duke replied that he was a remnant of semi-barbarism himself—or at least so runs the story—and that the lady on whom he wished matrimonially to bestow his hand was not of fine enough birth to become his duchess. Whereupon the younger brother declared that, if he married this lady morganatically, he and the Duke must become strangers for the rest of their lives."

"Oh, wasn't that splendidly plucky in him!" broke forth Mr. Douglass's listener.

"Well, for the younger brother of a German Grand Duke, it was rather plucky, there isn't a doubt. But, in Prince Henry's case, I suppose the usual conditions were a little altered. He's enormously rich, you see, in his own right, having inherited I don't know how many million marks from his mother, who was a Russian lady and who for some reason disliked her eldest-born. And now they say that he's coming to this country with a passionate reverence for its republican institutions and a decided notion of settling down here and marrying."

Greatly to Mrs. Bertram's annoyance, she was driven away from the wharf without bidding farewell to the gentleman whom she now called "Herr Englehardt" in silent mental sarcasm. His incognito seemed to her an affair of the most romantic sort just then, and yet it was a fact that new events and crowding worriments for several weeks drove completely from her head. Her principal editorial employer was a good deal of a tyrant, though his payments were liberal enough to gild the manacles with which he bound her. "You are always sending me to races and horse-shows and dog-shows," she complained, one day, "besides rushing me off at ten minutes' notice to Boston or Philadelphia. But here is May half gone, and, before I begin doing the watering-places, I must have a little rest and a little quiet with my sister—Mrs. Leveridge—whom I've not yet seen since my return from Europe."

Mrs. Leveridge was in a pretty though somewhat small hotel which nestled amid the very heart of the Catskills, and she had been there since the middle of April, with her two daughters, Emmeline and Phyllis.

"We vegetate here," she had written her sister, "and of course would never have come to such an out-of-the-way spot but for the lien we have on the hotel and grounds through my poor dead Richard. It costs us nothing, and the proprietor—Richard's former partner, you know, in this rather deplorable hotel-scheme—is exceedingly kind. Of course, too, it is an enchanting place. If the people were only enchanting as well, Cynthia! But alas! they are either deadly slow or depressingly vulgar."

Mrs. Bertram felt this last sentence to be an exaggeration while she read it. She knew her sister so well; they were opposite as the poles in their estimates of "people." Mrs. Leveridge, like herself, had become an impecunious widow after a marriage in early life. But Mrs. Leveridge, with the wreck of her dead husband's once handsome fortune, had done little except bewail her fate and watch with ambitious ardor the growing beauty of her eldest daughter Emmeline. Mrs. Bertram, on the other hand, with not even the wreck of a fortune to remind her of past opulence, had gone earnestly to work and reaped a moderate amount of dollars and a very large share of enjoyment.

"The place is lovely, Caroline," she said, after her first day had been spent at the Arcady Hotel. "These hills and the changing lights on them, with the delicious breeze that one so incessantly gets here, are simply adorable. I only wish I could stay with you all summer."

"My dear Cynthia!" was the reply, as a smile of disbelief crossed Mrs. Leveridge's face, which gleamed more faded and less genial of look than her sister's; "the idea of you speaking like that—you, who are going to visit all the watering-places!" Here the speaker slightly sighed. "Of course, I can't get used to your being a newspaper-woman, but—"

"Oh, never mind the 'newspaper-woman,' Caroline," broke in Mrs. Bertram. "I manage to make a decent living out of it, you know, in spite of your pet way of casting my profession at me about ten times a year."

"I? Oh, Cynthia! How can you? I—"

"Certainly; yes. You honor me for it, and all that," was the second interruption. "I understand perfectly." Mrs. Bertram pronounced these words with a placid dryness, but instantly her manner altered to its usual

brisk gayety. "The girls are looking so well, both of them," she went on, "Phyllis particularly."

"Phyllis?" murmured Mrs. Leveridge, in a half-wondering way. "Oh, she always looks the same. But Emmeline, my dear! Don't you think she is unusually lovely this year?"

"Yes," assented Mrs. Bertram. And just then the two girls joined them where they sat on a corner of the wide piazza that was comfortably shaded from the sun.

Phyllis was the younger of Mrs. Leveridge's two daughters. They had been playing tennis together on the lawn, and Emmeline had suddenly declared herself tired of the game. At once, Phyllis had consented to return indoors, meekly carrying an abandoned jacket of her sister's, besides the balls and bats. Emmeline never thought of carrying anything when Phyllis was near by, to relieve her of the burden.

"You're tired, my dear," said Mrs. Leveridge, as Emmeline threw herself languidly into a chair.

"Yes, I am," replied the elder Miss Leveridge. "The sun out there was very fatiguing, mamma."

She did not look overheated, however. She was what many people would have called a perfect beauty. Her face was one faultless creamy-tinted oval, and her big blue eyes glowed forth from it with mild vacant splendor. Her figure was slim yet of exquisite proportions, and her delicate hands, with their taper fingers on which the pink filbert nails gleamed lustrous, were fitting complements of her true-molded arms.

Phyllis went to her sister's side and began gently to stroke the girl's gold-threaded chestnut hair, which exercise had somewhat displaced.

"Emmeline feels the sun more than I do," said Phyllis, looking at her mother and her aunt. Then she stooped and whispered something in Emmeline's ear. The latter smiled indolently and nodded a "yes." At once, Phyllis glided from the room.

To Mrs. Bertram, she was by far the more charming of the two. Not quite so tall as Emmeline, she held herself without a trace of the other's languor. Her eyes were a very dark blue, and a smile would light her face with a wonderful hearty richness. There, perhaps, her marked physical charms

ended; and yet she was a damsel whose presence breathed sincerity, sweet temper, and a total freedom from the faintest self-conscious trace.

She returned before long, with a glass of iced lemonade, which she handed to Emmeline, who lifted it to her lips with a glad little cry. "Oh, you dear good Phyllis!" she said; and Phyllis began softly stroking her hair once more while she drank it.

An hour or so later, when Mrs. Bertram was again alone with her sister, "Why," she said to Mrs. Leveridge, "do you always make such a difference between your two daughters?"

"Difference, my dear Cynthia? What do you mean?"

"Phyllis waits on Emmeline like a servant."

"Oh, no! But Emmeline has never been strong. Lilies never are strong, and Emmeline is just like a lily. Phyllis adores her, just as I do."

"And Emmeline accepts the adoration you both proffer. It's very odd."

"Odd?" murmured Mrs. Leveridge. "I don't think so at all. She is our darling—our pride! She is going to make a great marriage some day—though, heaven knows, this monotonous nook in the mountains doesn't give the dear girl much chance. It's almost as bad—though not quite—as our modest little Fortyseventh Street flat. Emmeline should have at least fifteen hundred dollars a year to dress on. She should go to all the Patriarch balls and Assemblies. It's dreadful that she can't."

"And pray why isn't it dreadful, Cynthia, that Phyllis can't?"

"Oh, Phyllis's tastes are quiet. Besides, she's not a glorious beauty like Emmeline. She takes that for granted."

Mrs. Bertram laughed. "Yes, poor girl," came her reply, "I'm afraid she takes it entirely too much for granted."

But Phyllis, with her books and her water-color sketchings out-of-doors, was prepared always to remain the most voluntary and uncomplaining background of her sister. Sometimes Emmeline would come forth and watch her, in a slightly bored way, while she painted. Sometimes she would read aloud to Emmeline while the latter lay in a hammock under the trees and fell into a doze induced by the spell of her dulcet modulated

voice. Phyllis never dreamed of complaining that Emmeline was more important in the household than was she herself. Since she had been a little girl, this making much of Emmeline had gradually grown a part of her education, her creeds, her impulses. All the tidbits of life must be saved for Emmeline; that went without saying. She, Phyllis, must take a second place. Why not? It was a matter of course.

"I did not know," mused Mrs. Bertram, one day, as she watched the two girls together, "that there could possibly be a Cinderella who so entirely enjoyed her servile position."

The hotel had meanwhile begun to fill with people who were of domestic and inexpensive tastes, yet by no means of the odious kind that Mrs. Leveridge chose to consider them. On a certain evening, about a week after the commencement of Mrs. Bertram's sojourn at the "Arcady," Phyllis, just as the first dinner-gong had sounded through the halls, met her aunt on the main staircase, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Oh, Aunt Cynthia!" she burst forth, in a kind of exclamatory whisper. "Two such charming gentlemen have arrived by the last stage-coach! Emmeline and I were standing on the piazza when they got out. One of them is wonderfully fine-looking. The other—well, he isn't so tall, but he has very dark and very soft eyes, and seems just as high-bred and refined as his companion. But, the moment the awfully handsome one saw Emmeline, he started in the queerest way, just as if something had struck him. And then he smiled, and Em smiled too, and he took his friend's arm and went with him into the hall. A little while after they had registered, Em and I stole to the desk and read their names. They're Germans, as we'd already made up our minds that they were, and one has signed himself Englehardt, the other Waldorf."

"You don't tell me!" murmured Mrs. Bertram. And then, while Phyllis looked at her eagerly as though expecting more information concerning these strangers from an aunt whose travels and social exploits appeared to make her know half the civilized globe, this discreet kinswoman added:

"Ycs, my dear, I came over with them on the steamer."

"Oh, aunt, you know them, then?"

"Slightly. They are very reserved, however, and I'm afraid you will hardly like them so well after you have met them."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of myself," said Phyllis, with one of her sweet candid looks.

Mrs. Bertram laughed and patted her on the cheek. "You were thinking of Emmeline, of course."

"Yes, aunt. She does so bore herself up here, poor Emmeline."

"Is it possible? And why, little self-sacrificing Cinderella, do you not bore yourself just as well?"

"I, aunt? Oh, I've my painting, poor as it is, and then I'm fonder of books than Em."

"Whose preferences lie, you infer, in the direction of handsome German gentlemen with golden beards," laughed Mrs. Bertram.

Inwardly she was palpitating. What a chance for Caroline to manoeuvre now! Prince Henry of Ingolstadt here in this obscure little hotel! It seemed almost incredible. Should she tell her sister? And, if she did, would Caroline recklessly lose her head? A bird of such precious plumage might easily be scared away by any imprudent act.

Meals at the Arcady were served at rather modish hours. Mrs. Bertram and her daughter rarely entered the large dining-room before half-past six o'clock. This evening, they and Mrs. Bertram had no sooner taken their seats than it became evident that the two new guests were being shown by the head waiter to the same table. Emmeline and Phyllis exchanged glances. By this time, Englehardt had recognized Mrs. Bertram. Then he turned to his friend and murmured a few words in German, at which the latter started. "Ah! true," he said. After that, they both came forward to greet Mrs. Bertram.

During the next hour, that lady was never more completely her native, breezy, affable self. She did not merely introduce the two new-comers to Mrs. Leveridge and her daughters; she deftly turned the conversation into just those channels which rendered it least factitious and constrained. She gayly declared that their tableful would now become a little family group all by itself, and, almost before either of them was aware, she had disposed Englehardt next to Emmeline, and Waldorf at the side of Phyllis.

"Pray tell us what happy stroke of luck brought you to this out-of-the-way place," she presently said, addressing Englehardt more than his fellow-tourist.

Englehardt glanced toward Waldorf as he replied: "We were both reared among the mountains in our own land, and, when the weather grew very hot in New York, we longed to have a glimpse of some of your mountains here."

"But you came to so very quiet a resort as the Arcady!" observed Mrs. Leveridge. "Pray, why was that?"

"Ah, madam," said Waldorf, "it was precisely because we had heard the Arcady was quiet that we came to it."

Mrs. Bertram shook her finger playfully at Englehardt. She had from the first paid him the more heed. He had originally appealed to her by his superb virile beauty, and, now that this princely glamor was thrown about him, his companion seemed very insignificant and ordinary at his side.

"But I do hope," she said, "that you are not going to behave as unsociably here as you did on the 'Umbria.' You were terribly cruel while there. I know of at least four maidens who were broken-hearted at your coldness!"

He did not seem at all cold to one particular maiden that evening, however, but walked about the grounds with her for a good while, as a great golden crescent slowly drooped through greenish crystal air, and the lovely hills lifted their billowy yet moveless purple for miles and miles below. In the meantime, Waldorf walked with Phyllis, who was quite shy about accepting his society. She liked him; she thought his dark thoughtful eyes and his air of extreme intelligence and high-breeding far more attractive than the rather sensational beauty and muscularity of Englehardt. But she had never been accustomed to receive attentions like these. Only a few months past her eighteenth year, she had as yet scarcely known the meaning of the word "society." This was partly on account of her mother's slender purse, and partly because every effort which Mrs. Leveridge could make to give either of her girls a chance of being seen and admired was put forth in favor of Emmeline alone.

Mrs. Bertram and her sister meanwhile sat together on the piazza. The former

knew very well that the arrival of these two nice-looking Teutons had put the mother of Emmeline and Phyllis into a secret flutter. Mrs. Leveridge tried hard to appear as if nothing at all out of the ordinary had happened, but soon the force of her inward excitement betrayed itself.

"Oh," she presently burst forth, "I do wish, Cynthia, that you knew more about our two foreigners. They seem perfect gentlemen, of course; but then, you know, one hears all sorts of stories regarding impostures and deceptions practiced in precisely this way."

Mrs. Bertram felt now as if she must speak. "Well," she began, in a low voice, "I can assure you of one thing, Caroline—Herr Englehardt, the gentleman with the picturesque golden beard, is an impostor."

Mrs. Leveridge rose hastily. "Oh, Cynthia! And you knew this! You—"

"Sit down, my dear Caroline!" Mrs. Bertram pushed her sister back into the chair she had just quitted. "I must explain my statement. It's very susceptible of explanation. You foolish Caroline! What were you going to do? Rush off and seize your bairns, as if they were in the clutches of a demon? Oh, I assure you, Herr Englehardt is no demon. He's merely an incognito prince."

"A prince?" echoed Mrs. Leveridge; and she caught convulsively the arm of her sister. "What do you mean, Cynthia?"

"I'll tell you," came the reply, "if you will find somewhere in the hotel a little arnica, and bathe for me the arm that you've just hurt."

"Oh, Cynthia! How can you treat me like this?"

"How, Caroline, can you assault me—bruise me—as you've done?"

"Are you—are you serious?"

"About my arm? Very."

"No—about this Mr. Englehardt's being a prince in disguise."

Mrs. Bertram gave a short, cold, clucking kind of laugh. She was very fond of her sister. She had been wont to say that they were both companions in misfortune, and that, as Misses Van Wagenen, they should each have married millionaires and drunk afternoon tea with one another in Fifth or Madison Avenue mansions, out of the choicest porcelain cups. But now she perceived that the ring of her laugh had been cruel, and she suddenly repented it.

"Caroline," she said, "he is a prince. He is Prince Henry of Ingolstadt." Then she told all that she had learned from Livingston Douglass on the wharf of the Cunard steamers. And, while watching her sister's perturbed face, she at length continued:

"He seems very plainly to have been already attracted by Emmeline. I suppose you're not at all surprised by that. You've so often told me that, if she could have been brought out in the right way, she would have made a great match in no time."

Mrs. Leveridge gave no response whatever. She had slightly drooped her head, as if mutely praying that her beloved and faultless Emmeline might in due time become the Princess Henry of Ingolstadt.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THREE YEARS AGO.

BY MARIA CALLAHAN.

I.

Three years ago,

My eyes first met your own of sunny blue,
That, laughing down upon me, stole away
My heart, my love, my peace; yet ah! I long
So keenly for that happy golden day
Three years ago.

II.

Three years ago,

My hand was clasped in one so firm and true,
While drowsy crickets sang their evening hymn,
And o'er the pond the full moon silently
Threw flickering beams across the pathway dim,
Three years ago.
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III.

Three years ago,

Where honeysuckle scented all the air,
There in the dusk your lips first met my own,
And 'gainst my heart your heart beat tenderly
When we first kissed, that summer night alone,
Three years ago.

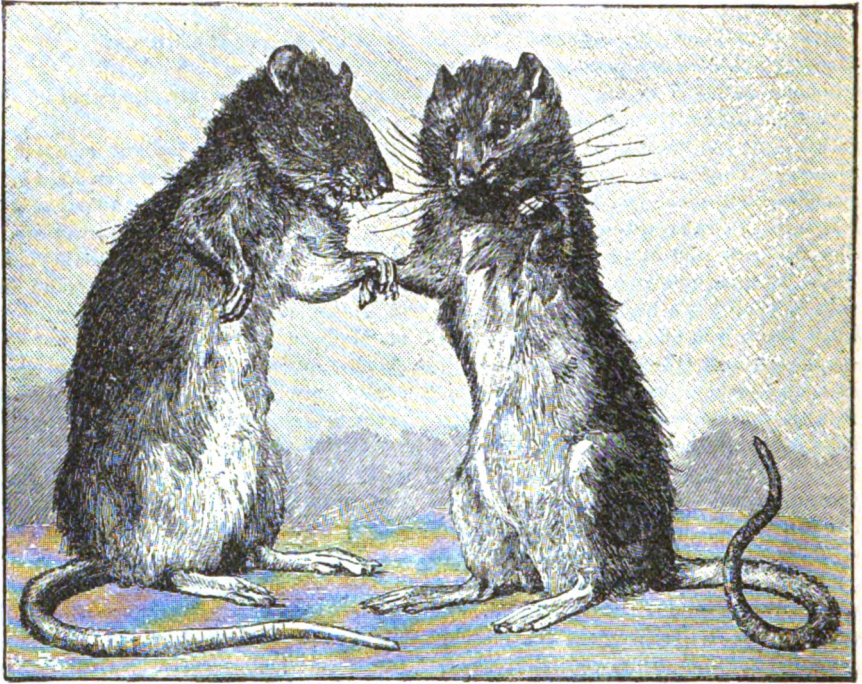
IV.

Three years ago!

Time ne'er can dim the splendor of those nights,
Those golden hours, though bitter was their cost.
Yet gladly would I bear the after pain
Could they return, when first I loved and lost,
Three years ago!

SIR FRISKY.

BY MISS EMMA S. THOMAS.



SIR FRISKY went calling,
One day, bright and gay,
With his countenance smiling,
All gorgeous array ;

For his lady-loves, aye !
He could count by the score,
And his friends by the million ;
Nay, possibly more.

Full soon, when the world
Shall be choosing atween,
They will choose on my side,
Mister Frisky, I ween.

Dear Frisky, so gladly
I welcome you here,
For full many a day
Have I wished you were near—

Sir Frisky was happy
As happy could be,
And his day-star shone bright ;
For the cats, don't you see?—

With fuss and commotion,
With din and ado,
Had all gone a-hunting,
Like me and like you—

Afar out in the world
For what lieth most near ;
So Frisky was happy,
Sans trouble, sans fear.

But Nick looks with envy ;
Ah, ha ! Mister Beau,
I'll soon lay that pride
And that vanity low ;

(42)

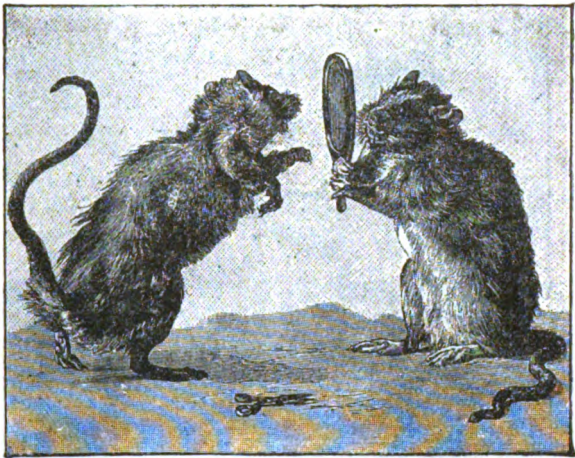


With your gay dashing manners,
Your bright smiling face,
Oh! you win all the world
With your beauty and grace.

But, dear, let me whisper
A word for your good;
Your whiskers, dear Frisky,
Are not à la mode.

With one snip of my scissors,
Just so—you'll allow?
One glimpse in this hand-glass
Will show you just how.

What! Oh! you don't like it?
I'm laughing at you?
Well, dear Mister Frisky,
You've told it quite true;



Your pomp and your pride
For full many a day,
You'll find, with your beauty,
Have vanished away.

From the world, Mister Frisky,
When shorn of your charms,
You'll get the cold shoulder,
And not open arms.

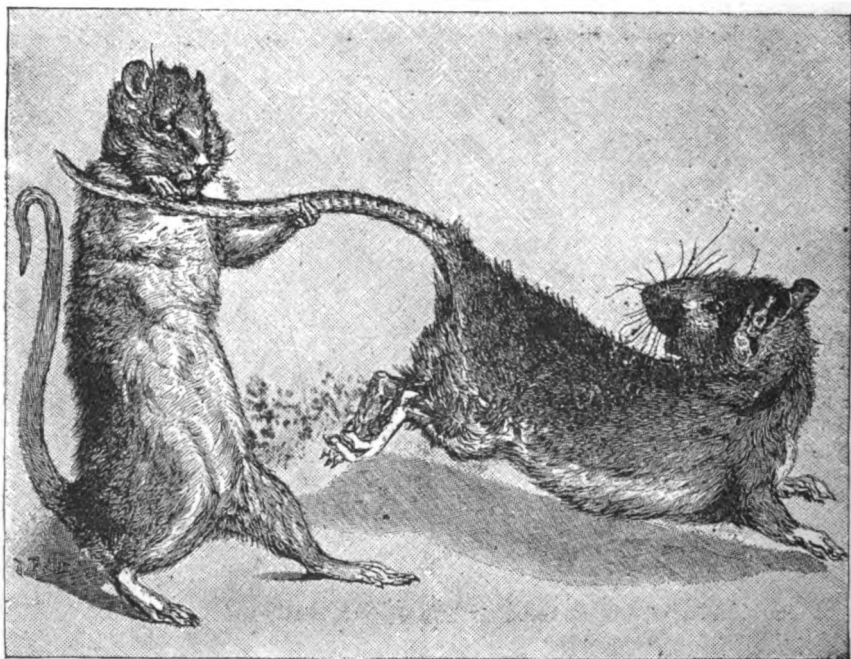
Instead of caresses,
You'll get— Oh! oh! oh!

Oh, dear Mister Frisky!
Ah! won't you let go?

I promise, dear Frisky,
An elixir most true
Shall repair for you fully
The mischief I rue!

Too late your repentance;
For, mischief once done,
It can ne'er be recalled:
And vengeance is won.





Poor Nicky has vanished,
All tailless and shorn ;
Should you happen to meet him,
Some bright sunny morn—

Poor misguided Nicky !
Just tell him for me
That beauty and brightness
And gladness, all three—

Are not for our making
Or marring, I trow ;
When envy or malice
Shall show us just how.

For re-action and action,
Are equal, you see,
In opposing directions,
And so it must be :

The missile aimed outward
Must surely come back—
Each deed of unkindness
Retrace its own track ;

And whether the doer
Be people or rats,
Though claws may be hidden,
Like dear pussy-cat's—

Under softest of fur,
The wound is the same ;
And the world sees with fear
The source whence they came.

So, little folks, big folks,
Yes—rats, cats, and all,
May e'en read a lesson
In Nicky's sad fall.



THE RIVER.

BY MINNA IRVING.



WHERE yonder river blossoms forth
In many a silver sail,
Long since upon the desert sand
A youth lay faint and pale,
And from his parched and swollen lips
Burst forth the wailing cry :
“One goblet of the crystal wave,
Just one—before I die !”

Then rose his beauteous bride and kissed
The death-dews from his hair,
And up she caught a golden cup
Set thick with rubies rare,
And out across the sand she went ;
It scorched her tender feet,
And fiercely on her dazzled eyes
The blinding sunlight beat.

At dusk returning, lo ! aloft
The brimming cup she bore,
But ere she reached the sufferer's side
Her failing strength gave o'er.
She stumbled, and her precious charge
Went rolling from her hand,
And all the water flowing out
Was swallowed by the sand.

But from the spot a river sprung
And gayly danced along,
With diamond ripples on its breast,
And shallows full of song.
Its banks were draped in living green
When dawned the smiling day,
And gratefully the travelers drunk
And rode upon their way.

THAT PRETTY LITTLE WIDOW.

BY GEORGIA GRANT.



THEY were married early in the spring, in the little church at Chilverton, and immediately afterward went abroad. The doctors said it was the only chance of life for Ralph Chilvers, and a very doubtful one at that: if he staid in England, he could live but a short time.

Perhaps it was just as well they went; for, as Miss Harriet confessed to her younger brother, "It would have been difficult to be nice to her." In fact, all their intimates thought it was rather hard on the family. The two brothers, with their maiden sister to keep house for them, had lived together at Oakwood so long, and Ralph was such a settled bachelor, that the break must have been extremely unwelcome to the other two.

Miss Harriet, who was not very old—only used to thinking herself so—had quite decided in her mind that Arthur should marry his cousin Juliet Denbigh, who lived with them, and make his room at Oakwood. It would be so delightful to see their children

growing up, and she and Ralph would make an ideal uncle and aunt! But one day a pretty young creature, whom nobody knew anything about, came to their neighbors as governess, and all Miss Harriet's pleasant dreams were rudely shattered. It was hard enough to see her poor brother's health breaking down so fast; but to fear that it also meant the estate's passing out of the hands of Arthur, into those of a stranger and her children, made it harder still. Then, too, it was almost impossible to believe that her new sister-in-law had not been actuated by mercenary motives. The thing that most provoked Miss Harriet was Juliet Denbigh's indifference in the matter. As Arthur's cousin and betrothed wife, she should have known what the marriage meant to him, and have resented it accordingly. This she did not do, for Juliet was a very unpractical person—almost fatuously blind to her own interests and the

machinations of others. So, while the brother and sister struggled to conceal their feelings and treat their unwelcome sister-in-law in the proper way, listening to Ralph's entreaties that everything should go on the same as usual, and knowing how impossible that was, Miss Denbigh received the bride with genuine sisterly kindness and regretted her departure in all sincerity.

The newly married pair went at once to the South of France, but Ralph Chilvers lived only a little over two months. Neither his brother nor sister was with him, the end came so suddenly; and, by the time the news reached them, the young widow was alone in a foreign land, her husband resting in a foreign grave.

"Of course, you must go and bring Nettie home," said Miss Harriet to her brother, with her usual keen sense of duty and right.

"Yes, indeed, poor thing!" echoed Juliet, in such a sympathizing tone that Miss Harriet felt a sense of irritation.

"I suppose so," admitted Arthur. Then he went on, with that happy unconsciousness of the future which, while it conduces so much to our present bliss, gives a keener edge to the irony of fate: "I cannot imagine what Ralph saw in her!"

He made the journey, however, and in a short time returned, bringing his sister-in-law with him. The moment Miss Harriet saw the pretty young widow in her becoming

When Miss Harriet returned to the library, she found the pair she had left talking sympathizingly about the widow.

In the weeks that followed, did Miss Denbigh notice any change in Arthur Chilvers? If she did, she gave no sign of it. Was it stupidity or wisdom that made her treat Mrs. Nettie with the same unvarying kindness? Miss Harriet could not tell.

One morning, the widow had a headache



mourning undisturbed by travel, appealing in the most pathetic way to Arthur's protection, she felt a prophetic intuition of what was going to happen. Mrs. Nettie clung prettily to the two women and wept gracefully in her dainty handkerchief.

"She is tired, poor thing, but she has borne up beautifully," Mr. Chilvers remarked aside to his sister, and she immediately carried off the object of all this solicitude to the room which had been prepared for her.

and did not make her appearance in the breakfast-room until late. Mr. Chilvers was still there reading the newspaper, but Juliet had gone to her room to get ready for a walk, while his sister was attending to some household duties. Going back a half-hour later to see whether Mrs. Nettie had breakfasted well, Miss Harriet was astonished to see Mrs. Jarvis, the housekeeper, standing by the table in a very determined attitude. The widow was handling her fan in a depre-

cating pretty way, while Arthur, having thrown his newspaper aside, had risen and was twisting his mustache, a trick of his when he was perplexed or annoyed. Mrs. Jarvis was saying :

"The change in Mrs. Chilvers's room, mum."

"Did you not want it made, Nettie?" Miss Harriet's tone was low and quiet.

"No, sister," answered the widow, a little plaintive note in her voice; "but it really does not matter in the least."

"You shall have it arranged just as you want it. Excuse me, Nettie, but I understood you wished to have it altered."

"That isn't the point, Harriet," interposed her brother.

"Jarvis refused to take any orders from Nettie."

"When I had the opposite from you, mum," spoke up the housekeeper. "I'm too old to have a new mistress."

"Come with me, Jarvis," said Miss Harriet, sternly; "I wish to speak with you." Then, as she followed the old servant from the room, she turned to her sister-in-law. "I am very sorry this has occurred, Nettie; I will make Jarvis understand her duty."

"Don't go to any trouble on my account, sister," was the reply.

Mrs. Chilvers's limpid blue eyes were full of unshed eyes, and she flourished a dainty little bit of lace and cambric in the most pathetic way.

Perfectly conscious that her brother was soothing the widow—hurt, indignant, and knowing that he thought her disagreeable—Miss Harriet hurried away to bring the housekeeper to reason. It would have been a comfort to confide her woes to Juliet

"But Miss Harriet told me to make the change, mum."

"What change, Jarvis?"

At the sound of her mistress's voice, the housekeeper turned with a look of relief.

Denbigh; but, if that young lady was blind, it seemed a pity to open her eyes.

Things went on from bad to worse, as Miss Harriet would have phrased it, while summer deepened into autumn, and autumn into



winter. One snowy December morning, the lovers took a walk. Their way lay by the church-yard where Ralph Chilvers was buried, and, as they approached, they saw a familiar figure standing near the stone steps in the wall by which a person could enter.

"It is Nettie!" exclaimed Juliet, in astonishment.

"How imprudent of her!" cried Arthur, anxiously. "We must get her home."

"Of course," agreed Juliet, and then she called: "Nettie! Nettie!"

At the sound of her name, the little widow turned and faced them. She looked very different from her usual self. She had flung back her cloak, and, instead of a bonnet and veil, on her head was a fur cap. She put her hand up to it with a deprecatory gesture as they came up beside her, and said hastily:

"It was so early, I did not expect to meet anybody here—this is so much more comfortable than my bonnet."

"Don't apologize, but button up your cloak," Juliet answered.

"It is dreadful, at any rate, for you to wear all that heavy crape," said Arthur. "I wish you would lighten it. You must come back to the house with us."

After some persuasion, Mrs. Nettie consented to do this. As they walked home, she looked as if she were going to cry every minute, but she did not—which restraint impressed her masculine companion at least, with her self-control.

The outcome of this was that the young widow took off her caps and lightened her mourning in the house. "To please Arthur," she said, in her innocent pretty way. "He thinks it a shame to cover up my hair." To say that Miss Harriet was angry would be an inadequate expression; but, if Miss Denbigh had any such feeling, she concealed it.

Some weeks later, going into the morning-room where Nettie was sitting, Juliet noticed that she wore her widow's-cap.

"Why, you haven't returned to those ugly things, have you?"

Leaning back with an air of gentle resignation, Mrs. Chilvers answered in her softest tones:

"I got the idea from something Harriet said, that you did not like my leaving them off."

"I did not like it?" repeated Juliet, in

amazement. "How strange! You are mistaken, my dear; your hair is too pretty to cover up."

"Then I shall certainly discard them, if you and Arthur approve!" cried Mrs. Nettie, gleefully. "I'm afraid," she added, in a more sober tone, "that Harriet does not; but she isn't very fond of me, at any rate, so I think that is the reason, and try not to mind."

"Oh, yes, she is," Juliet answered, quickly; "but she is quite undemonstrative, and perhaps does not show it as much as you might wish."

"I hope you are right, dear, but I have my doubts," was the reply, in the widow's plaintive little tone, which would have touched a heart of stone. "She is jealous of Arthur, I feel sure, though I try not to think so."

"Don't say that, please," begged Miss Denbigh. "It makes me feel that you don't like my cousin."

"Yes, indeed, I do—or rather should, if she would only let me. Ah, here comes Arthur! Don't go, Juliet."

"Yes, I must," was the response. "I have something to do in my room."

This was the way it was getting to be. The young widow absorbed more and more of her brother-in-law's time, to the exclusion of his betrothed, until Miss Harriet feared the servants must notice it, if not the neighbors. "And they will, too, when we begin to go out," was always her thought. "Then there will be talk, and it won't be possible to keep it from Juliet any longer."

In the spring, Arthur Chilvers went away on business for several weeks. The day before his return, Miss Harriet received a telegram informing her that he would bring a friend home with him. The following evening, the two arrived at Oakwood.

At breakfast the next morning, Mr. Carson was introduced to the family. They were gathered around the table when Arthur brought him in. A tall fine-looking man about thirty-five, with pleasant manners, Harriet had decided, when her attention was arrested by a little shriek from Nettie, and she turned just in time to see her sister-in-law lying back in her chair in a dead faint. They were all frightened, of course, as people are apt to be under such circumstances; but, even in her alarm, poor Miss

Harriet could not fail to observe that her brother's concern was greater than the occasion warranted, and she stole a glance at Juliet to notice its effect on her. Miss Denbigh, however, seemed completely absorbed in her efforts to restore the invalid to consciousness, in which she was soon successful. Then Arthur helped her to her room, and, leaving her in the charge of Juliet, Miss Harriet returned to give the two men their breakfast.

"You have had a rather unfortunate introduction to my brother's widow," Mr. Chilvers was saying; "but she is a charming little woman, and we are all very fond of her."

Miss Harriet smiled grimly behind her

urn, at the air of brotherly kindness with which Arthur spoke.

"Does he really delude himself in that way?" she thought. Then she went on to explain her sister-in-law's illness.

"Nettie tells me she has these attacks occasionally. They are caused by a slight form of heart-trouble, but the physicians have assured her that they are not dangerous."

They talked about other things until Miss Harriet had finished her breakfast, when she went to relieve Juliet. Mrs. Nettie staid in her room most of the day; at dinner, she made her appearance, a little paler than usual, but looking very charming and wearing a becoming air of invalidism. She accepted Arthur's evident anxiety and the little attentions he showed her, very gracefully and without any offensive air of claiming them. Miss Harriet glanced from the pretty widow to the handsome and apparently unconscious Miss Denbigh, with a wild sense of exasperation at her cousin's obliviousness and her own powerlessness to stem the current of events.





"Every new circumstance is but an added weapon to her armory," she thought. "What is the good of being as handsome as Juliet, if you are stupid?"

Miss Harriet did not quite do justice to her cousin. Miss Denbigh was not only handsome; she was also clever and good. But she had no feminine lightness, none of the little devices which belong to the coquette. She seemed almost too perfect "for human nature's daily food," when compared with such a bundle of charming inconsistencies as the widow. She had always cared about Arthur Chilvers, and she was one of those unfortunate few with whom to love once is to love always. In a contest where quickness of wit and lightness of feeling are essential equipments, poor Juliet was heavily handicapped. It could not be difficult for Miss Harriet to foresee the end.

Mr. Carson proved such a pleasant addition to the household that they begged him to remain the entire winter, and, after some hesitation, he consented. He was older than Arthur Chilvers, but they had been intimate friends at college, though they had not seen each other since, as Mr. Carson, who was an

artist, spent most of his time in Italy. An unexpected meeting during Arthur's travels had brought them together, when they had been delighted to renew the acquaintance. Mr. Carson sent for his belongings, and, fitting up the room adjoining his bed-room as a studio, insisted on giving the whole family lessons and taking their pictures, individually and collectively. There was one exception to the universal admiration for the recent acquisition to their circle, and that was Mrs. Nettie. At least, so Miss Harriet fancied. That lady may have been imaginative, for she also fancied that the dislike, if dislike it amounted to, was mutual, while she suspected the artist of an admiration for Miss Denbigh.

Spring came again in its dress of delicate green—that peculiar tint which the earth wears only once a year, when it is wakening into new life. As spring melted into summer, and the year of mourning drew to a close, Miss Harriet felt her satisfaction in living, which had unconsciously increased of late, tempered by her actively growing dread of the future. She feared the moment when her brother should discover the transition of

brotherly affection to a deeper feeling toward his sister-in-law. She dreaded, too, the moment when Juliet should awaken from what seemed to her cousin a fool's paradise.

At last, something happened that changed her concern into positive suspicion, which deepened as she brooded over it.

"What is the matter, Miss Chilvers?" the artist said, one day when she was taking a lesson in the studio. "Pardon me for asking—perhaps I have no right to do so; but you have seemed so unlike yourself of late."

"I have been somewhat troubled," Miss Harriet answered, frankly; "but I don't believe it could do any good to tell anyone."

"I did not mean to be intrusive," he said.

After the lesson was ended, Mr. Carson excused himself, as he was obliged to go out, and left Miss Chilvers to finish her work. When he came back, ready to start—hat, gloves, and cane in hand—he found her still there, but not working. He hustled about for a few minutes, putting his hat on the table and leaning his cane against it. While he did so, Miss Harriet slowly closed her portfolio and rose. She was trying to gather her forces together to address him, the artist felt sure, so he pretended to arrange things about the room before starting. At last, he took his gloves and began slowly to draw one on. Then she spoke.

"Will you think me crazy, Mr. Carson," she said, "if I tell you that I believe you know something of my sister-in-law's past life?"

"Suppose I do, what then?"

"Well, we know nothing; at least, only just what she has chosen to tell us," Miss Harriet said. "Can you not guess why I wish to learn more?"

"Do you think it would be chivalrous in me to tell you what I know?"

"For Arthur's sake!" she said.

"I would do it more readily for your own sake," he answered.

"I—don't understand."

"If you would promise to try and learn to care for me—"

"I? Why, I thought it was Juliet!" stammered Miss Chilvers. "I am too old."

"How old are you?" Mr. Carson asked.

"Thirtytwo," was the prompt reply.

"And I am thirtyseven; so that objection is removed. Is there any other?"

"I think not," she said, hesitatingly.

"Then we will consider that settled," he made answer, drawing her toward him.

"I had got so used to considering myself an old maid—and, besides, you have an engagement."

"So I have—I had forgotten! Well. I must go. Good-bye, dear!"

When he came back, she realized what her changed position meant; for she found herself telling him all her anxieties, while he listened and comforted her, promising to do all in his power to help her.

Two days later, Mrs. Nettie, who had a handsome allowance, announced her intention of going abroad. Arthur Chilvers's astonishment amounted almost to consternation, and it would probably have precipitated a proposal, but that the little widow gave him absolutely no opportunity. He would have gone with her, but this she refused to permit.

"Mr. Carson is going too," she said, "and will accompany me part of the way. I shall meet friends in Paris."

She could not even give them her address, as she would be flitting about so; but she would write immediately on her arrival, and Mr. Carson would bring them back news.

Arthur Chilvers was more deeply wounded in his vanity than his love by the widow's strange conduct, which perhaps helped to effect a cure with greater quickness; so that, when Mr. Carson returned and wanted to marry Miss Harriet in the autumn, he begged Juliet to name the day. When Arthur made his request, she answered:

"No, not after what has passed."

Mr. Carson and Miss Chilvers were married—they were too old to wait, he laughingly said, and Miss Denbigh went to live with some other cousins, leaving Arthur to miss her and enjoy discomfort for a year. At the end of that time, the engagement was renewed, and, after a reasonable time, they were married.

Mrs. Nettie continued to write to them occasionally, and not even Miss Harriet ever learned exactly what her former life had been. Mr. Carson had known her in Italy, and her story had no connection with him; that much he told his wife. Beyond this he does not care to go, and his wife respects his reticence. She is too happy, both in her own life and witnessing her brother's happiness, to care to think about the past.

SARA'S BUSINESS VENTURE.

BY HOPE HOWARD.

"LIKE father, like son," had not seemed to hold good in this case—one reason, perhaps, being that it was not a son, but a daughter, who had taken it on herself, as her conservative parent thought, to be so utterly unlike any of her kith and kin.

"Why could not Sara be content to help about the house, exercise her ingenuity in making a little go a great way in the line of dress, and wait until some good man wanted to marry her?"

This was Farmer Sands's idea of woman's sphere. It was the plan of life pursued by most women whom he had known, but now he found himself very much in the position of an old hen who has unwittingly hatched out a brood of ducklings. His daughter's head was filled with ideas and aspirations which he could not in the least understand, and which he was powerless either to eliminate or control.

"Come to think on't, though, Sara always has been sort o' different from other gals," soliloquized the farmer, as his horses plodded leisurely toward town, carrying a grist to mill and sundry pats of golden butter and dozens of fresh eggs to market. "She always'd rather skate and ride down-hill than stay in the house with her ma; and she was a leetle smarter at school than the boys, ginerally. Ef mother wasn't so set on havin' Sara with her, she might try teachin' school—maybe that'd sort o' peacify her."

Then the farmer settled into a brown study too deep for words. The reason for his unsettled state of mind lay in the fact that his daughter Sara had that morning made him a proposition which had completely upset all his cut-and-dried and classified ideas, and he felt impressed that he must give an answer soon. Temporizing and ignoring, he somehow felt, would not answer in this case.

Sara's proposition had been the outgrowth of nearly a year's earnest thought and mental debate. She had finished school the

previous summer, and for a while had enjoyed the sense of freedom and the fact of having nothing in particular to do. By the time September came round, she was a little tired of inaction. Heretofore she had found an outlet for her energies in study and class emulation, and had not given much thought to the issues of life. Her father owned a good farm, which he managed in a methodical and matter-of-fact sort of way that had produced neither poverty nor riches. Her three brothers had "gone for themselves" as they grew up, and now the home-life jogged on, with a hired man for the heavier farm labor, and a stout woman in the kitchen, who managed the housework as if it were her own.

Of course, there were plenty of little things Sara could do; but she wanted something engrossing, something that would demand her best efforts and render a suitable return for the expenditure of brain and brawn—Sara possessed both.

Perhaps she was a little "queer" in some respects. She never had had any consciously coquettish little ways; never had thought of exerting herself to attract masculine attention, and did not care for her personal appearance further than to look neat and wholesome. Not that she affected to despise beaux—she simply did not think about them. She was a good comrade in whatever fun was afoot, and there were not lacking those who admired her; but she was so straightforward and matter-of-fact that so far she had escaped sentimental affairs.

Somehow she had managed to get through the winter without utterly stagnating, but now the necessity for occupation was on her. Hers was a nature which required a suitable outlet for its energies; failing which, like the oft-quoted millstone, it must itself be ground.

She had her ambitions, too. She wanted to buy books, pictures, a new piano; she would like to have a saddle-horse; to travel occasionally—in short, to be independent in means. But everywhere she was met with

the caution from her mother that "father did not think he could afford such things." They had all the necessities of life, and ought therewith to be content. Any hints of going out into the world to earn money met with quiet but persistent discouragement from the mother. There was no need of it—they had enough, and she wanted her only daughter with her. She didn't expect to live always, and some day Sara would be sorry if she left her home.

Recognizing the force of this reasoning, and having a tender heart notwithstanding her independent active mind, Sara relinquished the thought of going forth to seek her fortune. But, if she remained at home, she must have something in which to interest herself. It would not be worth while to dispense with Nancy's services and take charge of the housework herself—that would narrow her life down to a treadmill round which lacked the heroic element it might have possessed had it been necessary to do so for the sake of her parents.

Sometimes Sara even fumed a little internally because she was a girl. If she were only a boy, what possibilities would then stretch out before her! A boy was expected to have some purpose in life; to hew out a way to the things he desired to possess, and would even be a subject for contempt were he to sit down without an effort to secure them. Why should the principle involved be reversed in her case? Sara was firmly convinced that there was no good reason why. But what could she do within her limitations? Finally, an idea began to take shape in her busy brain. That morning, she had broached the matured plan to her father.

Would he lease the brook pasture-lot to her for a term of years, and lend her one hundred dollars? She would repay the money in a year, with regular interest. The proposition fairly took the old man's breath.

"What in the world could she do with the brook pasture-lot? 'Twan't good for anything but pasture—hadn't been used for anything else for years. Even if it was in a good state for cultivation, what could a woman do with it? One hundred dollars for one year! How on airth did she s'pose she could get a hundred dollars out'n that lot in a year?"

These and numerous other objections were

opposed to Sara's pleadings, for she was woman enough to realize that coaxing had more power with the average man than determined words. He failed to see why she could not find enough to do in the house, sewing and the like; but then, he'd think it over. She'd like an answer soon? Well, he'd see.

At the end of a week, Sara held a lease of the pasture-lot. She had also given her note—a regular "tight" one—for one hundred dollars, with interest, without defalcation or stay of execution, waiving all rights, etc. The old man chuckled as he read it over. It seemed so utterly absurd. Sara was a gritty gal, though; she'd manage to pay it some way, he guessed. Anyway, she'd done more'n that for the boys, first an' last.

Then began a series of operations which "astonished the natives." The brook lot sloped toward the southeast and had a small stream running through the lower end, on either side of which the land was level for several rods. Sara's first proceeding was to hire a man who, under her direction though not without numerous proffers of his own masculine and therefore superior advice, made an oblong excavation in the side hill, walling it up with stone, quantities of which had been picked off the land and lay in heaps along the fence-rows, overrun with brambles and briars. Then various loads of lumber and a couple of carpenters appeared, and a model "hen-house" gradually rose on the foundation laid for it.

This building completed, Sara made various excursions in the neighborhood, the result of which was the arrival at the lot of a score of wise-looking old hens and sundry stately cocks, which, after a suitable season of confinement in their new quarters to get them wonted, were allowed free range. Farmer Sands was willing to sell grain for their feed, and the eggs laid by them were soon enough to pay for this. Whenever the weather was favorable, a man was employed to clean up the brush from the fence-rows and various parts of the field, and some ditching was done near the brook.

Meanwhile, one by one, the hens became dominated by an all-absorbing idea—namely, to "set," and were furnished with pure-bred eggs for hatching, several of them having their unsuspecting innocence so far imposed on as to be given duck and goose eggs. Soon

the downy fluffy little broods were peeping from every corner of the chicken-quarter, and Sara found plenty to do in feeding and caring for them. Accounts were faithfully kept of all expenditures and receipts—the latter, of course, being only nominal then.

As the season advanced, she had the field deeply ploughed and prepared for planting. Long use as pasture-land had rendered the soil very rich, and the turned-under sod as it rotted would furnish abundance of plant-food. Sara invested some of her borrowed capital in special phosphates, and had the field planted with early potatoes and sweet corn, which in due season were marketed at good prices. The ducks and chickens having free range, with plenty of pure water and food suited to their rapid growth, developed into well-grown fowls, and many of them were sold at fancy prices for "broilers."

The frequent ploughing of the corn and potatoes had served thoroughly to pulverize the soil, and, as soon as those crops were well out of the way, the field was again ploughed and subjected to every known process for improving it as a seed-bed. The moist loamy earth near the brook was prepared for celery; and the roaming chickens, in order to prevent their ill-directed efforts to harrow up the ground, were confined in roomy quarters enclosed by wire netting. Early in September, a portion of the field was set with strawberry plants, and later the remainder was sowed to rye, which during the winter and following spring furnished green food for the poultry. The celery was duly "handled" and marketed, and the chickens put to their best paces in the production of eggs when prices were highest—that is, when most people's fowls, from lack of proper food and care, produced least.

Instead of waning as time went on, Sara's enthusiasm increased in her business venture, as she termed it. She subscribed for poultry and agricultural papers, and, applying her sturdy common sense to the theories promulgated in print, made the most of the practical suggestions and steered clear of the delusive theories. Of course, there were times of temporary discouragement; times when the old hens trampled their helpless young; when the potato-bugs seemed likely to devour the entire crop, and everything appeared to be going wrong; but the general trend of affairs was hopeful.

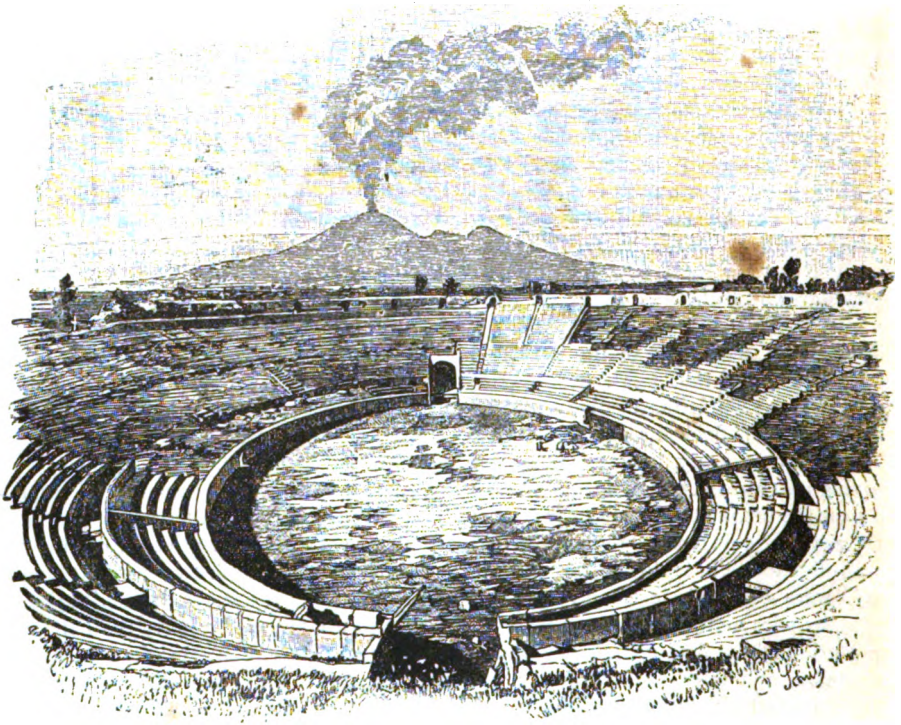
At the end of the year, Sara found herself able to pay her father the borrowed money, and have a surplus on hand sufficient to begin the next summer's campaign. Another chicken-house and yards were built at the upper end of the field, and a second colony of hens set at work, care being taken not to overcrowd, and every detail being strictly attended to. As spring opened, the rye was ploughed under, and long rows of currant, gooseberry, and raspberry bushes set cut. Farmer Sande objected to the currants and gooseberries. Most people had banished them from their gardens since the worms had made such havoc with the bushes. But therein lay Sara's hope of success. It generally paid best to cultivate those things that most people neglected. The market was not likely to be glutted. Constant watching and prompt application of hellebore, she believed, would save the bushes from the ravages of the worm, and she was assured by the dealers that it was impossible to supply the demand for currants at any price.

As an experiment, a number of quince-trees were set in the poultry yards, and in a suitable spot a large bed was prepared for asparagus and set with two-year-old plants. Early onions, lettuce, beets, and spinach were grown between the berry rows the first year, as a means of income and to ensure that constant cultivation should keep the weeds from among the growing bushes. The strawberry plot, in its first year, yielded a moderate return, and various side-issues in the way of vegetable and flowers raised in hot-house frames proved quite profitable.

By dint of good management and eternal vigilance, everything in Sara's small realm flourished finely and proved self-supporting from the start; and, after the second year, her success was assured. Her income so far exceeded expenditures that she felt justified in spending money now and then on things that interested her, such as books, pictures, and music. There were times in the year when she could safely leave her affairs in the hands of a satellite for a short while, and she made little excursions into the outside world, returning with enlarged ideas and added zest for her work. In time, she bought the coveted saddle-horse, and in a hundred ways enjoyed the sense of being independent and self-supporting.

A BURIED CITY.

BY SIDNEY ROSS.



AMPHITHEATRE.

THE 24th of August, A. D. 79, was a grand festival in the city of Pompeii, and thousands of its inhabitants were gathered in the amphitheatre to watch the gladiatorial games in which they delighted.

The sun shone, the sea laughed, the beautiful bay of Naples spread rainbow-tinted into illimitable space, and in the middle distance towered Mount Vesuvius, its sides dotted with quaint homesteads and green with trees and vineyards to the very summit. The volcano had been silent for centuries, and a suggestion that it might ever again burst into life would have been laughed at by the wisest. Sixteen years previous, an earthquake had shaken the peninsula, and Pompeii had suffered considerable damage; but even then Vesuvius showed no indi-

cation of waking from its torpor, and this fact had made a certainty of the belief that no hidden force or fire still lurked beneath its smiling front.

Suddenly, when the interest of the games was at its height, a column of smoke issued from the top of the mountain, rose swiftly till it assumed the shape of a gigantic pine-tree, and, before the astounded watchers of the sight could give the alarm, a mighty explosion shook the earth. Without further warning, a sea of lava burst from the rent crown, poured swiftly down on the neighboring town of Herculaneum, situated almost at the volcano's foot, and swept forward toward the other doomed city.

The multitudes escaped from the amphitheatre, many reached the boats by the sea-

gate, but all who delayed were overwhelmed by the torrents of boiling water and fiery ashes.

Pompeii was not really destroyed by the flow of lava; it was buried under cataracts of cinders, volcanic dust, and stones, which immense volumes of steam, resolving into a hot rain, washed into every building, every nook and crevice, to be speedily covered by a dense bed of ashes.

far off as it dates, seems more real and realizable than its dismal story.

Pompeii covered a space some three miles in circumference, and was a fine example of the splendor of a Roman city when the empire was in the height of its glory. The sea, which in the terrible eruption of Vesuvius retreated a considerable distance 'never to return, rolled close to its gates, and during the summer months it was a favorite resort

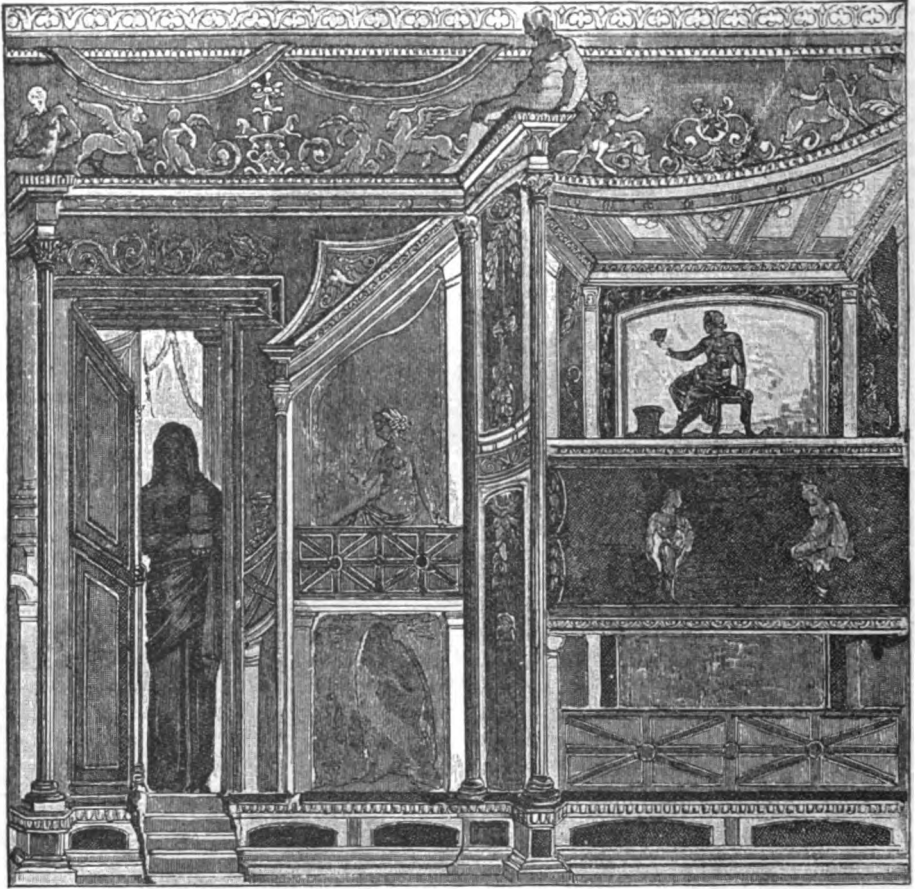


CERES.

Incredible as it appears, the terrible catastrophe had been forgotten for ages, and it was not until the last century that, owing to a mere accident, discoveries were made on the site of Herculaneum which led, forty years afterward, to the excavation of Pompeii.

To-day the beautiful city stands forth in the full light after its long ages of entombment, and to us of the nineteenth century there is no tragic record in all history which,

of the great Roman nobles, many of whom owned villas in the environs. The dwellings, though small as a rule, were furnished in the most luxurious fashion known at that period. Magnificent porticoes with brightly painted columns surrounded the dwellings, gardens filled with flowers decorated the courts, fountains of perfumed water sent up their odorous spray, and the various apartments were filled with treasures of art.



IN THE HOUSE OF PANSA.

The frescoes which covered the walls of every room look still as fresh and bright as if painted yesterday, and their grace and beauty serve as models for the artists of this century. In a dwelling so rich in lovely paintings of dancing women that it has received the appellation of "The House of the Dancers" is to be seen the figure of Ceres bearing wine and cakes as an emblem of plenty. The fresco is an excellent example of the perfection which this branch of art had reached, as is the illustration on another page of a singularly graceful young girl. The latter carries a stem of dried wheat in one hand, and in the other a bronze musical instrument having three loose bars at the back, which, when shaken, made a noise like that of cymbals. The wreath of poppies twisted about her head was a symbol

of Ceres, and the figure is supposed to represent a priestess of that favorite deity.

Everybody for several generations back has read Bulwer Lytton's wonderfully realistic romance, which brings before the mind the daily life of the dwellers in the ancient sea-side city as distinctly as a novel of contemporaneous events does that of some leading capital of to-day. Besides, the great author has been so scrupulously exact in every archaeological particular that no better guide-book to the dead city can be found, and numerous of the buildings are known even to the Neapolitan peasants by the names given them in his pages.

Then, too, the visitor to the city sees in its museum and that of Naples numberless relics which help him to understand the habits of the people down to the smallest

household details. Everything is there, from the statues and frescoes that decorated temples, theatres, and houses, to the pins and jewels that once belonged to some Roman beauty, found on her toilet-table, lying where they lay when she turned for the last glance at the silver mirror which her eyes were ever to take.

There are some loaves of bread which a baker had put into his oven on the afternoon of the fatal day—the door was opened for the first time seventeen centuries afterward.

Many of the domestic utensils closely resemble those in our own kitchens, and it is curious to note that the Pompeian frying-pan is superior to our ordinary one, because it has a lip through which the fat can be poured into another vessel without risk of spilling. There are gridirons, colanders, silver-lined sauce-pans, pastry and jelly molds, urns for keeping water hot, on the principle of the modern tea-urn—in short, scarcely an article now used is wanting, with the exception of forks. The lamps



A PRIESTESS OF CERES.

In a fruit-shop lay olives, chestnuts, and almonds that bore no trace of decay, and in on an apothecary's counter set a box of pills which had perhaps just been handed to a customer whom the sudden alarm caused hurriedly to rush away. Various of the instruments found in a surgeon's house are like those medical men employ to-day, and some of them rival the best efforts of modern makers.

There are dishes and implements of earthenware, brass, silver, and stone, adapted to

and their pedestals are so elegant in design that our manufacturers give us only repetitions thereof as their finest efforts, and the Pompeian patterns for jewelry have never been equaled in artistic grace.

The illustration of the hall in the mansion known as the house of Pansa gives, with the exception of the brilliant colors, an exact representation of its appearance when the owner and his guests passed through on their way to the *trinaculum* or supper-room.



PAINTING ON THE WALL OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS.

A festive entertainment ordinarily consisted of three courses, beginning with eggs, oysters, and salads. Then came fish, vegetables, and roasted meats, and, at the last, pastry, confectionery, and fruits. A painting discovered gives a complete idea of a grand feast, a description of which I quote.

"In the centre of the table is represented a large four-cornered dish. In this are four peacocks, one in each corner, their beaks facing the company, their tails forming at the back a magnificent dome. Round this dish, as decorations, are four lobsters, one holding in its claws a blue egg, a second an oyster, a third a stuffed rat, the fourth a little basket filled with grasshoppers. Four dishes of fish decorate the bottom of the table. Above this are partridges, hares, and squirrels, each holding its head between its paws. The whole is surrounded by something like a German sausage. Outside this is a row of solid yolks of eggs. Then comes a row of peaches, small melons, and cherries, and lastly a row of vegetables of various kinds, apparently covered with a green sauce."

The Greeks did not use table-cloths, but the Romans covered their festal boards with draperies of silk or wool, richly embroidered or striped with purple and gold. A guest was accompanied to a feast by his personal slave, who carried his master's napkin; but this custom was at length relinquished because the slaves, on going away, used to steal whatever they could carry off in the

napkins. Guests appeared in white or gayly colored robes, they passed through halls in which perfumed fountains were playing, and mounted by easy steps to the banquetting-chamber. The supper which Bulwer describes as given by Glaucus gives a perfect idea of a repast to a few intimates, while the dinner of the pompous Diomede presents the more ambitious grand dinner.

Among the temples, that of Isis was the most beautiful and gorgeous. When the Greeks overran Egypt, they adopted the worship of the great Egyptian deity, the daughter of Saturn and Rhea, and she became later a favorite goddess among the Romans.

The Egyptians regarded her as the sister and wife of the great god Osiris, and the ox and the cow were their joint symbols because when in human form they had taught mankind the secrets of agriculture. The Egyptian name of the goddess was Ishi, but the Greeks altered it to Isis, and, as she was the offspring of Time and the earth and existed in the undiscoverable beginning of mortal existence, her statues often bore the inscription:

"I am all that has been, that shall be,
And none among mortals
Has hitherto removed my veil."

The engraving represents a painting which adorned a wall in the Pompeiian temple. Isis stands on a pillar, holding the key of knowledge, with three devotees at her feet.

Years after it was thought that the finest portions of the city had all been laid bare, equally important streets and stately dwellings were brought to light, and, though now it is scarcely probable that any buildings of much size or beauty will be found, the slow work of excavation still goes on with unceasing diligence and care.

The house of Glaucus and the villa of Diomede are always among the spots visitors are eager to inspect. The latter dwelling is built close to the street of tombs; but it must be remembered the place was not a cemetery in the present signification of the word—the tombs held only urns filled with the ashes left after cremation.

It has taken us moderns a long time to understand the wisdom of this practice; but we are to be congratulated on the fact that, after more than eighteen centuries of turning the earth into a vast charnel-house and leaving the decaying remains of each generation in turn to poison the air for the one

succeeding it, the general opinion is rapidly deciding in favor of cremation.

Quite close to Diomede's villa stands a structure some twenty feet in length, the paneled walls of which were covered with paintings of animals surrounded by garlands of flowers. When the building was laid bare, there stood in the centre of the space a dining-table large enough to accommodate about it eight of the couches on which it was the custom among the Romans to recline during their meals.

This house, it is known, had been expressly erected for the celebration of funeral feasts, and could be hired for that purpose by a family or group of friends who wished to hold a festival in honor of their dead.

The inexpressible charm that Pompeii possesses for the visitor only grows stronger and stronger with each successive visit, and it has always seemed a pity to me that so many travelers content themselves with a single morning's ramble.



REMAINS OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS.

LINDSAY CAIRN.

BY SOPHIE EARL.

CHAPTER I.



IN the wild confusion of that woful night, the shock of the accident, the cries of the terrified, the wounded, and the bereft, with the heart-rending scenes that followed, it was little wonder that some mistakes occurred. Among them was one singularly romantic and unfortunate.

The steamer was wrecked in the depth of winter, off the coast of—never mind where; and the sufferings of those who were not drowned speedily or frozen promptly were beyond description.

It happened, as was afterward known, that two young girls, strangers to each other, but with names very similar in sound, were on board: one was drowned; the other, after a fearful night of suffering, was brought to shore alive, but dazed and light-headed. She had clung to the icy rigging, and, in a few days after, was none the worse for her painful experience. Moreover, her purse was attached to her belt by a strong chain, and she had saved all of her money, a considerable sum. Before she regained the full possession of her senses, a clergyman appeared with the physician in attendance and asked if she would consent to be married at once, as her betrothed was dying and urgently insisted upon it.

"But I am not engaged to anyone," replied the girl, faintly.

The parson and surgeon exchanged glances.

"Your name is Lindsay Cairn?"

"Yes."

Then they named her supposed fiancé, asked if she could not recall his mother, in whose care she was.

She grew more and more bewildered as she repeated that she had never, never heard the names before.

"Such lapses of memory are not rare, after severe shocks," remarked the doctor, soothingly.

"And her previous consent is proved beyond a doubt," said the clergyman. "The chaperon is dead—drowned. The matter seems really of serious moment, in every way to the child's interest. I have attended to all necessary preliminaries; the ceremony may therefore proceed, if her present consent can be obtained."

By gentle assurances that she was not herself, that she would soon remember everything, and meanwhile must trust to her friends and advisers, they actually persuaded her to accompany them into a dim room where a man lay in what looked like the last stage of exhaustion.

She felt her hand laid upon one that was cold and limp, and then mechanically repeated words as she was bidden. The ceremony concluded; they were pronounced man and wife.

As the "Amen" ended the blessing, one of the attendants ventured to draw aside a curtain to let in a little light, and a sunbeam fell directly over the bride. The dying man rose up with a faint cry, looked at the woman whose hand he held, gasped out some incoherent words, and fell back fainting.

Lindsay, a timid inexperienced girl, herself worn out and ill, could do nothing to render service; she submitted quietly to be led away. For several days, she remained in the same state of passive indifference, almost stupor; then, one morning, she woke up with her body stronger, her head clearer, and asked to see the Rev. Mr. Blanké.

He appeared, grave and troubled.

"I know what you wish to ask me about," he said, kindly, observing her evident reluctance to begin, "and I need not say how I regret my rashness. But the thing is done. The marriage is perfectly valid, though of course it might be annulled by the civil courts if the mistake were explained. For, my dear young lady, you were right when you assured us that you were not engaged to

that poor fellow, who, by the way, is still very low. The body of Miss Lizzie Kearne has just been washed ashore and completely identified."

"Then it was not a dream! I did go through some ceremony? And my—the—"

"Your husband? The dimness of the room prevented his seeing you; but, as soon as the light fell on you, he discovered that there had been an error. He is living still, but the doctor has no hope of his recovery; he thinks it only a question of hours now. I have forgotten to bring your marriage certificate, but will do so when next I come. Would you like to see—"

"No, no," she interrupted, shrinking back. "What a frightful thing for him—for me! The woman he loved is drowned, and he is tied forever to a girl he never saw in his life before!"

She wept bitterly, refusing to be consoled; and that very night, without waiting for her marriage-lines, without even knowing her husband's name, she slipped off, and, leaving no trace of herself, pursued her way to the great music-school which had been her goal when the wreck befell. It was a wild mad act, but she was too young and inexperienced to understand her mistake and wrong-doing.

Time passed on. Years went by—four, five of them. The girl of eighteen was now a woman of twentythree.

The first time she was asked her name, she did not know what to say; but, meeting with a look of surprise at her hesitation, she determined on the impulse of the moment to keep her own surname with the married prefix; for she did not know the name of the man who had married her by mistake, yet felt that it would not be quite honest to retain her maiden title. So that was settled.

Mrs. Cairn had a tiny suite of rooms prettily furnished, and was served by an elderly woman who acted as maid of all work and chaperon when a chaperon was needed. Marthe was proud indeed when she donned her stiff black silk and plain but entirely à-la-mode bonnet, and, thus attired, looked formidable enough to protect not only one young lady, but a whole "pension des demoiselles."

The years had gone by calmly, broken only by occasional excursions here or there with classmates, and some partings that were sad but soon forgotten in new friendships.

Mrs. Cairn's isolated position had awakened little or no comment; for the city was an artistic centre, crowded with students and professional people, all too occupied and absorbed in their especial work to care much about matters that did not concern them. Even in the best quarters—that is, those most remote from conservatory and studios—this influence was perceptible, for the reason that many society people, both men and women, studying as amateurs, had met and made friends with serious workers. Therefore, even in the most exclusive houses, the professionals who assisted at musicales, or the artists who painted the family portraits, were treated with a certain respect and distinction and very little of that "we make a point of being very kind" manner which is so exasperating to the one thus favored.

Lindsay had not gone through all this time without receiving the usual admiration a young and pretty woman meets; but her own heart fortunately had not been touched—that is, not deeply. Just now, she was sitting idly by her window, thinking of yesterday. For yesterday had been a bright spring day, and Carl Carrol had offered himself for the third time and refused to take his ordinary answer. She was not in any doubt about her final decision: of course she meant to dismiss him; but she was wondering if she ought not to tell him her story, and so end his importunity. She liked him very much, he was so handsome and so kind; but she was glad she was not in love with him, for she dreaded any investigation of her own uncertain position and the legal steps that would be necessary to prove her bound or free. Besides, she was sometimes haunted by a—a regret? No, no; a doubt. What had she to regret? Was she sentimental enough to have fallen in love with a man she had unwittingly wronged, who had unwittingly wronged her? Surely not!

Marthe's voice broke on her meditation.

"A gentleman wishes to see madame."

"Mr. Carrol?"

"No, madame, a stranger. Here is the card."

She looked at it and read: "Mr. Eliot Hartley."

"Someone on business, doubtless. Show the gentleman in, Marthe."

A moment after, he was bowing before her.

A tall slender man, with one of those faces that are handsome without being regular, fascinating in their very independence of any settled type. Mrs. Cairn saw a square white forehead, bright kind brown eyes, auburn mustaches brushed back from a perfect mouth, and close-cut hair of the same warm tint.

"Madame Cairn?"

"Yes. You come to—"

"Madame von Strelna, knowing that I should pass your house, begged me to let you know that she has changed the date for her musicale, which is to be on Thursday next instead of Saturday, and she is anxious to know if you can still spare her an hour. I shall see her again to-day, and will give her your answer."

"I am afraid—but pray be seated; I will look over my engagements. My time is very full just now." She turned to a writing-table and began to flutter the pages of a little register. It was no affectation; her services were really in demand.

Her visitor was watching her with intense interest as she ran her slender white finger down the columns and bent her graceful head over the page, when the door opened unceremoniously and in walked Carl Carrol.

"I beg ten thousand pardons!" he exclaimed, as he met the stranger's astonished and somewhat displeased expression. "Madame, accept my excuses. I found the door open, Marthe absorbed in conversation on the landing, and I walked in to announce myself."

"That is all right, Mr. Carrol," said Mrs. Cairn, gently. "Take a chair. Mr.—" she had forgotten his name already, and picked up the card to read it—"Mr. Hartley will soon grow used to our lack of ceremony in artistic Bohemia, if he remain much longer in this city."

Mr. Hartley bowed rather stiffly. He evidently was not of her opinion.

"I find," said Mrs. Cairn, "that I am not free between three and four on Thursday. If Madame Strelna can change her programme so as to bring in my part between four and five, I shall be quite at her service."

There was no excuse for staying longer, as Mr. Hartley evidently longed to do. The lady did not invite him to remain, and the yellow-haired artist was glaring at him with disfavor. Marthe came in from her gossip

on the landing just in time to open the door for him, or rather to close it after him.

CHAPTER II.

"WHO is that fellow?" demanded Carrol, crossly.

Mrs. Cairn tossed the card across the table. He read the name, and then relieved his feelings by tearing it into fragments. "I don't like him," he said; "do you?"

"Why, I never saw him before in my life!"

"That is not answering."

"Like him? I'm sure I don't know. He is nice-looking."

"Not a good feature in his face!"

"Now, I thought, on the contrary, that he had a finely formed head, bright eyes, good mouth, perfect teeth—"

The young artist drew a pencil from his pocket. "Since you admire the man so intensely," he said, sarcastically, "pray let me perpetuate his memory. I will draw him as he appears to you—thus angelic; see the wings—"

"Oh, Carl! don't spoil my music! I have to take that song to Madame Strelna's musicale. I shall never be able to efface the caricature!"

He paid no heed, but began another sketch.

"As he appears to me," he explained. "Look at him—wings again; but of another order: impish, to put it politely; if you were a man, I should say—"

"Don't say it. It hurts me to have you behave so spitefully toward a stranger who has done you no harm. I don't recognize you in this new phase."

"I don't recognize myself," he said, gloomily. "I feel nervous. I hate that man, and long to cross swords with him. What right had he, an utter stranger, to look so fiercely at me for walking in without ceremony? Anyone might have thought he owned you!"

Lindsay laughed.

"Did you know that I am to be at Madame la Baronne's musicale?" he continued. "Yes. You know I belonged to that set originally. I am really only an amateur playing at professional life. Four years ago, I met a dark-eyed girl going to the conservatory, and I at once began to cultivate my musical gifts at the same institution and

moved my studio into this quarter. But Fanny Strelna is my cousin, and, if you were not so hard to persuade, she might be yours."

This was getting into a dangerous channel, and Mrs. Cairn tried to change the subject by making some trivial remark apropos of nothing at all.

Mr. Carrol answered absently, and then, looking up suddenly, said: "You promised me once that you would give me your reasons for refusing my hand. I suppose they have something to do with your marriage. Will you tell me now?"

"As well now as at any time," she replied, slowly.

He went on sketching, with his head bent down so that she could not see his face, and she told her story. She firmly believed, she said, that her husband was dead; but nevertheless she could never feel free until she knew.

"That could easily be settled," he answered. "Write, or let me write for you, to the clergyman who married you, or to the physician who had charge of the case—a very simple thing to do."

"No—"

"Why?"

"Because, from words I afterward recalled, there was some intricate question of property concerned, and I would not like to seem to—"

"Renounce it all, if you want to. Who cares? I don't. I don't want the other man's money. I want you."

"But even so, Carl, I am not sure that I—in fact, I am almost sure that I do not want to marry you."

"I will not take that answer. You must! I cannot believe—"

His voice was raised, his manner excited; but the words died away on his lips as Lindsay rose with a startled exclamation.

He looked up, and again encountered the keen bright eyes and—this time—decidedly scowling brows of the auburn-haired gentleman whose portraits, angelic and demoniac, lay well "en evidence" before him.

There was a great bowl of roses on the table; Lindsay had been pulling them to pieces as she talked, and now had presence of mind enough to scatter her handful of dark crimson petals over the too-telling caricatures; not, however, before the stranger had seen them both.

"It is my turn," he said, gravely, "to apologize for an abrupt entrance. You probably did not hear my ring, and your housekeeper did not seem to think it necessary to announce me. She said I would find you here, madame, and bade me enter. I regret—I fear I have interrupted—ah—a drawing-lesson."

Mrs. Cairn, unable to find a word, motioned toward a chair, while Carl Carrol rose and walked to the window, turning his back deliberately and pretending to be absorbed in contemplation of the sky.

"Thank you. I will not sit down. I returned to say that Madame Strelna had altered the programme to suit your convenience."

Mrs. Cairn bowed, murmured a word of thanks, and politely conducted the stranger to the door, stopping on her way back to admonish the erring Marthe.

"What will that gentleman think of Carl's tone?" she thought. "That 'must,' shouted out in his masterful way. It does not much matter what he thinks, and yet I like to preserve such of the conveniences as are possible to an artiste. There will be a fine scene to go through with Mr. Carrol now, and I must manage to let him know that I am decided and firm."

"Marthe," she then said aloud, "bring in some coffee."

Carl Carrol was still standing sulking by the window, and Lindsay, relying on the coming coffee to put him in good humor, sat down at the piano and began to play a little air that he liked; but the sounds died away, and still he did not move. Marthe brought in the coffee and rattled the cups in vain; he did not stir, but stood staring out with a fixed troubled look in his clear blue eyes that went to Lindsay's heart when she saw it.

Few men, however, even sulky ones or sore-hearted, could long refuse a cup of Marthe's coffee, and the fragrant beverage that Mrs. Cairn presently coaxed him to accept was not without its effect in soothing his feelings.

"I must bring you some more roses to replenish your vase," he said at last, relaxing his rigid expression and smiling faintly.

"Thank you, Carl," she answered, kindly; "but perhaps I ought not to accept any more flowers from you. I want you to understand

me at last as I begin to understand myself. You have been very good to me, and I am grateful—”

“You needn’t go on,” he interrupted, bitterly; “I know what is coming.”

“Don’t look so savage.”

“You can’t expect me to look pleased!”

“I am tired of this indecision, Carl. I told you long ago that I would not marry you.”

“All the same, you would have, if—”

“If what?”

“If this red-haired intruder had not crossed your path.”

“You are raving! A man I have never seen before to-day!”

“Are you sure of that?”

“What do you mean?”

“Nothing at all, if you are sure.”

“Of course I am sure. I never laid eyes on him before.”

“Ah!”

“If you don’t choose to believe me, you need not.”

“Don’t be offended. I am only frantically jealous of this handsome novelty.”

“Handsome? Why, you are a thousand times better-looking.”

“And not one whit so fascinating. But don’t let us talk of him any more. Tell me: what sort of looking man was your—was the man you married?”

“I have never been able to remember. You know, I had been ill—stunned by exposure and fatigue, to say nothing of terror. Besides, the room was dark, and the bed had curtains. I had only a brief glimpse of a wan face—nothing distinct.”

“Was he dark?”

“How can I tell? The room was dark, as I said; and everything in it appeared so.”

“Do you suppose he looked anything like this Mr.—what is it?—Hartley?”

“The idea never occurred to me. But we have wandered away from what we were saying. Do consent to withdraw your suit, dear friend, for it is beginning to weigh heavily upon me: as if I were in fault—as if I were even less free than I am.”

“In a word, you find me tiresome.”

“You are not tiresome; but your persistency does tire me.”

“Very well. I withdraw my suit. When may I bring the roses? For the Thursday musicale? We may as well go together.”

“Do you think that it would be best, considering our explanation, to go on in the same friendly way? Would it not be wiser—I should miss you very much, but still would it not be wiser—to be a little less attentive and kind to me?”

“I have accepted my refusal as a lover,” he said, quietly; “I decline to be dismissed as a friend. Now I must go. If your flame-colored admirer should come in again with his Jack-in-the-box suddenness, it might be better for him not to find me still here, since you won’t give me the right to throw him downstairs.” And he hurried away before she could protest.

CHAPTER III.

MADAME LA BARONNE was flitting busily to and fro, giving last touches of her own taste to the almost perfect arrangements of her *maitre d’hôtel*. Before the queue of the grand piano, he had arranged the tallest of her palms, hiding the ungainly part of the instrument and making “the beautiful cold white keys” stand out in high relief from all this bowering green. It was no music-room par excellence; even the amateurs complained a little of the heavy tapestries covering the walls, the thick window-drapes and rugs that took the delicate edge from sound. But the baroness, though an excellent musician, was not enthusiastic enough to put up with the emptiness that contents the all-absorbed. Her eye was more to her than her ear; she loved color and form and grouping even more than she loved sweet sound. Perhaps an old-time attachment to an artist cousin who had deserted society about the time of her marriage to the late baron, and had joined the ranks of Bohemia, had something to do with it. And the fact that she expected Carl Carrol—had induced him to accept an invitation to her house—made her very anxious to have everything looking its best. If she had known the motives that made him accept, her step might have been less light and her heart a trifle heavier, for the bright little widow had never forgotten the love of her early girlhood, and women can never be made to understand that “seasons change, and so do men.”

Seeing Carl dull and dispirited of late, she had taken it into her faithful little head that he too regretted old days and was ready for a renewal of their youthful engagement.

She had just given a last effective twist to a branch of starry white flowers that glimmered through the prevailing green when Eliot Hartley sauntered in.

"Half an hour too soon, by the clock!" she exclaimed, gayly. "How did you pass the countersign?"

"I told Germain that you were expecting me," he answered, coolly, "which was true as regards three to five; he believed the letter of my word and admitted me."

"I'll teach him better," she said, laughing; "he must beware of your wiles. But of course you had some reason for coming too soon. What was it?"

"I wanted to speak to you," he said, with an anxious tone in his voice that startled her.

"Be quick, then," she said; "you haven't much time. Is it a long story?"

"Yes; but a word or two will give you a sufficient idea. When you asked me to carry your message to Madame Cairn, you must have noticed that I felt a shock on hearing the name."

"I did think—"

"Well, I confess that I was greatly startled, and I wish to explain. I believe I can trust you with a very delicate personal affair."

"I will do my best to be worthy of your confidence," she said, seriously.

"Then listen." And he gave her a rapid sketch of the details he thought necessary, and ended by saying: "I may count on your friendship and aid?"

But she did not reply as promptly as he expected, and he wondered why she pressed her hand to her heart and smothered a sigh that had a suspicious tendency to end in a moan.

"Wait a moment; let me think," she said. "Let me answer you after five o'clock, when I have had time to get used to this strange history and to clear my mind of a certain confusion about—about—what part I ought to take in it."

"Why, certainly," he answered, "you are only too kind to consider me in any way. Take all the time you wish for reflection, though I cannot see why there should be any difficulty."

"Nevertheless," she said, slowly, almost sadly, all the light gone from her face, "there is a difficulty—just one."

"And that is—"

"Pray forgive me; it is something I cannot express. But I must really think it over."

Mr. Hartley racked his mind in vain. He was far from guessing that he had given Madame Strelina a cruel surprise in speaking of her cousin's evident attachment to Mrs. Cairn, and that her hesitation arose from a feeling of delicacy in interfering where her own heart's interest was concerned.

Then three o'clock struck, and five minutes later the guests appeared. Before long, a wild-looking gentleman with long hair, spectacles, and huge flat hands was performing such miracles of execution on the grand piano that no one would have been much surprised to see him take it up on his little finger and run around the room with it; for he did nearly everything else, and was applauded and admired in proportion to his prowess.

Mr. Hartley watched the door anxiously, and at last his patience was rewarded and his heart chilled by the entrance of the lovely cantatrice, escorted by Mr. Carrol. Madame Marthe, her chaperon, was seen disappearing into a small reception-room across the hall, where other elderly dames of the same class were comfortably enjoying themselves under the hospitable care of the housekeeper, Madame Germain.

Mrs. Cairn passed Mr. Hartley without even seeing him. She was a little late; they were waiting for her. The "executioner," as the irreverent called the amazing pianist, was already whacking the keys with his heavy hands which brought out such delicate sounds of heavenly sweetness, and honoring Lindsay with a prelude that trembled across the air like a string of pearls dissolving into atmospheric vibration—lost to vision, born into audition.

As Mrs. Cairn unrolled her songs, she discovered to her dismay that she had forgotten to efface the caricatures. An almost irresistible desire to laugh came over her, as, looking up, she met Mr. Hartley's bright kind eyes, and, looking down, she saw them turned smilingly to one side of her page, then glancing with rage at the other. But she controlled herself and managed to conceal the drawings by rolling back the page. Her voice was good and perfectly trained, and her song was scarcely ended when, as usual, she was surrounded—petted and caressed by

the ladies, and almost knelt to by the men, who were too happy, any of them, to catch a falling rose-leaf from her hair or to steal a spray of myosotis from her bouquet.

Mr. Carrol hovered around her with his air of proprietorship, that amused the "executioner" and others who were well aware of his unrequited attachment, but pained the baroness and irritated Mr. Hartley almost beyond bearing. Eliot approached, however, with the others, and waited his chance to offer his compliments; when lo! those unlucky caricatures again met his startled gaze. Lindsay was unconsciously rolling and unrolling her music, and the drawings were distinctly visible. He stepped up close to her.

"Pardon me," he said, gently drawing the sheet of music from her hands before she could prevent it; "I think I have a certain claim to this."

Madame Strelna did not know why he took the music, but she hastened blindly to his aid.

"Mr. Hartley, will you be so kind as to see that Mrs. Cairn has some refreshment? No, Carl," she said, as Carrol darted forward, "I want you to settle a point of authenticity about a miniature over here. Come with me."

"I don't want any refreshment," said Lindsay, as they walked away together; "I would much rather sit quietly down somewhere for a minute or two and talk. First, let me beg your pardon for not remembering to efface those drawings; they nearly made me break down in my song. It was only some of Mr. Carrol's nonsense; he is too ready with his facile pencil. I hope you are not offended?"

"It is a trifle, madame, and yet—I too am something of an artist, though only an amateur—and I can scarcely believe Mr. Carrol would be pleased to see two such representations of himself on the other side of this page."

"Could you really do it?" she asked.

"Why, yes; my skill is sufficient for so much. But pray let me get you something."

"Nothing, nothing, thank you."

"Then let me ask you a question, Mrs. Cairn. Have we ever met before?"

"I think not."

"Yet I am haunted," he said, "by a feeling that somewhere, long ago—"

"At a concert, perhaps," she said, carelessly; "I have sung at so many. How long do you remain here, Mr. Hartley?"

"It is quite uncertain. You, I suppose, intend to make it your home for life?"

Her face shaded. "I don't know," she answered, slowly. "As well here as anywhere else. But please prove your skill," she added, brightening at the idea of the shock she was preparing for the devoted Carl: "draw him on the other side, in the same double phase."

"But what do the phases signify?"

"Why, don't you see?" she answered, unguardedly. "It was my opinion of you, and his. Oh!" She bit her lip, as she saw the rashness of her speech.

Mr. Hartley laughed pleasantly. "In my satisfaction at your approval," he said, "I can bear his condemnation."

"But draw him for me, please."

"No; you must excuse me. I do not care for that kind of a duel."

"I am at your service for a more serious settling, sir, at any time," said Carl Carrol, suddenly appearing with the baroness.

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed Madame Strelna.

"Mr. Carrol," replied Eliot, calmly, "I am not afraid to decline to fight. My reputation for courage is sufficient to allow me the luxury of peace. You have seemed determined to force a quarrel on me, from the first instant of our meeting. It would be infinitely more agreeable to me to claim you for a friend."

"Impossible!"

Lindsay stared at the two men in wonder. What on earth were they disputing about?

"If it is those absurd drawings," she said, "then here is an end of it." And, tearing the outside page of her music to pieces, she threw them into the grate. "There now! Come—a truce! It is time for my second song."

She accepted Mr. Hartley's arm and moved toward the music-room.

"Will you permit me to ask you a question?" asked Eliot, in a very low tone. "It may seem impertinent, but—"

"Ask it."

"Are you engaged to Mr. Carrol?"

"I am not."

"Thanks for your frankness. One more question: May I call to see you soon?"

"Certainly."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MRS. JOHN ADAMS.

BY JOSEPHINE M. S. CARTER.

IT is difficult for us in these days to realize the hardships endured and the sacrifices made by the women of Revolutionary times. Among the many names of heroic wives and mothers which history gives us, few shine with a brighter lustre than that of the wife of the second President of the United States.

Abigail Adams was the daughter of William Smith, a Congregational minister, and was born November 11th, 1744, in the town of Weymouth.

In the art of letter-writing, Abigail very early became an adept. Her favorite cousins lived too far away, and money was too scarce, to allow of much visiting; but they corresponded constantly. These epistles exhibit the tastes and describe employments of the young maidens of that period. One of their fancies was the writing to each other over a fictitious name. Miss Smith chose "Diana" for her sobriquet—changing it, after marriage, for "Portia."

Abigail was married to Mr. Adams in October, 1764, when she was but twenty years old. Their union was blessed with five children, two girls and three boys, one of the daughters dying in infancy.

The first ten years of Mrs. Adams's wedded life were spent in or near Boston; but in 1774 her husband was elected delegate to the Assembly which met in Philadelphia to decide what course the Colonies should adopt toward England.

When Mr. Adams left home to attend the second Congress in 1775, it was only five days before the firing on Lexington!

Mrs. Adams gives a vivid description of the battle of Bunker Hill. A few days later, she wrote: "Charlestown is laid in ashes; but not all the havoc and desolation they have made has wounded me like the death of Warren—we want him in the Senate, we want him in his profession, we want him in the field."

In 1777, Mr. Adams was appointed joint commissioner to France; and, after a short visit to his home, he sailed, taking with him

one of his sons. The news of Burgoyne's surrender had, however, hastened the acknowledgment by France of the independence of the United States, so that, on his arrival, Mr. Adams found the great object of his mission accomplished; and in August, 1779, he returned home.

But he had only been back two months before he was again ordered to Europe by Congress, and directed to remain there until England should be willing to treat with him and end the war. He sailed in November, taking with him his two oldest sons. On this occasion, the loving heart of the mother vented itself in the following letter:

"My habitation—how disconsolate it looks! My table—I sit down to it, but cannot swallow my food! Oh, why was I born with so much sensibility? And why, possessing it, have I so often been called upon to struggle with it? . . . My dear sons—I cannot think of them without a tear."

England at last acknowledged the independence of the United States. Mr. Adams was, in 1785, sent as the first Minister to the Court of St. James, and his wife and daughter joined him in France, where they spent a year, making their home about four miles from Paris.

When the family went to England, their son Charles left for America, to enter Harvard. Their residence at the Court of St. James was far from being pleasant, owing to the conduct of the king and queen, who no doubt keenly felt the loss of the American Colonies, and hardly knew how to treat the representative of a people so lately their subjects.

"Some years hence," writes Mrs. Adams, "it may be a pleasure to reside here in the character of American Minister; but, with the present salary and the present temper of the English, none need envy the embassy."

In 1789, her daughter Abbie was married to Colonel Smith, the Secretary of Legation, and it must have been not long after this that Mr. Adams returned to America. His wife's letter of congratulation, written on his

election to the office of President in 1797, shows no feeling of pride.

"You have," she writes, "this day to declare yourself head of a nation. 'And now, O Lord my God, Thou hast made Thy servant ruler over this people. Give him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad, for who is able to judge this Thy so great a people?' were the words of a royal sovereign, and not less applicable to him who is invested with the chief magistracy of a nation, though he wear not the robes of royalty."

After her husband became President, they took up their residence in Washington, and she writes to her sister of the great inconvenience they had in getting firewood, although surrounded by forests, owing to the lack of workmen to cut it and teams to haul it.

Of the new Presidential mansion, she says: "The house is very large, requiring thirty servants to keep it in order, and has no bells; and not one room is finished, nor is there any fence or yard. I dry my clothes in the great unfinished audience-room; but," she adds, "it is a beautiful spot, capable of much improvement."

When John Quincy Adams, her eldest son, was elected Assistant Justice of the Supreme Court—which, however, he declined to accept—Mrs. Adams was much gratified, for she had felt keenly his removal from office by Jefferson, the successor of Mr. Adams, whose conduct had been very ungenerous toward her husband.

The two men had traveled together in Europe, been warmly attached to each other, and, at Mr. Jefferson's request, Mrs. Adams had received into her own home for a while his little daughter, who, attended by a negro servant, had sailed from Virginia to Europe, to enter a convent school.

When he became President, Mr. Adams had offered good positions to those of his associates whom he particularly esteemed. Among the number whom he thus favored were Jefferson, Madison, and Grey, although only the latter of the trio accepted his propositions.

Mr. Jefferson, on the contrary, followed party advice instead of the inspirations of friendship, and, without other reason,

removed from a subordinate position the son of his old friend.

On the death of his daughter, however, Mrs. Adams in the kindness of her heart wrote him a consolatory letter, which led to some little correspondence between the two. But the old friendship was never renewed until after Jefferson's retirement from public life, and never indeed completely until the death of Mrs. Adams.

When the bereaved husband suffered that irreparable loss, Jefferson's heart, and perhaps his conscience, was so deeply moved that he wrote his former ally a touching and beautiful letter of condolence. This epistle appears to have melted the last ice, and Mr. Adams cordially responded to the overture for a renewal of their former intimacy.

Mrs. Adams lived to see her son, John Quincy, appointed Secretary of State; and, had she lived a few years longer, would have seen him in the Presidential chair. She died in 1818, on the twenty-eighth of October, at the ripe age of seventy-four.

No woman of her time exercised a wider and deeper social influence than this lady, who fulfilled the manifold duties which life brought to her with such discretion, cheerfulness, and grace. Her character was one which rouses special admiration, for it united fine qualities of head and heart. Conscientious in the extreme, both as girl and woman, she strove incessantly to curb her own faults and cure her own failings, and the strong will with she was blessed enabled her to accomplish the work much more thoroughly than usually seems the case with average humanity.

Mrs. Adams was an unusually clever person, and her administrative talent was particularly noticeable. She thought vigorously, and that it was in a somewhat narrow round was plainly the result of the training bestowed on girls in her day. Given the educational advantages which the clever damsel of this generation finds within her reach, Abigail Smith would undoubtedly have made such wise and thorough use thereof that the intellectual side of her nature would have stood forth as strikingly as do her moral and social qualities.

Her letters prove that she was a shrewd observer, a keen though generally good-natured critic, and her powers of description were far beyond the ordinary.

COLONEL CLAFFLIN'S FUNERAL.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.



sylvania.

The colonel had for a long while ruled the Democratic party in his Congressional district, and, if not exactly a king-maker like the famous Earl of Warwick, he had helped to make and unmake a goodly number of Senators and Governors, not to mention all sorts of lesser office-holders. He had himself served during several sessions as a member of the State legislative body, and he had for some time looked confidently forward to occupying a seat in the United States Senate.

It was in a great measure through sheer force of will that the colonel had gained his power, though what we term luck had also uniformly favored him throughout his career. He had come into the district some eighteen years previous, a stranger, a mere speculator in coal-lands; but he had prospered from the start—he was a man born to prosper. How he had worked his way up to be the “boss” of his party, nobody exactly understood; but, before his opponents realized the fact, he stood at their head, and his supremacy was thoroughly established.

He had bitter foes, of course, in the ranks; but of late years few among them had attempted to oppose him in any measure of importance: they had given in, as men do to a powerful personality, excusing their subserviency by pointing to the wonders he had worked for the cause.

There were, however, a small number who did not give in quietly, and Mr. Joseph Kirtner did not give in at all; he opposed the colonel tooth and nail whenever the chance offered, though, for the sake of the party, both men carefully avoided an open feud.

Kirtner too sat in the Legislature; but the election caused him to chafe inwardly, for it had covered a practical defeat. The wily colonel put him in a corner at the last; in order to become a legislator, he had to let his rival go to Congress, for a quarrel between them would have given the day to the Republicans.

The Democrats were rather the stronger force, but the balance of power was always uncertain and every conflict terribly close. Occasionally, indeed, the Republicans gained the upper hand; but, as a rule, the Democrats governed the district, and Colonel Clafflin governed the Democrats.

The rivalry between him and Kirtner had commenced early by the colonel's winning pretty Rose McCrea, who, before he appeared in the neighborhood, everybody expected would marry Joe Kirtner—Joe among the rest, and very probably the young beauty also. But the colonel's indomitable will conquered, and Rose McCrea married him. She was contented and happy, looked up to and admired him, as would have been the case if she had wedded Kirtner or any other successful man who treated her well.

The processes of evolution leave curiously unreconcilable traces in human character, and there were signs both of rabbit and pussy-cat in Mrs. Clafflin. In general, she allowed her husband metaphorically to carry her about by the ears, with the docility of a four-footed bunny; but occasionally, at a totally unexpected moment, she would develop claws—and use them, too, pretty sharply. Under her admiration—she was one of those women born with a general admiration and respect for the opposite sex—she reserved the right of private judgment when the feline instincts were uppermost. She sometimes secretly compared the colonel with Kirtner to the latter's advantage, though she was true to her husband heart and soul; but the tendency to criticism was born in her and could not be eradicated, though no mortal ever knew that she possessed it.

Perhaps in similar fashion those mysterious entities we stupidly term dumb animals judge and criticise us lordly human beings, not always to our credit; but fortunately for our vanity, though they can understand us, we lack the ability to comprehend them.

The colonel had reached his fortyseventh birthday; his wife was seven years his junior, and looking much younger even than her age. She was still the prettiest woman in the neighborhood, and this fact was always unconsciously an exasperation to Kirtner. If she had grown yellow and wrinkled, he would not have envied the colonel so much, and would therefore have hated him less. Kirtner had never married, though he had often been declared engaged; but nothing had ever come of the rumor, unless it might be a disappointment for the woman temporarily believed to have caught the hardened bachelor.

Kirtner was clever enough, but the colonel was cleverer—a born manager of men. For eight years, he had outwardly reigned supreme; but, during this summer of which I am writing, an artful plot against him was concocted by Kirtner. The colonel had certain adherents whom he wanted nominated for the Legislature, as during the coming session that body would be called on to elect a United States Senator, and he saw his way clear to securing the long-coveted prize if he could have the assistance of his followers.

Years of fairly autocratic sway had naturally rendered the colonel somewhat tyrannical; he was so unused to opposition that when Kirtner, rightly considering the time ripe, pushed a man forward to oppose him, the colonel completely lost his temper, and of course his head in consequence, and then Kirtner sprang out of his ambush, tomahawk in hand, and prepared to take his enemy's scalp. A speech such as he made in the privacy of the committee-room had never been heard there since the colonel first occupied the chair. The listeners heard themselves called tools and slaves, and suddenly woke to a consciousness that they must either shake off then and there the galling yoke of the stranger which had so long bound them, or admit that they were unworthy descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, who— We have all heard and read such speeches too often for further description to be needed.

Matters rapidly proceeded from bad to worse; the trouble in the camp was an open secret, the newspapers of the opposite party noised it abroad with ceaseless energy and waxed patriotically pious, reminding their readers of what might be expected to happen when thieves fell out. To add to the colonel's troubles, at this juncture a railway in which he was a large stockholder fell into pecuniary difficulty, and a bank in which he was a director lost credit in public estimation owing to a charge of fraudulent administration, which caused so heavy a run on its resources that it seemed likely to succumb.

The bitterest of his Republican foes tried hard to mix the colonel's name unpleasantly up with the wrong-doing, as they were naturally eager for his downfall, having the acuteness to perceive more clearly than his own followers how much less the Democratic party would be to dread when he no longer headed it.

The colonel was completely exonerated, but the attack left him terribly sore just when he had most need of invulnerability from head to heel, outside and in. The convention was at hand, and the programme of the conflict public property. Kirtner was desperate—he had burned his ships; he must triumph, or sink henceforth into a political and social nullity. It was known that, if the colonel succeeded in nominating his adherents, Kirtner and the adverse wing would threaten them with opposition candidates. The tyrant's creatures—as Kirtner's organ styled them—must at the last go to the wall, or the split would throw victory into the hands of the Republicans.

When too late, the colonel perceived the artfully hidden pit into which it seemed he must inevitably be pushed. He felt deeply injured as well as furious. He had always worked hard for his party; he honestly considered his life one long struggle in its cause, and he was now to be rewarded by the most infamous treatment ever received by an earnest leader.

Hardest of all to bear was the consciousness that his defeat would come through the man whom he had hitherto succeeded in leaving in the lurch. The outlook was black enough; the colonel saw that, if he were beaten, his power was over forever. He fought stoutly; but the odds grew heavier and heavier against him, and those who

owed everything to his friendship were the fiercest in the opposition. His speeches and printed letters were terribly severe on the treachery and treason, not to himself—to the party; so were his articles that appeared in the newspaper which was his organ. But Kirtner found a new man to edit the other Democratic journal—a young fellow with a buccaneer spirit and a dashing pen, who went into the conflict as the typical Irishman is supposed to go into Donnybrook Fair—indifferent who might beat, so long as the scrimmage proved exciting.

In spite of the fact that his good name had been proved unstained, the aspersion had wounded the colonel as few would have believed him capable of being wounded; and, just when he required perfect self-control, his nerve quailed, and for the first time in his pushing, prosperous career he grew discouraged and despondent as the convention approached.

The colonel's health was not so good as usual; like Carlyle, he had lived "to learn he possessed that diabolical apparatus called a stomach," and physical suffering acted on his mind till, when the last week before the conflict arrived, he felt actually inclined to throw up the sponge, sell everything he owned, turn his back on an ungrateful party, and strike out for Colorado or California.

He was seated in his office one afternoon, moodily meditating on the vanity of human affairs and rendered doubly pessimistic by the wearing weight of dyspeptic pain, when he was disturbed by the entrance of a boy with a telegram.

The colonel found that business of importance called him to New York at once; he could just catch the two o'clock express. He hurried over to his house, and found his wife setting forth to make some visits; but, with her usual placid amiability, she went back upstairs and put out the linen he needed, and superintended his packing thereof.

"I shall certainly be back in three days," he said, as he kissed her good-bye. "You look as pretty as a pink, my dear, while I am getting to be a terribly battered old fellow."

"It doesn't make so much difference how a man looks," she answered, with her sweet pensive smile, which seemed to mean so much and meant literally nothing. "It is

nice, though, for you always to pay me compliments—plenty of men never think of doing that to their wives."

"Well, I hope I haven't made a bad sort of husband," the colonel answered, pleasantly. He had never been in the habit of sharing his anxieties with her; he did not think of doing so now. Involuntarily he sighed; then, afraid she might ask if there was anything the matter—not that she ever did—he hastily added a question that had long been a joke between them: "Don't you think I've filled the position about as well as any of your old admirers would have done?"

Again she answered by her pensive smile; but some undercurrent of thought—probably not recognized by herself—roused the feline element, and she asked softly: "The convention meets next week, doesn't it?"

She might as well have flung Joe Kirtner at his head outright, but the colonel evinced no annoyance. He had never been able to decide whether such scratches were premeditated or accidental; so, having a large stock of dogged patience, always gave her the benefit of the doubt.

In another twenty minutes, he was seated in the train, and Mrs. Clafflin was walking down the shady street toward the house of a friend, looking as fair and bright as an early autumn flower. She met Joe Kirtner face to face, and bowed from under the pink lining of her parasol, and smiled on him exactly as she had smiled on the colonel. Kirtner lifted his hat and tried to smile indifferently; but, after he had passed on, he scowled, and presently he said to his other self:

"What a blessed fool you are, Joe—you're fond of that woman yet! Confound him, I'll get the best of the bargain for once! Wait till the convention, colonel!"

When Kirtner heard of his rival's departure, he marveled a good deal as to what possible plot it might portend. The colonel's journey at this juncture was rendered still more inexplicable by the fact that on the two succeeding evenings he had promised speeches at towns in the neighborhood; it appeared that a couple of his followers had been hurriedly summoned to supply his place. Kirtner was at last inclined to agree with the verdict of most of his friends—that the colonel, convinced of the inevitableness of

his defeat, really had not nerve left for the required speech-making, and so had invented the pretext of business to cover his flight.

It was on Wednesday that Colonel Clafflin started on his journey. The next morning, his wife received a telegram written the night before, announcing his arrival in New York, and she smiled at the message as she had smiled on her husband and his defeated rival. A hurried note told her that he should be detained longer than he had expected—he could not get back before Monday, perhaps not even then.

This news speedily became known throughout the little town—as news, whether public or private, always does in such a place—and Kirtner's adherents exulted loudly.

The convention would open in Barton in a few days! The colonel had as good as thrown up the sponge in advance. Kirtner exulted more deeply than anybody else, but he had the wisdom to keep his thoughts to himself, for which reticence he had soon reason to be thankful.

When the New York and Philadelphia evening papers arrived that night, they contained telegraphic notices of a terrible accident on the Fall River Railway. The next morning brought dispatches announcing that Colonel Clafflin had been among the number killed.

A brother of the widow broke the sad news to her. Naturally enough, she was quite overwhelmed; but, after recovering from her fainting-fit and hysterical attack, displayed a self-control and ability for independent action which surprised even her relatives, for she was ordinarily such a dependent clinging creature that those who knew her best scarcely understood what odd little reserves of strength and individuality there were hidden under that

It was necessary to inform her that the face of the unfortunate man had been so dreadfully mutilated as to be unrecognizable; but a package of letters and papers in the breast-pocket of his linen duster, and a wallet marked with his full name, had established his identity.

The excitement throughout the county was intense. On the instant, public opinion veered round; in the heyday of his popularity, Colonel Clafflin had never been so generally praised. The newspapers of Saturday throughout the State were filled with his

encomiums; Republicans united with Democrats to do him honor. His personal and political foes stood forth among his warmest admirers, and the article known to be written by Joe Kirtner and published in the "County Palladium," which had for months reviled the politician, was considered the finest tribute among the multitudes paid to his memory.

The colonel had belonged to the Free Masons, the Odd Fellows, and the Knights Templars, and each of the three orders was eager to take the funeral in charge; but, after a consultation between Kirtner and the widow, it was decided that, beyond sending representatives, neither of the societies could claim any privilege.

For, before Saturday ended, Kirtner had been obliged to visit the house; he held positions in two of the orders which rendered it necessary for him to go in person. His behavior was simply perfection. He employed the best phrases in his printed tribute, putting them in different words, in speaking of the colonel's gifts, his services to the party, his worth as a citizen, his merit as a man. He deplored feelingly the fact that a certain estrangement had so long existed between himself and a man whom he admired so highly, but there had been cogent—yes, unsurmountable—reasons. There Kirtner hesitated, his voice quivered and sank into silence, while his eyes, his one fine feature, spoke volumes.

Of course, the new widow could not help knowing that she had been the original reason; and equally, of course, with that delicate rose-leaf complexion of hers, she could not help coloring, even while shedding tears of sincere grief over her irremediable loss. For the life of him, Joe Kirtner could not have helped a thrill at his heart when he caught the blush, speedily hidden behind a black-bordered handkerchief, which rendered him still more able to sympathize genuinely with her distress.

On Sunday, the casket containing the body arrived under the escort of a deputation of the prominent men of the district, and on Tuesday at noon the funeral was to take place.

The widow received scores of telegrams and letters of condolence, and the reading of them was in a way a solace; it was sweet to feel how thoroughly the world appreciated

the man she had loved. Of course, she must bury her heart in his grave; she said this and meant it, but, all the same, sympathy was welcome, and nobody's more so than that of the friend whose estrangement she had always regretted—as she now, by some mental process which I am unable to explain, actually believed the colonel had also regretted. She told Kirtner this during one of their necessary interviews, and he actually believed it too, and took the major part of the blame on himself in a manner that was as creditable as it was touching.

On the Monday evening which witnessed this interview, two of the widow's intimate friends were in the house. Indeed, a regular guard kept watch over the relict—morning, noon, and night; if she had been a bank president newly arrested for embezzlement, she would not have been half so carefully watched. Mrs. Tibbetts, after superintending the interview—further beyond earshot, though, than her sympathetic nature could have wished—observed to the other intimate:

“Jane Runyon, you mark my words here and now! Joe Kirtner will marry Rosie McCrea at the end of her first year of mourning!”

“If she doesn't marry him before,” was the rejoinder. Miss Runyon's voice was a little sharp, and no wonder; for several years past, she had at intervals been laying siege to that obdurate fortress, Joe Kirtner's heart, and of late she had flattered herself that she perceived signs of a possible surrender, and to have her nascent hopes unexpectedly upset by fate's leaving Rosie McCrea Clafflin a widow was hard to bear. Miss Runyon never had liked the colonel, and she began to develop a downright bitterness toward his memory which was perhaps more natural than reasonable.

Tuesday came; the hour appointed for the funeral came. The town was literally crowded; special trains had brought friends, acquaintances, and deputations from every part of the State, and the ceremony would be the finest funereal display the district had ever witnessed.

The colonel's house stood on a little eminence, set well back from the street and surrounded by fine old trees. It had been the McCrea homestead, originally one of the show places of the neighborhood, and much

enlarged and improved since Clafflin had become a rich man.

The lawn, the piazzas, and the lower rooms were already filled with people. The clergyman had arrived, and was putting on his surplice in the colonel's study. The immediate family and friends were gathered in the guest-chamber on the second floor, discoursing in whispers of the merits of the deceased, the mournfulness of his sudden taking-off, and the probable amount of his fortune.

“He could keep his own secrets, the colonel could,” Mrs. Tibbetts remarked, with a decision permitted by her position of own cousin-once removed to the widow. “He talked a good deal and seemed as open as the day, but what he didn't want to tell he never told, and Rosie herself doesn't know how much he was really worth.”

While the subdued conversation went on, the widow in the adjacent chamber was donning her crape bonnet and veil under the superintendence of an elder sister and an aunt; and, among the groups below-stairs, Joe Kirtner showed conspicuous by his unusual height and somewhat martial port, the result of the training received years before in a military academy—from which he used, during the vacations, to return home wearing a blue uniform with scarlet facings, which Rosie McCrea had thought the very perfection of masculine raiment.

The clergyman was making his way toward the central hall; one of the cousins had opened the door of the widow's chamber; a stir and then a hush came over the entire assembly. The momentary stillness was broken by sounds from without—a man on horseback rode quickly up to the piazza steps. He pulled a telegraphic envelope out of his pocket and excitedly demanded speech with Judge McCrea, the brother of the widow. That gentleman hastened down-stairs in obedience to the summons, and, standing in the veranda, opened and read the dispatch, then electrified all within hearing by his incoherent exclamations:

“Good heavens! It's all a mistake! The colonel is alive!”

The hubbub which ensued defies description, as the telegram was passed from hand to hand. It was signed with the colonel's name, and gave the information that there had been an error in identity which he

would set right in person as soon as he should be able to make the journey, which he hoped to do within three days.

The dispatch bore the date of the previous Saturday, and had been sent from the town near which the accident occurred. But where had the telegram lain during the intervening time? Among the multitudes of broken sentences poured forth from scores of lips, the remarks uttered by Joe Kirtner were afterward remembered.

"It is a vile imposture on the face of it!" Kirtner cried, imperiously. "It is the wickedest, most outrageous hoax ever perpetrated! Its author must be discovered and punished! Judge, the ceremony ought to proceed at once! We are here to pay respect to the memory of our honored townsman—the living impostor can be sought for and dealt with later."

Fine as his language was, Kirtner hardly knew what he said. In the bewilderment and dizziness of mind caused by this preposterous telegram, only one thought stood out with any clearness: it seemed to Joe that if the coffin, white with floral wreaths, then occupying the centre of the long drawing-room, could be safely deposited under ground and the sods well pressed down above it, the widowhood of Mrs. Clafflin would be so thoroughly established that even the appearance of her late spouse himself could not alter the fact.

It seemed that a good many persons were inclined to agree with Kirtner's opinion as to the telegram's being a cruel hoax, and the judge and the parson were so much affected by the torrent of asseveration that they stared at each other helplessly.

"I—I ought at least to tell my sister," said the judge.

"Not at all," rejoined Joe Kirtner's nearest friend; "it would be horribly cruel."

The excitement spread; a wave of rumor swept upstairs, and it penetrated to the widow's chamber. Something strange had happened—what, neither the relict nor her companions knew. The judge was called for—his sister wanted him.

"I must tell her," said that always irresolute personage, and involuntarily his eyes wandered to Joe Kirtner.

"I should say not—decidedly not! Wait until the funeral is over!" that gentleman made answer, in his deepest tones, growing

more and more emphatic as his confusion increased.

"Why, we can't bury the colonel when—when it isn't himself, you know," propounded the bewildered judge.

"We know that the mortal remains of our dead neighbor lie yonder!" said Kirtner, waving his hand toward the drawing-room. "This horrible hoax—"

But he could not finish his sentence. Two excited ladies rushed down, seized the judge, and forced him up the stairs to the chamber in which his sister was waiting. In some fashion, he broke the news and displayed the telegram. The wife gave one cry and fainted; the sister deftly caught her, and the aunt dexterously whisked the crape bonnet and veil from off her head.

As the judge was hurried away, Kirtner moved toward the piazza, mentally cursing that gentleman for his idiocy in giving poor little Rosie—he had gone back unconsciously to the familiar name of old days—such a terrible shock so uselessly. The colonel was dead—dead—lying yonder in his coffin! Nobody with a grain of common sense could fail to see that this telegram was a horrible cheat, instigated perhaps by some political trickster.

Kirtner felt like ordering the Free Masons to pick up the casket, form in line, and carry it off to the cemetery, so strongly was he beset by the idea that, the body once buried, any coming to life on the colonel's part would be rendered exceedingly difficult.

As Kirtner reached the steps, an open carriage drove up the road. On the back seat, he saw—no ghost—the colonel himself, in flesh and blood! His left arm was in a sling, there was a patch over his right ear, but it was the colonel, and, more exasperating than all, the colonel wearing his blindest smile!

"Friends and neighbors," the colonel said, standing up in the carriage, while people rushed pell-mell out-of-doors and gathered about, "I thank you all from the bottom of my heart for the sympathy you have shown! It is worth living through all I have, to find my supposed death has proved that my old friends and neighbors are not quite indifferent toward me. I thank you most for the sympathy shown to my beloved wife, and now I must go to her. Mr. Kirtner, your hand!"

The colonel passed on upstairs. The

crowd slowly dispersed. To tell the truth, this resurrection was coldly received; even those who liked the man felt a vague sense of having been defrauded.

The explanation was made by one of the gentlemen who accompanied the colonel. When he took the train to Fall River, an old acquaintance went with him. The day had been warm, and Mr. Fairhouse's coat was too thick, so he took it off and put on the colonel's linen duster. He it was who had been killed. He and the colonel were of the same height and build, and there was a strong resemblance between them in various ways.

The colonel had been hurt; he said that he did not recover consciousness until Saturday. The instant he could speak, he had remembered his wife and ordered the telegram sent; he could not explain its detention, nor could the gentlemen with him, but that was not their fault.

When fainting-fits and hysterics were over, Rosie McCrea Claffin was of course a very happy woman. Still, even joy looked a little flat after the excitement of so much woe and sympathy, and, before she put the crape bonnet and veil out of sight, she tried them

on—the little widow's cap was certainly very becoming to her fluffy yellow hair.

"Rosie!" the colonel called.

"Yes, dear, I am coming."

During that evening and the ensuing day, no human being outside of his immediate family caught a glimpse of the colonel; but he published a letter in a county newspaper which was a masterpiece—Kirtner and his followers knew this species of resurrection had put the leader back on his pedestal.

Naturally there were persons who declared that the wily colonel could have recovered consciousness and sent a message much sooner, but in his artfulness he had waited in order to make political capital out of the affair.

The colonel's speech in the convention was the most brilliant he had ever delivered. He paid so many flattering tributes to Kirtner that the crowd cheered their names together, and the latter secretly admitted that he was no match for his rival.

The colonel's men were nominated and elected, and before spring the colonel took his seat among the Conscript Fathers of this republic. Rosie is still a pretty woman, but Joe Kirtner has never again called on her.

A COUP D'ETAT.

BY CHARLES KIELY SHETTERLY.

As little seeds by slow degrees
Put forth their leaves and flowers unheard,
Our love had grown into a tree
And bloomed without a single word.

I haply hit on six o'clock,
The hour her father came from town;
I gave his own peculiar knock,
And waited slyly, like a clown.

The door was open. There she stood,
Lifting her mouth's delicious brim;
How could I waste a thing so good?
I took the kiss she meant for him.

A moment on an awful brink—
Deep breath, a frown, a smile, a tear;
And then: "Oh, Robert, don't you think
That it was rather—cavalier?"

HYMN TO THE EVENING STAR.

BY NELLIE C. TUCKER.

Thy golden lamp, low hanging in the west,
Seems with a growing brilliancy to burn;
The lesser lights come shyly forth to wait
Upon thee, and, where'er the eye doth turn,
It views innumerable twinkling orbs of light
Begemming the dark garments of the night.

Oh, world afar! Oh, wondrous radiant sphere!
Thou shinest upon earth effulgently.
What dost thou compass? What dost thou contain?
We long to solve thy hidden mystery;
But human vision cannot read aright,
For here we walk by faith, and not by sight.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, Etc.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Shows a handsome dinner-gown, of pearl-gray bengaline. The edge of the skirt is bordered with cream-white taffetas, crossed in a diamond pattern with either silver or steel braid. It is arranged so that

Bow-knots of narrow ribbon terminate the points of the scallops. The ends running



No. 1.

the skirt of the gown may be cut out in deep scallops. These are adorned with a graduated ruching of chiffon to match.

(78)



No. 2.

up on the skirt are of the braid, and are sewed in place. The skirt has a short demi-train, and the trimming of the edge is continued all around. As will be seen in the illustration, the skirt is draped about the hips, forming the now so fashionable panier—a style very becoming to a tall slight

figure, but must not be employed for a stout one. The long-pointed bodice of this gown has a full chiffon yoke, finished with the braid and fastening with the tiny ribbon bows to match the skirt. High puffed



No. 3.

sleeves and standing collar. Fifteen to sixteen yards of bengaline will be required, and two yards of cream taffetas for the edge of the skirt. The other trimmings—braid, ribbon, etc.—will have to be calculated by the dressmaker. This style of gown may be made up in a less elaborate way, and still be very stylish.

No. 2—Is a tea-gown. The style is a *Princesse redingote*, extending as a train. Any self-colored cashmere, camel's-hair, or *Henrietta-cloth* will be a good selection of material. Our model calls for dark-blue, lined and trimmed with pale-blue. The front of the skirt is covered with plaitings in *mousselin chiffon*, which describe a *coquille* in the centre. The wrists and V-shaped opening of the bodice are of the same. Throatlet in pale-blue ribbon. If chiffon cannot be procured, thin China silk or even

nun's-veiling may be substituted for the plaitings. Also the train may be dispensed with. Eight to ten yards of cashmere or camel's-hair, etc., will be required, and about the same quantity for the plaitings if narrow material is used. Double-fold goods, such as nun's-veiling, less will be required.

No. 3—Shows a street and house gown combined. Camel's-hair or lady's-cloth is used for the skirt and bodice. The piping on the skirt, bodice, and sleeves is of velvet, either black or a darker shade to match the gown. The plaited yoke and high sleeves are of figured camel's-hair, or a brocade silk may be introduced if desired, and make the gown more dressy. The illustration shows how the gown is made without further



No. 4.

direction. Four and a half yards of forty-two or fortysix inch material will be required for skirt and bodice, three and a half of brocade or one and a half of figured camel's-hair for yoke and sleeves.

No. 4.—Is a costume for a girl or six to eight years. It is made of moss-green foulé cloth, trimmed with bands of curly galloon or Astrakhan-cloth. Full bodice, high shoulder-sleeves, and round skirt. Toque to match. This style of make will be suitable for a simple flannel school-frock, substituting worsted braid for the curled trimming.



No. 5

No. 5.—Blouse-dress, of cream-colored flannel, for a child of three years. The band above the hem, collar, cuffs, and waistband are all done in silk embroidery of a simple pattern.

No. 6.—Shows a stylish knickerbocker suit

for a boy of six or seven years. Velveteen or corduroy, in dark-brown, is the material employed. Astrakhan or Persian lamb

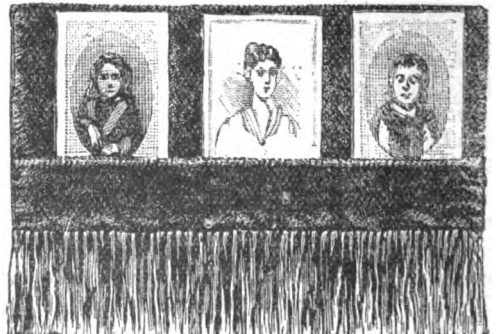


No. 6.

forms the collar and piece down the side of the blouse. Toque to match. The collar may be separate and adjustable, if desired.

WALL PHOTOGRAPH-FRAME.

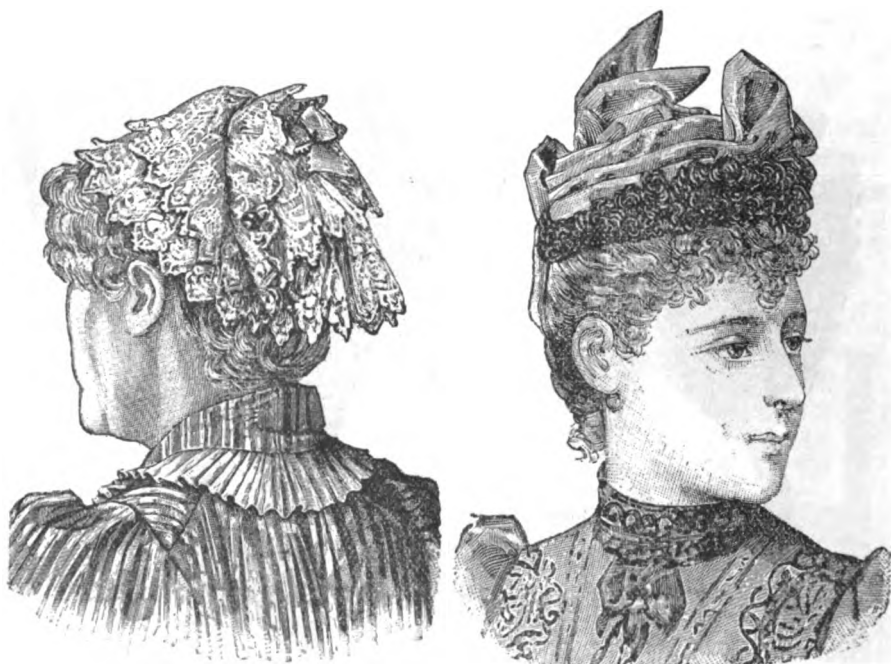
Copper-colored plush stretched over stout card-board or canvas, and edged with a multicolored fringe of silk. A trail of flowers, painted or embroidered, can be added along the fold which holds the photos. Two brass rings, overcast with silk, suspend the frame to the wall.



HAT BONNET FOR ELDERLY LADY. EVENING BODICE.



BODICE. CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY. HAT.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.



WINTER COAT: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

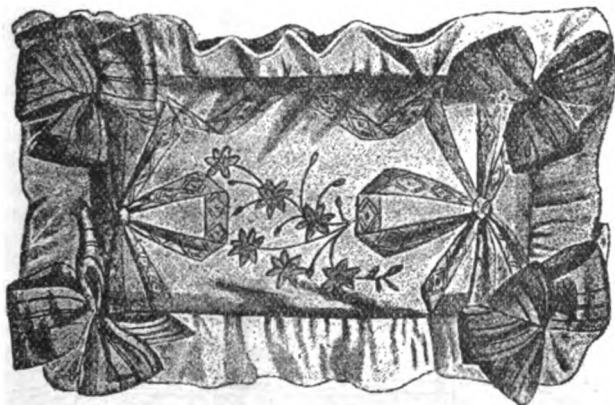


We give, for our Supplement this month, the very stylish pattern for a winter coat, to be trimmed with fur—thirtyeight inch-bust. The pattern consists of seven pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. HALF OF BACK.
3. SIDE-BACK.
4. SIDE-FRONT.
5. SLEEVE.
6. CUFF.
7. COLLAR.

Allow all seams, and, if the cloth is heavy, allow at least inch seams. Join the pattern by the corresponding dots. The letters show how the pieces join. The sleeves may be made up upon an ordinary loose-fitting lining—that is, without much fullness. The material is Astrakhan-cloth or fur—beaver, marten, or chinchilla—either will be stylish and handsome. The toque is made of the same fur.

SPANISH CUSHION.



Cream-colored satin *merveilleux*, embellished with an embroidered spray of corn-flowers in either chenille or silk, and a Louis XVI ribbon describing vandykes and large bows at each end. Butterfly bows of striped blue ribbon fall at the corners over the gathered flounce. The pillow is stuffed with hair.

WORK-BASKET.



Rush or wicker-work foundation, enveloped with thick flannel, and then covered with fancy silk or chintz, arranged in slight folds at the lower part under a mixed cord and bordered along the oblong opening with tinsel lace. The inside, well padded, is lined with bright satin, finished off with gold cord. Large moiré bows at each end. If covered with chintz, line with some bright self-colored silesia.

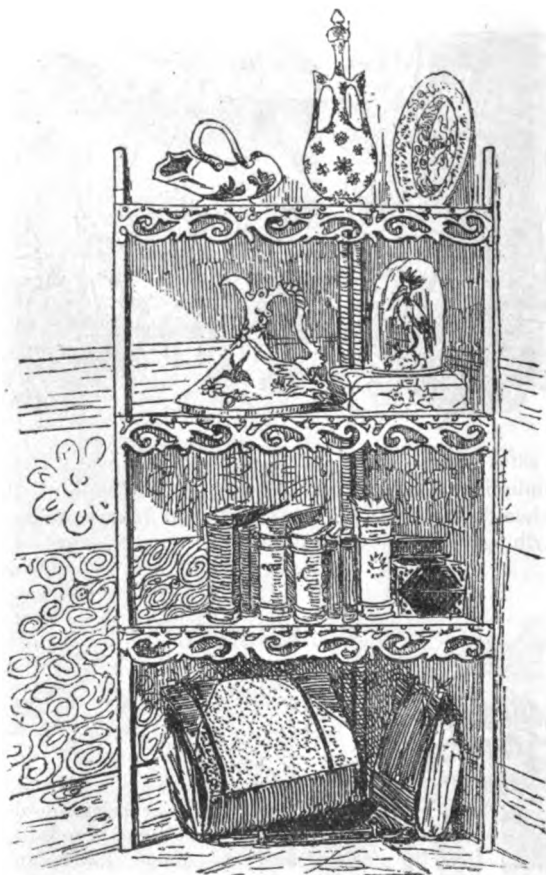
STRAWBERRY DESIGN FOR NAPKIN OR TABLE-MAT.

On the Supplement, we give a design of strawberries suitable for many table purposes. It will look well, done in black silk or in red washing-cotton.

DESIGN OF CALLA LILY.

On the Supplement, we give a design of a calla lily, which will look best with the leaves outlined in the natural colors, and the flower done in outline of a lighter shade of green. It is pretty if used as a mat on a dressing-bureau.

CORNER SHELVES, FROM A CLOTHES-HORSE.



Use the small-size clothes-horse which comes only thirtysix inches high. Place the clothes-horse in the corner of the room, as seen in the illustration, standing it in such a manner that the middle one of the three sides shall be toward the room, and the two outside frames shall meet and form the back corner. Then take the measurement for the shelves. These must rest on the three sets of bars and be cut from a board a quarter of an inch thick. In order to make the shelves fit around the edge of the slender upright poles, place a button-mold of the same circumference as the uprights on the place to be fitted, and mark on the shelf around the edge of the button-mold a semicircle; cut

this out, and proceed in the same manner with the other places where it is necessary to cut a semicircle. Fasten the shelves firmly on the rack with slender screws, and paint all the rack white. When perfectly dry, tack on the decorative bands across the front.



The bands, of which we give an illustration, are made of chamois-skin, cut out in open-work design and lined with yellow silk or cotton. They are fastened to the shelves with brass-headed nails.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OUR NEW YEAR'S GREETING, in the shape of this January number, will, we have ample and substantial reasons for knowing, be warmly welcomed by hosts of old and new friends. This initial issue is a fair specimen of what its successors will be, so we can safely trust them to speak for themselves.

It is most gratifying to find how fortunate we have been in hitting the popular taste in our premiums, and the additions to our list of contributors have, to quote several prominent journals, "made our family party complete."

Among our February attractions, we may mention:

Up and Down East Anglia, by Roslyn K. Brooke, a beautifully illustrated description of a picturesque journey.

The Belated Valentine, by Minna Irving, one of her most dramatic poems, with a lovely full-page engraving.

The Children's Fancy-Dress Party, by Annette Fox, with numerous illustrations and directions for making the costumes.

His Mistake, by Kate Wallace Clements, a story which will establish this brilliant writer as a prime favorite with our readers.

An Involuntary Elopement, by Carrie B. Morgan, a graphic sketch admirably illustrated.

The Drama of Ancient Rome, by Professor A. W. Montague, of the Columbian University, giving much valuable historical information as fascinating as any romance.

Judith O'Cuernaron, by Julia A. Flisch, will make a delightful introduction for another writer.

We have not space for further details, but can promise a goodly store of stories, miscellaneous articles, and poems, by some of the most popular among our old contributors.

"IN THE FRONT RANK of the monthlies, is where 'Peterson's' literary contents and artistic attractions put it," says the New York "World."

"AS THE MODEL FAMILY MAGAZINE, 'Peterson' fully maintains its position," says the Chicago "Inter-Ocean."

"AS A HOME ASSISTANT, 'Peterson' is above comparison," says the Portland (Me.) "Press."

"AS A GUIDE TO FASHION, 'Peterson' cannot be equaled," says the Boston (Mass.) "Herald."

"'PETERSON' contains some of the best illustrations and finest stories to be found anywhere," says the St. Paul (Minn.) "Pioneer Press."

PLAYING AT SHUTTLECOCK.—Shuttlecock is a sport of long standing. It appears to have been a fashionable pastime among grown persons in the reign of James I, and is mentioned in an old comedy printed in 1609, wherein it is said: "To play at shuttlecock methinks is the game now."

REMEDY FOR GRIPPE OR INFLUENZA.—A famous London physician strongly recommends the following preparation: Five grains of camphor in twenty minims tincture of iodine, mixed with a drachm of glycerine and another of syrup. Administer frequently and use no antipyrine.

THE FRIENDSHIP TEA-CLOTH.—The material is an ordinary white damask, bordered with a fringe of same. Within the fringe runs a two-inch canvas for crewel, cross, or satin stitch. This canvas border is divided into squares, and in each square a friend is asked to work either the initial of her Christian name or her monogram. In the centre is the monogram of the owner. A double feather-stitch ornaments the rows of letters and monograms, worked in the same colors as the corners, viz., two shades of terra-cotta. The silks employed are washing-silks, four colors and two or three shades of each color. They are old-gold, electric-blue, olive-green, and terra-cotta. All requisites for working are sent round with the cloth. There is a key for reference, which prevents any possibility of the names of the contributors being forgotten. A design of this nature affords more interest than actual beauty. The interest, however, increases the longer the cloth is kept, and in an after generation may probably be treasured.

WHEN DID THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT BEGIN?—The modern temperance movement may be said to date from the publication, in 1785 at Philadelphia, of Dr. Benjamin Rush's essay on "The Effects of Ardent Spirits on the Human Body and Mind," which was republished in the "Gentleman's Magazine" in the following year, and had a wide circulation.

FASCINATION.—The most fascinating women are those who can most enrich the everyday moments of existence. In a particular and attaching sense, they are those that can partake of our pleasures and our pains in the liveliest and most devoted manner. Beauty is little, without this gift; with it, a plain woman becomes triumphant.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Four Seasons. By Miss Irene E. Jerome. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—These varied treasures of art are issued in separate volumes and can be purchased separately, though nobody will be content without the full set. Even Miss Jerome's imagination, versatility, and technical skill have never surpassed these efforts, which give glimpses of vale, meadow, and wood in the freshness of spring, the full beauty of summer, the gorgeousness of autumn, and the whiteness of winter, all as beautiful in conception as they are exquisite in fidelity and effect.

Little Captain Doppelkop on the Shores of Bubbleland. By Ingersoll Lockwood. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This is a marvel of book-making for the young folk. The little captain's experiences are among the most amusing, astounding, and deliciously absurd adventures that have ever been put on record in any language. The handsomely bound volume has a long series of illustrations by Clifton Johnson, who displays a fertility of fancy akin to that of the author.

New and True. By Mary Wiley Staver. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—One of the most striking and original volumes of verse for the small people that can be found. It is charmingly got up, and delightfully illustrated by Lavinia Ebbinghausen, Beck, Faber, and other equally popular artists. The poems themselves are charming; as a recent reviewer happily puts it: "Eighty degrees in the shade above all the rhyming juveniles for several seasons."

Three Gems of the Bible. By William C. Richards. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This lovely volume will make a most appropriate and welcome Christmas gift. The subject-matter consists of various poems founded on "Our Father in Heaven," "The Lord is my Shepherd," and "The Beatitudes." The author's melodious verse is supplemented by effective illustrations from the pencils of some of our best artists. The book is printed on exquisite paper and very handsomely bound.

The New World and the New Book. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Lee and Shepard.—The author's name is a warrant for an interesting book, but even Mr. Higginson's warmest admirers will admit that he has never given the public anything more delightful than the present collection of essays. One is tempted to compare the merits of the various papers, but, as whichever article is last read seems the gem of the book, it is difficult to do this without mature reflection.

The White Slaves. By Rev. Louis Albert Banks. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This powerful production is the result of a close personal investigation of the homes of those who work hard and are willing to work. It is freely illustrated by photogravures, and the record of pen and camera is startling indeed. The author

fulfilled a task which cannot fail to produce lasting good effects in forcing the public to recognize the horrible evils existing in our social system.

The Battle of Gettysburg. By Samuel Adams Drake. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—A remarkably clear and graphic account of the famous conflict, one of the plainest and most comprehensive we have ever met. The volume is very daintily bound, and ought to find a place on everybody's book-shelves among the records of our Civil War.

Doctor Lamar. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.—This is one of the most individual American novels of recent date. The hero is a noble character led through suffering from the chill regions of doubt to faith in a personal waking beyond this life. Regarded merely as a story, "Doctor Lamar" merits high praise; the plot is well managed, the characters admirably drawn, and the dialogue fresh and natural. But the work reaches a height far beyond that of the ordinary novel, and is written with an earnest and lofty purpose. The book is published anonymously, but, since it came under our notice, we have learned with much pleasure that it was written by Miss Elizabeth Phipps Train, various of whose admirable short stories have appeared in our pages.

A Hard Lesson. By E. Lovett Cameron. New York: John A. Taylor & Co.—Mrs. Cameron's novels are always clever, bright, and wholesomely realistic, and in certain ways she is at her best in this present story. The heroine is a most lovable girl, and it is a long while since we have met in a novel a specimen of a genuine boy so well depicted as Ted Greyson. The novel is brought out in the publishers' pamphlet edition, "The Broadway Series," and, like the former volumes, is well printed on excellent paper.

The Bachelor of Salamanca. By A. R. Le Sage. New York: Worthington Co.—This is one of the most masterly of Le Sage's romances, and its faithful delineation of Spanish character and customs in a by-gone century renders it invaluable as a book of reference. It is a wonderfully entertaining tale, and holds a high rank in French classical fiction. The book is handsomely bound and illustrated, and will be welcomed as a holiday gift.

The Lost Colony. By James T. Raymond. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This novel is as full of wonderful adventures as one of Jules Verne's, and is written with a vividness which makes them singularly real. It opens with a striking portraiture of Southern home-life before the Civil War, and later gives a very dramatic picture of several famous battles. But the crowning charm and originality of the book lie in the experiences on a tropical island of a set of people who stray thither from distant quarters of the

globe. The volume is handsomely bound in morocco cloth for a dollar and a half, and there is besides an exceedingly elegant edition at three dollars, got up for the holiday season.

Light o' Love. By Clara Dargun MacLean. New York: Worthington Co.—The scene of this striking novel is laid in Charleston in ante-war days, and, under a thin disguise, the once famous belles and beaux of that brilliant epoch are brought vividly before the reader. The work may fairly lay claim to being an historical romance, and it is rich in local color and effective situations.

A Friend. By Henry Gréville. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—No story by this gifted author displays to better advantage her peculiar skill in character-drawing. The book is a charming picture of French home-life, and ought to be generally read by people in this country, so many of whom seem to think that domesticity does not exist outside of countries inhabited by the Anglo-Saxon races. The novel is issued in the publishers' twenty-five-cent edition.

The Modern Cook-Book. Springfield, Ohio: Mast, Crowel & Kirkpatrick.—This capital volume contains a goodly number of practical working recipes, arranged so far as possible in a tabulated form and made clearer by good illustrations. In spite of the myriads of cook-books in circulation, there is a place for this new one; it will be found to supply needs not filled by many more ambitious works, and it is very cheap besides.

Sybil Brotherton. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is one of the very best of Mrs. Southworth's shorter novels, and we are glad to see it added to the cheap edition. The plot is one of great interest, and the incidents and characterization capably managed.

Drawn Blank. By Mrs. Robert Jocelyn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—A racing and hunting story which may fairly excite the envy of Hawley Smart. It is written with a spirit that carries the reader irresistibly along, and is replete with exciting incidents.

Countess Erika's Apprenticeship. By Ossip Schubin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—Mrs. A. L. Wister's name on the title-page as translator is a warrant for the book, which is prefaced by a graceful note from the authoress, congratulating herself on the fact of being so admirably interpreted into a foreign language. The novel is superior to anything the clever writer has produced for some time.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

A PURE ARTICLE OF FOOD is always greatly to be desired, but just how to know that the article you purchase is strictly pure is perplexing. Spices open a larger field for deceptive adulteration than any other products in the food

line, and, in order to be protected against imposition, it is wise to purchase the "Gauntlet Brand" spices, put up by E. R. Durkee & Co., New York. This old and trustworthy concern has been a manufacturer of spices for over forty years, and, when you buy goods bearing their name and trade-mark, you will always find them absolutely pure and excelling in strength, flavor, and cleanliness.

Durkee's Salad Dressing is a delicious table delicacy. It is too well known to need comment.

A GOOD THING.—Sufferers from piles in any form will find Betton's Pile Salve one of the safest and best remedies in the world. It is a great boon to suffering humanity, which a trial of it will fully demonstrate. Send fifty cents to the Winkelmann & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist to order it for you, and be convinced.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at any time during the year, at the price paid by the club. If enough additional names are sent to entitle the getter-up of the club to a premium, we will cheerfully send it.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAHAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

NO. XXVI.—ON THE CAUSE, DIFFUSION, LOCALIZATION, PREVENTION, AND CURE OF EPIDEMIC DISEASES.

In order fully to comprehend the indubitable correctness, certainty, and beauty of our plan to prevent and cure nearly all endemic and epidemic diseases, we must not lose sight of the established and proved facts that the seeds or germs of these microscopic parasites fix themselves upon the mucous outlets of the body—the mouth and nostrils especially—and from thence spread and propagate, following the mucous membranes externally, so to speak, to the throat and alimentary canal, or through the mucous layer of the skin to other parts of the body.

Inasmuch as cholera is the great all-pervading epidemic of the world and is one more feared than any other, it seems eminently proper that its prevention and cure should first be treated of, and more especially since the treatment of all other epidemic or parasitic diseases is based upon similar principles.

In this, as in all epidemics or endemics of infectious nature, when the first case appears in any habitation, neither the nurse nor any member of the family should ever eat any food or drink any water in the sick-room, nor partake of any of the same carried from the sick-chamber: for upon this food and floating upon

the drinks may be found seeds or germs of the diseases, which, carried down into the alimentary canal, will begin their aggressive irritation and rapid development. And, after coming from the sick, before eating or drinking, the lips and nostrils should be sprayed or mopped or washed with a solution of corrosive sublimate, the mouth rinsed and throat gargled with the same or with sulphuric or sulphurous acid diluted, or strong chlorine water or chlorinated soda, to destroy any germs or parasites that may perchance have settled upon these parts.

As the alvine evacuations of cholera patients have been proved to be the prolific source of the extension of the disease, they should be at once thoroughly disinfected and buried—nay, even the vessels themselves should always contain some corrosive sublimate in solution, Platt's chlorides, chlorinated soda, or some other powerful disinfectant and germicide, in order that the excrements should come immediately in contact with the disinfecting gas or substance, and thus disinfect the vapors as quickly as formed.

The strength of the solution of corrosive sublimate should be about sixteen grains to the pint of boiling water, to dissolve it—it can then be used cold; of the two acids above mentioned, twenty drops to the half-pint of water may be used, both as a wash and as a drink in tablespoonful doses added to a wineglassful of water. A few drops of one of these acids in a little water should always be taken by the family at bedtime and upon rising in the morning. By such means, the parasites would be destroyed, whether they be in the mouth or have obtained lodgment in the alimentary canal, before they could develop themselves.

During the prevalence of an epidemic, the slightest symptoms of derangement of the bowels must be at once attended to, and instant efficient disinfection of the discharges be resorted to.

When infection has taken place, there will be slight derangement of the bowels, such as nausea, disagreeable feelings in or near the middle part of the abdomen, a light diarrhoea, a fainty sensation, etc.; then a tumbler of cold spring or iced water with a tablespoonful of brandy or old whisky, with three to five drops of sulphuric acid and one-twelfth grain morphia, should be taken immediately and, if the symptoms increase, a similar dose should be repeated every half-hour till the patient feels well, or until from six to twelve doses have been taken (Schmoele).

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS.

To Broil a Steak.—Cut some steaks from the loin about half an inch thick, take off the skin and part of the fat. As soon as the gridiron is hot,

rub it with a little suet, lay on the steaks, and turn them frequently. When they are done, put them into a hot dish, rub them with a little butter; slice an eschalot very fine into a tablespoonful of water and a little ketchup, and pour it on the steaks. Garnish with scraped horse-radish and pickles, and send them up hot to table.

To Roast a Rabbit.—Take a young rabbit; wash it and clean it, and let it lie in salt and water for one hour. Then wipe it and fill it with stuffing made of breadcrumbs seasoned with butter, pepper, salt, and onion. To moisten it with claret wine is an improvement. Mix in the heart and liver, minced fine; sew up the body; put it on the spit and roast it; baste it constantly. It will take two hours to roast. Skim off the grease that may be on the drippings; thicken with a little browned flour, and serve.

To Fry Souse.—The feet must be split in two and boiled in enough water to cover them, with a little salt. Then put them in a jar and pour over them half vinegar and half broth that they were boiled in; boil down the rest of the broth to a jelly, and add to the feet; roll the feet in cornmeal or cracker-dust, and fry them in boiling lard, or they may be fried in batter. Souse is very good, served cold. Pigs' feet are very nice, boiled as above, rolled in cracker-dust or breadcrumbs, and broiled, instead of fried, and served very hot.

DESSERTS.

Fruit Fritters.—Soak a teacupful of fine breadcrumbs in a cupful of hot milk till very soft, then stir in a tablespoonful of flour wet with two tablespoonfuls of cold milk. Boil till it thickens, stirring to prevent lumps. To this, add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs when it is sufficiently cool, then half a teacupful of jelly or jam or small berries, and lastly the well-beaten whites. Fry at once in hot fat, taking care that the fat is boiling.

Pound-Cake Ginger-Bread.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, one teacupful of ginger, one of brown sugar, six eggs, one wineglassful of brandy, one teacupful less than one pint of molasses, one teacupful of cream, two nutmegs, one teaspoonful of pearl-ash, the rind and juice of two lemons; grate the rind and mix thoroughly in the batter.

Cup Cake.—Take one teacupful of butter, three of sugar, three of flour, five eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, rubbed up in the flour, half a teaspoonful of soda in one cupful of milk, one dessertspoonful of mace, one of rose-water. If the cups are very large, put in six eggs, yolks and whites beaten together.

Saleratus Cake.—One and a half pounds of flour, quarter-pound of brown sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, four eggs, one pint of clabber or sour milk, two pounds of raisins stoned, one teaspoonful of spice, one of saleratus, and a little brandy.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS, OF BLUE SILK, BROCADED IN VIOLET-COLOR. The front is of plain blue silk. The Princess-style back is of the brocaded material. The front of the bodice is plaited into a yoke ornamented with rich-colored gimp, and is worn under a pointed belt of the gimp. The full sleeves and high puffs are of plain blue silk, with deep cuffs of brocade edged with the gimp.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS, OF STRAW-COLORED MUSLIN, studded with small pompadour flowers. The skirt is trimmed with a white lace flounce, draped in festoons. A ruffle of lace is put on at the waist, and the bodice is round and slightly full. Berthé of white lace.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS, OF NILE-GREEN STRIPED GAUZE, worn over a light-green underslip. The skirt is quite plain, with a sash of the green which forms paniers, tied on the right side and ornamented with a curled ostrich-feather. The bodice is pointed, slightly full and crossed, and has a ruffle of the gauze pinked at the edge. Ostrich-tip on left shoulder, and a small feather and aigrette in the hair.

FIG. IV.—BALL-DRESS, OF DELICATE MAUVE SILK, brocaded in pansies. The trained skirt opens on the left side over a piece of gold brocade, and is edged with a garland of pansies. The dress is Princess style, has high puffed short sleeves, which are edged with pansy-colored velvet and gold fringe looped up with a single large pansy. Garland of pansies at the top of the bodice. One large pansy in the hair.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS, OF BUFF-COLORED GAUZE, dotted with satin spots. The under-part of the dress at the left side is of plain silk, covered with a deep flounce of black lace. The over-dress opens over this lace, and forms paniers below the waist. The bodice is of black satin spotted with buff-color, is cut square at the back and in front, where it opens over the gauze bodice. It is edged with gold-colored gimp. Long high sleeves, which form a plaited ruffle at the top. Buff ribbon in the hair.

FIG. VI.—VISITING-DRESS, OF BROCADED SILK. The skirt is trimmed with one broad flounce of black lace. The bodice is slightly full, with a basque formed of a row of lace. The waistcoat is made of a plaiting of lace, and the open bodice is edged with a jabot of the same. A waistband is made of plain silk. Curved cuffs of lace. Black lace hat, ornamented with flowers and feathers.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF SILVER-GRAY BENGALINE. The skirt is trimmed with a bias ruffle of striped silk and velvet in two shades of gray. The jacket-bodice, of the bengaline, has basques, revers, and cuffs of the striped material. Waistcoat is of the bengaline.

FIG. VIII.—CLOAK, OF TERRA-COTTA COLORED CLOTH, with a pelisse front of black velvet, which is close-fitting, straight, opening from top to bottom, and edged with an Oriental trimming of rich colors interwoven with threads of gold. Black velvet forms the yoke. Feather boa. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with terra-cotta colored silk.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF CRUSHED-STRAWBERRY COLORED FOULARD, for a young girl. The skirt is ornamented with a flounce of the material, finished with a hem which is stem-stitched. The full bodice has a ruffle about the neck, and is worn under a Swiss corselet of black velvet. Full puffed sleeves.

FIG. X.—CLOAK, OF BLUE CAMEL'S-HAIR, for a little girl. The front is braided in a darker shade of blue. Full sleeves. Double ruffle cape. Hat of white felt, ornamented with large white silk bows.

FIG. XI.—COAT, OF GRAY CLOTH. Cape and wide sleeves of gray cloth, brocaded in a darker shade. The entire trimming of the coat is of black cock's-feathers. Hat of black cock's-feathers, trimmed with shrimp-pink silk.

FIG. XII.—CLOAK, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH, made double-breasted, trimmed with Alaska sable. Collar and cuffs of the same. Large bone buttons. Small toque, with black feathers.

FIG. XIII.—BODICE, OF HENRIETTA-CLOTH, for mourning. The bodice is laid in plaits from the shoulders to the pointed waist, where it is confined under three bias pointed bands of English crape, and opens over a plaited plastron of crape. Several crape bands around the sleeves.

FIG. XIV.—CAP, OF WHITE LACE, for an elderly lady. It is trimmed with lilac ribbons.

FIG. XV.—TURBAN HAT, OF BROWN SILK, trimmed around the brim with a coronet band of black Astrakhan.

FIG. XVI.—TOQUE, OF GRAY FELT, ornamented with a full band of black velvet and black feathers.

FIG. XVII.—BONNET, OF BLACK VELVET, for an elderly lady. It is trimmed with black satin ribbon, a row of jet around the crown, and a jet buckle.

FIG. XVIII.—EVENING-BODICE, IN MAUVE SILK. The sides of the silk are brought forward, slightly gathered at the waist, and tied in a cravat knot. The armholes are also surrounded by the mauve silk, with epaulettes of the same. The draped front and puffed sleeves are of white lace, but mousselin chiffon embroidered in gold or mauve is prettier.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Skirts are decidedly narrower and are sometimes lined, sometimes not; but they cannot be too flat at the top, and are fitted to the figure by tiny gores or plaits. The back spreads out like a huge fan. If well cut

these plain skirts are becoming, even to stout figures; and their length, joined to their sheath-like shape, adds height to every figure.

Bodices are plaited or gathered at the top, and are finished off with a silk band or buckle, or a velvet or satin corselet, plain or embroidered, which either matches or contrasts with the dress. The waists often come just to the hips, and are slightly pointed back and front.

A *jacket bodice* always looks well with a tailor-made gown, and the cut-away fronts allow some relief to the dress in the shape of a bright-colored waistcoat.

The *corselet bodice* is in favor.

Sleeves continue wide at the top, and long to the hands.

Long cloaks are worn, especially for evening-wraps.

Quite long jackets, reaching to the knees, are among the newest styles of wraps; but they are not so becoming to the figure as the shorter jackets, which are universally popular, some being cut all in one, others having the *basques* added just below the waist-line.

Tulmas are the latest novelty in the way of mantles; but these are an old fashion revived. They are very deep capes cut on the cross, and cleverly arranged to fall into natural folds, and, though perfectly plain on the shoulders, they are about five yards round at the lower part, and can be thrown back over the shoulder. They are made in cloth, plush, and velours du Nord, and are bordered round with fur; some are even lined with fur.

Fur wraps and wraps trimmed with fur are worn in all shapes, from the large cloak to the small shoulder-cape. Between these, comic jackets and large capes and mantles made of furs of all kinds and trimmed in all ways.

Bonnets are rather more trimmed at the side and in front than at the back. A few black satin bonnets have appeared, some with flaring brims, lined with satin of a contrasting color, and trimmed with rosettes. Pale pearl-gray or white or cream-colored satin ribbon forms loops and rosettes on black velvet or satin bonnets.

Hats are of various shapes, but none very large.

To Renovate Old Dresses.—In the case of soil, or stains on one or more of the skirt-breadths, thanks to the fashion of two materials in a dress, it is possible to remove the objectionable breadth and substitute for it one of some other fabric.

The mode of sleeves differing in material from the rest of the bodice is another fashion that lends itself most readily to the renovation of a gown, and the giving it the appearance of a new one. The opening of the sleeve on the shoulders and turning the edges in a V. framing a puff of different material, is a very simple method of altering the effect of the bodice, but is quite

worth while, especially if a border of velvet has been added to the skirt.

For bodices that the owner has outgrown, there are many devices that give a fashionable appearance while increasing the size. For instance, the removal of the two central back pieces, and the substitution of larger ones of another fabric in their place, and a similar arrangement in front; or an additional piece in front to make this large enough to fasten conveniently may be quite concealed by a little drapery sewed in the right shoulder seam, crossing the front and fastening at the left of the waist.

These are but a few of the facilities given by present modes for the alteration of dresses, and, each of them being capable of variety, their mention will be of use.

For bodices wearing out under the arms and round the armhole, as many do from the friction of the sleeve, the shabby appearance is easily concealed by a galloon *passementerie* braiding, or lace sewed round the armhole, or little vest-fronts of velvet sewed in the shoulder-seam, the front of the armhole, and the seam under this.

For corsets that are too tight across the front, nothing is simpler than to cut the two front edges away, opening the fronts from the top of the shoulder-seam over a simulated waistcoat of different material, with central fitting seam. If reaching as low as the waist, attached under one front, the other fastening on with invisible hooks; or the bodice fronts may be cut off, the edges turned under, and laced across over a plastron of different material.

The fashion of bordering the skirt renders it very easy to remove the soiled edges of these and replace them by a band of velvet or other material, or the edge may be cut in squares or scallops and fall over an inner border of velvet on a foundation.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—COAT, OF DIAGONAL CLOTH, for a young girl. The skirt opens up the back, and is trimmed on each side of the opening with a row of small buttons. The front is full. The cape, which is divided at the back, also forms a square over-sleeve. Felt hat, trimmed with feathers.

FIG. II.—COAT, OF BROWN VELVETEEN, for a small boy. The skirt is plaited. The waist has one large fold at the back, and one on each side of the front. Leather belt. Brown velveteen cap.

FIG. III.—COAT FOR YOUNG GIRL. It is made of blue brocaded cloth. The skirt is plain in front, laid in plaits at the back, and fastened with very large buttons. Deep cape, pointed back and front, with high shoulder-places. Blue felt hat, trimmed with blue feathers and ribbon.

FIG. IV.—HAT, OF VERY LIGHT-GRAY FELT, trimmed with a band of gray Astrakhan.



FORGET ME NOT.







Fig. 10

A



DESIGN

LD



THE BELATED VALENTINE

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

THE BELATED VALENTINE.

BY MINNA IRVING.

SAINT VALENTINE'S EVE, a year ago,

The snows lay deep and the snows lay white,
The wind blew loud from the bitter north,
And the stars were thick in the purple night.
Through oriel panes that were rimmed with frost,
In a shadowy room they faintly shone,
Where the youthful master of Girton Hall
Sat dreaming over the fire, alone.

He drew from his breast a crumpled glove

And smoothed it out on his knee, and sighed :
"Oh, dear little glove! I long to win
The delicate hand you used to hide.

I will write a letter before I sleep ;

My heart shall quiver in every line—
The strength of a strong man's soul will go
In the written words of the valentine!"

Then he rose and lighted the tapers tall,

And took a page of the palest pink,
And a golden pen with a ruby set,
And he dipped it deep in violet ink.

"I love you, Evelyn Dare," he wrote ;

"I've carried your glove a year, my sweet,
And my heart has changed to a crystal cup
And pours its wine at your fairy feet.

"The greyhound mopes on the crimson rug,

And the strings of the harp are mute, my dear ;
For the silent rooms of the Hall await
Your joyous step and your laughter clear.
We will meet at the ball, my darling ; wear
One of the roses I send—a sign
That the bonniest maid that ever was born
Will be found my valentine."

Saint Valentine's Day no birds would mate,

For the earth was white and the boughs were
bare ;

But the season of Love is all the year,

And he swept the soul of Evelyn Dare
When she woke at morn to the rare perfume
Of clustered roses beside her bed.

But the yearning cry of her lover's heart
Lay deep in the fragrant flowers, unread.

Through a glittering glory of light she moved

In sheen of silk and shimmer of pearls,
And reigned the belle of the ball that night ;
But the lover gazed at her golden curls
And the misty billows of costly lace
That hid the charm of her breast divine
With a troubled eye—no rose was there
As the answer sweet to his valentine.

It is sad to see in a garden close

The blossoms die at the winter's chill,
But to watch the blighting of two young hearts
By a dire mistake is sadder still.

The pale green spring from the south returned,
And Evelyn wept both night and day ;
For the youthful master of Girton Hall
Alas! came riding no more that way.

Brittle and brown in a china vase

The roses guarded their secret well,
Till the vase was broken, and out of the dust
Of the crumbling petals the letter fell ;
And Evelyn sped to an arbor green,
Where under the shade of a dewy vine
She read the missive of faded pink
So long belated—the valentine.

Then all on a sudden the world was new.

And a shadow passed from the afternoon.
She pressed the page to her smiling lips,
And she hummed the bars of a quaint love-
tune.

And a dainty message was brought at eve
To the lover pacing the terrace old.

"Ho! bring my steed with the foot of fire!
And lend me, mother, your ring of gold!"

So, ere the swallows again took flight,

Or the leaves were kissed by the early fall,
The bells rang out in the village church,
And a bride came home to the ivied Hall.
No bridal-blossoms adorned her brow,
But, under the silvery meshes fine
Of her wedding-veil, was a withered rose,
The late reply to the valentine.

UP AND DOWN EAST ANGLIA.

BY ROSLYN K. BROOKE.



IT is going back a long way to reach the time when the kingdom of East Anglia flourished in the heart of Britain, yet it was a great power during the early centuries of the Christian era.

Going still further back to the epoch when Cæsar's legions overran the island, we find the region which afterward became East Anglia, and to-day forms the peaceful counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, inhabited by a native tribe called the Iceni. The famous heroine Boadicea was the widow and successor of Prasutagus, a king of this people. Her indomitable courage inspired the Iceni to oppose the Roman invaders to the last extremity; but, after a great battle in which eighty thousand Britons were slain, the heroic queen poisoned herself, and her followers, left without a leader, submitted quietly to the foreign supremacy.

When the Romans departed from the land after several centuries of dominion, the Anglo-Saxons succeeded them. Somewhere about 495 A.D. an Anglian chief—useless to question whether it may have been Cynric, Cerdic, Uffa, or some other—established himself in the land, and from him descended a succession of rulers whose wise government kept the realm so long prosperous and powerful.

The kingdom was speedily divided into two districts—North Folk and South Folk—and remained more purely Teutonic than any other of the various monarchies. It was early Christianized, and retained its importance and independence until the year 870, when the terrible Scandinavian invasion took place.

The northern hordes overran East Anglia,

plundered the monasteries, and murdered the king, Edmund, who in later history became the chief patron of the province and one of the most celebrated among English saints.

Of course, with the Norman Conquest, the kingdom of East Anglia disappeared. William the Conqueror bestowed the domain on Ralph of Wader, the son of an English father and a foreign mother, who had fought on his side at the battle of Hastings.

Some centuries later, Richard II made Suffolk a separate earldom, conferring it on the de la Pole family, who held it till 1513, when the race became extinct.

Henry VIII created Suffolk a dukedom and gave it to his brother-in-law, Charles Brandon, and it finally passed into the hands of the father of Lady Jane Grey. After that nobleman was beheaded, the title remained dormant till the reign of James I. That monarch created one of the Howards Earl of Suffolk, and the earldom has since continued in the hands of that family, the head of which had even then become the Duke of Norfolk.

Although East Anglia is not among the most picturesque portions of English scenery, it has a very distinctive character and a peculiar charm. There are no lofty hills either in Norfolk or Suffolk, but, with the exception of certain districts, there is no wearisome flatness. Of the two shires, Suffolk scenery is the more pleasing and pastoral, reminding one of good Bishop Hall's description of it as "a sweet and civil country." It can boast well-wooded hills and several lovely rivers, which keep the low valleys green and fresh. The most

marked feature is a ridge of comparatively high table-land which traverses the county obliquely, and affords a soil especially strong and fertile.

Suffolk owns numerous stately castles, chiefly of the time of Edward III; but at Orford there is a Norman keep dating back to the days of Stephen, in a fine state of preservation and well worth a visit.

Of domestic architecture, Suffolk possesses many fine examples. Its old manor-houses stand embowered among trees, and are the pleasantest possible pictures of peace and home. The moated dwellings of mediæval

those of a similar class in various other portions of England.

Among the larger towns, Bury St. Edmund's is one of the quaintest and most prosperous. Suffolk people firmly believe that no district in the island can compare with their own in point of healthfulness, and that of all places even in their favored shire "the bright little town of St. Edmund's," as Dickens calls it, is the healthiest. Carlyle, never too lavish of praise for places or people, had a good word to say for it in "Past and Present," describing it as "a prosperous brisk town, with its



A SUFFOLK MOATED HALL.

days are singularly quaint and interesting, though the hygienic theories of the present century have caused the generality of the moats to be filled up and converted into flower-gardens. These strips of color encircling the houses are, however, so bright and beautiful that one has little inclination to regret the change.

Scores of quiet straggling villages are nestled along the highways, which, like other English roads, always excite the admiration and envy of the American traveler. As a rule, too, the hamlets are clean, and the houses look more comfortable than

clear brick houses, ancient clean streets, looking out right pleasantly from its hill-slope toward the rising sun; and on the eastern edge of it still runs—long, black, and massive—a range of monastic ruins, into the wide internal spaces of which, laid out at present as a botanic garden, the stranger is admitted on payment of one shilling."

In days of feudalism, Bury St. Edmund's was a town of great importance, owing to the wealth of its famous abbey, whose church was a favorite shrine for pilgrimages. Edward the Confessor made one of his penitential journeys thereto, walking the last



A SUFFOLK VILLAGE.

mile barefoot; and Richard I prayed at its altar shortly before his departure for the Crusades, and on his return he carried thither a gorgeous banner which he had taken from the Emperor of Cyprus.

During the imprisonment of the Lion-Hearted, the church of St. Edmund's alone escaped spoliation in the efforts to raise money for his redemption. The abbot refused to consent to the removal of any of the jewels with which the altar was incrustured, though he offered to leave the church door open, so that any person who might choose could enter. But such was the general dread of offending the popular Saint Edmund, that the officials of the town declined to touch a single valuable, pithily observing that "since Saint Edmund's anger was always felt even by those at a great distance, how much fiercer would it burn against one who presumed to take his coat from him!"

King John was at Bury in 1203, and displayed his customary craft and meanness; for, after bestowing some offerings to the shrine, he managed ingeniously to keep them for his own use during his lifetime. A few years later, too, there took place in the church the convocation which has kept for Bury a place in history second only to that of Runnymede. On Saint Edmund's Day, the nobles of the eastern counties were in the habit of assembling in great numbers to

pay their vows before the altar; and, when the festival of 1214 came round, the barons celebrated it by swearing never to rest till they had obtained from chaffering John the Magna Charta, which a year later he signed at Runnymede.

The ruins of the abbey are still of great interest, although the church has for the most part disappeared, and such fragments as remain are hidden in the recesses of private gardens, to which it is not always easy to gain admittance.

Suffolk and Norfolk are both especially rich in churches, and the round towers—the origin of which still remains a point for antiquaries to quarrel over—are almost entirely confined to East Anglia. It was long the habit to assign these a Danish origin; but it is now generally conceded that, though some of them may have been begun by the Danes, the upper portions are unquestionably Norman. They are without staircases like the Irish round towers, and, like them, undoubtedly served as bell-fries. They are none of them lofty, rising usually to a height of sixty feet, with a diameter of sixteen—much of which is, however, taken up by the thickness of the walls.

The open roofs and woodwork of the East Anglian churches are really magnificent. The roofs, indeed, stand unrivaled in their

splendor of carved figures, and those of Norfolk must as a rule be admitted to surpass its neighbor's in beauty, as they do in number. The rood-screens and parcloes are also wonderfully elaborate and beautiful.

The famous round towers and the ancient church architecture help much in giving to both shires that air of peaceful antiquity which is so delightful to the American, while they afford details of great interest to the archeologist.

The prettiest scenery of Suffolk is to be found in the neighborhood of the river Orwell, whose wooded banks with the deep lanes near were beloved of Gainsborough, and have been faithfully reproduced also in many of Constable's best pictures.

In general character, Norfolk so much resembles its sister that the traveler classes them so closely together in his mind that later it is difficult to separate one from the other.

The Norfolk coast must have been thickly populated at a very ancient period, for the remains of lake-dwellings have been discovered in numerous places. These relics date so far into antiquity, even beyond the castle mounds of the ancient Iceni, that to the ordinary traveler they possess a very vague attraction, however deeply they may interest the antiquary.

As in Suffolk, Roman roads and Roman relics are found in a state of admirable preservation, though no remains of large villas or other dwellings have been discovered, which makes it probable that East Anglia did not prove so attractive to the foreigners as certain other parts of England.

Norfolk was one of the earliest and for ages the most flourishing seat of worsted manufactures, and in her day Queen Elizabeth gave a great impetus to the trade by offering there an asylum to the unfortunate Netherlands whom Spanish persecution had banished from their country. Norwich is still one of the most important towns of the region, and can boast a long line of distinguished authors, clergymen, and scientists, who first saw the light there.

Within an easy walk lies a knot of villages, among which are names like those of Thorpe, Earlham, Carrow, and Heigham, whose names history and romance have rendered as familiar to us in America as places on our own continent. Elizabeth Fry was born at Earlham, and Joseph Hall, the noble old bishop whom the Puritans drove from his see in 1647, died in the house now known as the Dolphin Inn, and was buried in the chancel of the church.

The traveler who is whirled by an express-train through East Anglia can form only a



OLD INN AT HEIGHAM, NORFOLK.

faint idea of its scenery, and he often pronounces spots tame and uninteresting which on a closer acquaintance he would find possessed a peculiar charm and even beauty.

From Norwich, one goes by rail to Yarmouth, though nobody ought to do so without stopping over a train at Haddiscoe, in

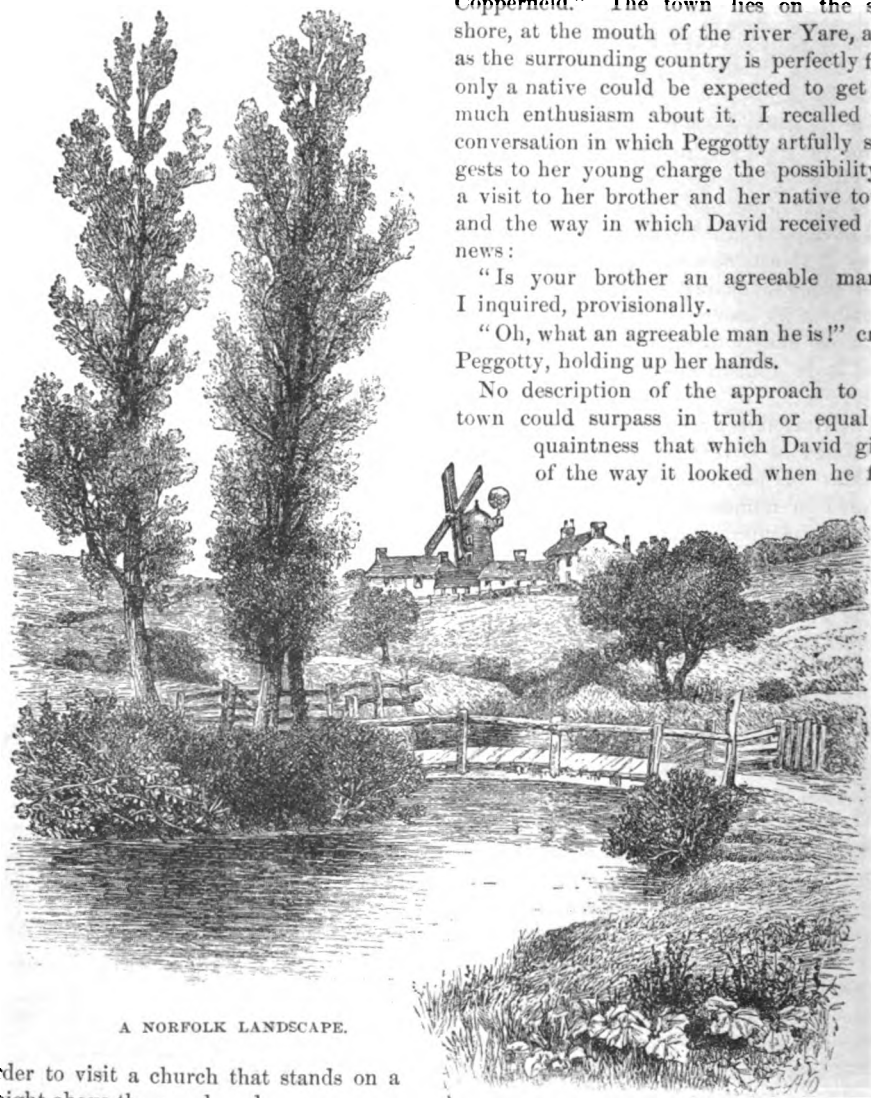
Margaret Hobart, who had it constructed at her own expense for the benefit of the neighborhood.

I confess that my principal interest in Yarmouth was derived from and connected with what is to me the most real, living novel in the English language—"David Copperfield." The town lies on the sea-shore, at the mouth of the river Yare, and, as the surrounding country is perfectly flat, only a native could be expected to get up much enthusiasm about it. I recalled the conversation in which Peggotty artfully suggests to her young charge the possibility of a visit to her brother and her native town, and the way in which David received the news:

"Is your brother an agreeable man?" I inquired, provisionally.

"Oh, what an agreeable man he is!" cried Peggotty, holding up her hands.

No description of the approach to the town could surpass in truth or equal in quaintness that which David gives of the way it looked when he first

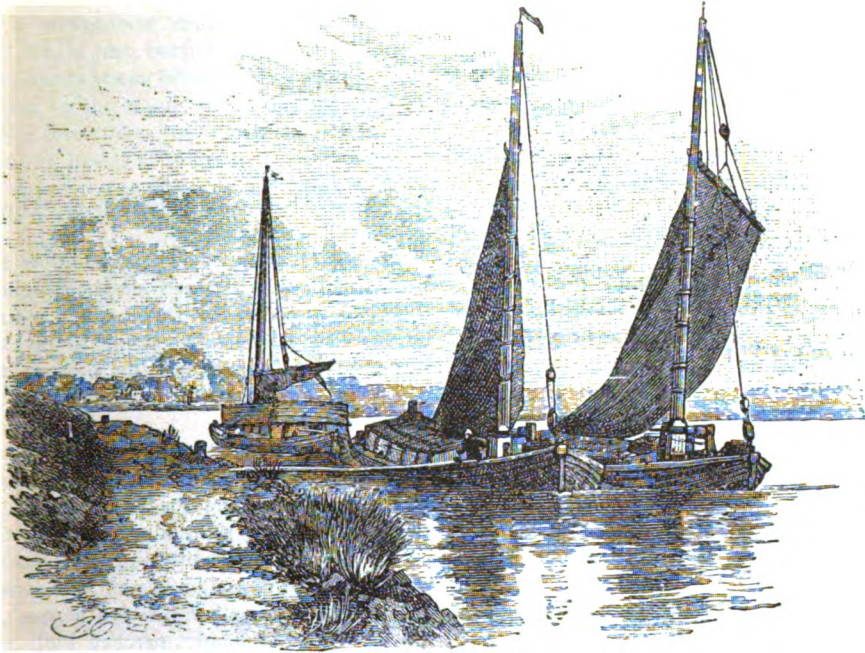


A NORFOLK LANDSCAPE.

order to visit a church that stands on a height above the marsh and possesses one of the best specimens of the ancient round towers to be found in the entire country. Then, too, there is a very curious dam or causeway running across the marshes to St. Olave's bridge, dating back to the reign of Henry VII, which owed its existence to the munificence of a woman—a certain Dame

caught sight thereof, as he sat in the comfortable cart of Barkis the willing.

"As we drew a little nearer," he says, "and saw the whole adjacent prospect lying a straight low line under the sky, I hinted to Peggotty that a mound or so might have



YARMOUTH WHERRIES.

improved it; and also, that if the land had been a little more separated from the sea, and that if the town and the tide had not been quite so much mixed up, like toast and water, it would have been nicer. But Peg-gotty said, with greater emphasis than usual, that we must take things as we found them, and that, for her part, she was proud to call herself a Yarmouth Bloater."

The site of the town is really a sand-bank, which rose till it impeded the navigation of the estuary, on the two sides of which the Romans built forts. The sand-bank kept on rising as the ages passed, till it became a safe resting-place at high-water for fishermen, and it continued to grow till in the fullness of time it afforded room for a village, and space for the village to expand into a town, and then into the city of the present.

Yarmouth has little local history; it supported the Parliament during the Civil War,

and Cromwell's brother-in-law, Ireton, was at the head of its garrison. Charles II was welcomed there in 1671 with loyal enthusiasm, and was graciously pleased, as the old chronicler has it, to accept a gift of four herrings made of gold, with rubies for eyes.

The herring-fisheries have always formed, as they do now, the leading trade of the place. The Yarmouth yawls are famous, and the wherries that ply between the two sections of the town and Little Yarmouth, on the Suffolk side of the haven, are the swiftest craft imaginable.

The shifting sands which protect Yarmouth Roads are a great source of danger to vessels approaching them. Every school-boy remembers the shipwreck description in one of the early chapters of Robinson Crusoe, and the countless lovers of Dickens never think without a thrill of his marvelous picture of the storm on the Yarmouth coast.

TEACHING.

"The peasant at his cottage door
May teach thee more than Plato knew:

See that thou scorn him not; adore
God in him and thy nature too.

JUDITH O' CAERNARVON.

BY JULIA A. FLISCH.



E'LL na gang oot the day,
Judith," said old David
Ingraham, hobbling to the
window and peering out
with an anxious face; "yon
cloud'll bring snaw afore nicht,
and ye'll na ken to see your
hand afore ye."

"I maun gang, grandfeather; the
lads hae naught to eat. Ye wadna
hae them fairly starved?"

"I wadna hae ye fare ill, that Davie
Ingraham may waste," said the old man,
sternly. "Ye sarve the lad owre weel, lass,
for his ain guid."

"Robert o' Annersley saith, na wind, na
weather matters to keep Judith o' Caernar-
von frae her friends," said the girl, musingly.

"Aye, Robert o' Annersley saith!" repeat-
ed the old man, bitterly. "Robert o' Annersley
saith! I mistrust Robert o' Annersley hath
too much place in thy mind, lass."

A crimson flush darkened the girl's brown
cheek as she replied:

"There be na many to hae place there,
grandfeather; needs must the few hae much
thought."

"Aye, aye, lass," said old David, sadly;
"an' thy feather had done his duty, ye hadna
been here in this lone place—an' thy brother
did his, he wadna be slinking and prowlin'
'mang the folks by the moor."

"Dinna fret for me, grandfeather," said
Judith, cheerily, as she strapped her basket
and fastened her mantle; "we maun wait
and hope. Davie is a braw lad, but heed-
less. Happen this will do him guid. We
maunna be doon i' the mouth, grand-
feather."

"Ye're a brave lass, Judith," said her
grandfather, tenderly; "a brave true lass,
owre guid for a ne'er-do-weel like Robert
Annersley."

"Dinna fret thyself, grandfeather," said
Judith, in a low voice. "Robin and I hae
been guid friends—na more, na less. He'll
ne'er ask Judith o' Caernarvon to wed wi'
him. Nay, an' he did, I'll ne'er forget I'm
(110)

the lass of a brave and honest mon. Dinna
fret thyself, grandfeather."

She had thrown over her shoulders the
worn and weather-stained shepherd's-cloak
that had sheltered old David many a time
on the lonely moors. Stooping to lay her
lips lightly on her grandfather's brow, she
passed out of the cottage and closed the door
behind her.

Gray and dispiriting was the scene.
Within sight was nothing but stony heath
and lowering sky and the bare outlines of
Ben Arran at her right, almost lost in the
fog. Not long did Judith linger. Leaving
the road to the village on her left, she struck
into an obscure path which led across the
moors to a little hamlet perched high and
dry among the hills.

Arbroath comprised a half-dozen wretched
cabins whose inhabitants earned a precarious
livelihood by sheep-farming. Strangers
wondered what the sheep found to eat among
these desolate hills, for a small flock or two
were to be seen cropping the stunted grass
and herbage that clothed the hillsides. The
initiated, however, smiled significantly at
the coupling of Arbroath and sheep-farm-
ing; for the little hamlet lay not far from
the sea-shore, and at that time smuggling
was a profitable trade if one could but escape
the hands of the revenue officers.

The first cabin in sight, as Judith
approached the hamlet, was a bit the worst
of all. The front was propped up by long
blackened poles, in order to bring the floor
on a level with the rear of the cabin, which
rested on an abutment of the rock that tow-
ered up behind it. The approach was by a
high flight of steps; and Judith, having
ascended, pushed open the door and entered
without knocking.

The room into which she entered was
imperfectly lighted by a fire of turf and
fagots. It was bare of plaster, and the
beams that supported the roof were black
with smoke. An old woman was bending
over a pot that was boiling on the fire. On
a milking-stool in the corner of the hearth

sat a young man staring moodily into the fire, while just behind him a tall broad-shouldered young fellow stood with his elbow resting on the mantel-shelf.

The three turned as Judith entered. Dame Margery hastened to bring a chair, and the fair-faced young fellow came forward with an exclamation of pleasure.

"Judith o' Caernarvon agin wind, and tide!" he exclaimed, gayly. "Said I not that our bread and meat war safe, sin' Judith maun bring them?"

"A plague on thy clatter, Robin," said his companion, peevishly. "Hast thou not trouble enow, wi'out bringing the officers on thy track?"

"A plague on thy temper, mon!" retorted Robert Annersley, "that thou gie sic greeting to ane o' thine ain kin. I trust the officers be far enow awa' to gie me grace to speak as I will to Judith."

Judith was too well acquainted with her brother's moods to feel aggrieved at his surly greeting. She nodded carelessly to Robert, affecting not to see his outstretched hand, and began to unpack her basket.

"What's coom to the lass?" exclaimed the astonished Robert. "Sin' when hae ye been too guid to gie a shake o' the hond tae a friend, Judith Ingraham?"

"I hae nae time to stand waiting till young gallants hae made an end to a' their splutter," said Judith, calmly, though her hands trembled a little.

Robert looked at her in silence. A soft warm color began to flush the girl's cheeks. She hazarded a remark:

"What's the news frae Stonehaven?"

"What news frae the deil!" said Robert, bluntly. "I care na for news. I maun ken what has gotten into ye, Judith."

Judith set her lips hard, but made no reply.

"Hae ye nae word for me?" pleaded Robert, in a tender undertone, adding impatiently: "What has gotten into the lass?"

"Naething has gotten into me," said Judith, hastily. "Dinna plague me, Robert. I maun hae a bit chat wi' Davie."

The bit of chat was not productive of pleasure. David Ingraham and his light-hearted but heedless companion, after a wild career, were now in hiding from officers of the law, waiting until a companion, Dame

Margery's son, should procure them means of escape from the kingdom.

Judith's heart was sore when she started on her homeward way. The day had darkened rapidly during her brief stay in the cabin. The clouds which had hung so threateningly above the hills had settled into one dull gray mass, and, as she stepped forth, a few flakes fell upon her upturned face.

She set off at a rapid pace, but the creak of the opening door and the crash of its closing told that someone was following. Ah, Judith! Why that rush of crimson to your cheeks? Why that warm glow at your heart? Not two hours before, she had disclaimed the power of Robert Annersley to move her, yet now the very sound of his foot on the crazy stairs set her heart athrill. For it was Robert Annersley. No other foot than his owned to that rapid springing step; no form other than his towered above her own proud head. She moved on more swiftly, but he was close behind her—was at her side in a moment more.

They had walked some distance before Annersley broke the silence by saying:

"Judith, what hae I done that you canna gie me the hond?"

"What hae ye done?" she said, trying to speak lightly, though there was a tremor in her voice. "It canna be, that Master Robert Annersley asks of me what he hath done."

"'Master' Robert?" he repeated, reproachfully. "Hath it come to that, Judith? It wasna 'Master' Robert when you and Davie and mysel' played owre old Arran there and by the burn o' Glowrie."

"Aye, those war ither days," said Judith, sadly, "and ye are na that same auld Robin."

"Nay, nay," said Robert, passionately, "nane ither, Judith. I war a'ways your ain true lover. Dinna ye ken how it war a'ways me that fastened your hood and tied your shoon and carried ye owre the burn? Aye, Judith, and wouldna I do the like again, an' ye gied me leave?"

Judith's head was bent, but she did not slacken her pace. Robert put his hand on her arm and spoke again:

"Ye never heed me mair, Judith. Ye toss your head and turn your een. Ye hae nae thoct for me. Ye're anither lass, Judith."

"Nay, nay—" began Judith, then checked herself.

Just beside the path loomed a dark irreg-

ular mass of stone, one of the huge fragments which strewed the heath. Robert stopped and placed his hand against it, thus barring the way and bringing her to a standstill.

"Judith," he said, tenderly, after a pause, "we hae been friends and comrades mony a year. Canna we be mair for life and a' ? Ye ken I love ye, Judith. Ye ken I wadna wed nane ither."

He felt that she was trembling, but she would not yield.

"Dinna say me nay," he pleaded. "Judith, is it land or gear ye wad hae ? Am I not Robert o' Annersley ?"

She flashed him a look of commingled scorn and sorrow. He clasped her hand. His voice was hoarse with passion as he said :

"Judith, lass, an' ye will, I'll nae hae lands nor gudes. I'll e'en win my bread wi' my ain honds."

She turned then and looked him full in the face. There was a light in the dark eyes. The snow was falling rapidly, and it lay already thick upon her hood and hair. It was not whiter than her face as she spoke :

"Robert, ye're the son o' Sir Robert Annersley, an' I but a shepherd's lass ; but think na that honest bluid and an honest name be nae mair to me than lands or gudes. An' ye had asked me six months sin' to wed, happen I had said you : 'Nay, Judith o' Caernarvon is too low.' But an' ye ask me noo, I say : 'Judith o' Caernarvon is too high to wed wi' ane wha's hond is the hond of a thief.'"

He started from her. "A thief ?" he repeated.

"Aye ! Hae ye ne'er read that we maun gie to them that be in authority a' that is theirs ? Gin ye steal frae friend or neeber, or frae king an' country, is it na a' ane ?"

Her voice was tremulous now, and the silence that followed was unbroken for quite a time. The night had fallen like a veil, and the earth was muffled in snow. The stillness was awe-inspiring—that deep stillness, with the noiseless battle of flake against flake in the upper air, and the cold earth waiting for the wooing touch of those snowy kisses.

Suddenly a sound was borne to them through the night. It was not loud or con-

tinuous, but Judith clutched her companion's arm with a low cry.

"Davie ! Davie !" she said.

Her thoughts had traveled faster than Annersley's, but he realized the full import of her words and drew near to her with the instinct of protection.

"Bide a bit, Judith," he said, once more his old bold self. "Dinna fret owre Davie ; I'll gang till him."

"Nay," said Judith, retracing her steps with resolute determination. "I'll nae bide here, and Davie in trouble. Let be, Robin."

With equal determination, he drew her hand within his arm and they started back. Judith stopped as suddenly as she had started, and bent her head to listen. There was plainly to be heard the clink of harness and the muffled tread of horses' hoofs in the snow. They stepped aside, and two horsemen coming from Arbroath, stumbling along the crooked path, passed them. Judith and Robert waited in the shadow of a rock till the horsemen passed, then resumed their way.

"What noo ?" whispered Annersley, as they came in sight of the cabin of Dame Margery and heard the whinny of other horses. Judith put her hand on his arm and spoke softly :

"Ye hae carried me mony a time owre the burn, Robin, but I war a wee bit lassie. Thinkst couldst lift me the noo ?"

"Aye," he answered, heartily, "but what then, Judith ?"

"I maun e'en climb the window. I ken the way weel. I maun see what has coom to Davie."

"Bide here, Judith," said Robert, eagerly, only too happy to risk his own safety for her sake. "I'll see what they be after."

"Nay," she said, resolutely, "men be but blundering folk. Let me be, Robin. Lift me up, and trust God for a' the rest."

Robert reconnoitred and found that there was no person astir outside of the cottage, but two troopers' horses were quartered beneath the front part of the cabin. There was but one window on their side of the cabin, and that opened from a little room which was Dame Margery's sleeping-chamber. There was no sash to this window, but the aperture was closed by an ill-fitting shutter fastened by a hook and hasp. Judith threw aside her cloak and placed her hand on Robert's shoulder.

"An' there be mair there than ye reckon," he said, "what'll ye do? Dinna be so cowl to me, Judith; gie me leave to help."

"Judith o' Caernarvon war ne'er in sic a pass she couldna help hersel'," was the quiet answer. "Gie me thy knife, Robin, and bide till Davie coom. Make way for Stonehaven and Dame Margery's son, an' God be wi' thee."

"Is that a', Judith?" he pleaded. "Hae ye nane ither word for me?" She trembled in his clasp, and her voice was broken as she answered:

"I canna wed wi' thee noo, Robin; but an' ye coom some ither day, wi' clean honds and an honest name, I dinna say I wadna heed ye then."

With a passionate movement, he clasped her in his arms and held her so, her face against his, her lips pressed to his own; then he lifted her up till her hands grasped the window-sill. Passing her hands through the crack in the shutter, she undid the fastening. The shutter swung slowly back, and in another minute Judith disappeared.

The room in which Judith stood was partitioned off from the kitchen or living-room by unplanned boards, which had shrunk, thus giving entrance to the light from the other room. Stealing gently to the partition, Judith glanced into the next room. Two men were sitting by the fire, each with a lighted pipe in hand and a smoking tumbler of spirits at his side. Margery had disappeared, but on a pallet of straw in the corner lay David Ingraham, securely bound.

Hours passed. A desperate plan woke in Judith's brain; but the moments fled, and the opportunity she prayed for came not.

The drink and the tobacco had their effect at last, and the men slumbered heavily, with their heads falling forward on their breasts. With trembling fingers, Judith undid the latch. With stealthy steps, she crossed the floor and knelt down by her brother's side. David started, but her hand was on his mouth, her lips at his ear. Quickly she cut the ropes and chafed his numbed hands and limbs. She helped him to rise. Once more her breath came naturally. David was half-way across the room. One moment more—oh, but for one moment's grace! A burning fagot snapped in two and rolled against the feet of one of the men. He awoke and sprang to his feet, crying:

"The fellow's free!" and made a catch at his pistol.

Judith was before him. Snatching the weapon from the belt and the case, she held it to his head. Then, before the second officer, half stupefied with surprise, knew what the matter was, she had secured the second belt also, and, standing midway between the two avenues of escape, with the pistol pointed at the men, she held them at bay. Once they made an effort to surprise and disarm her; but the click of the trigger and the desperation of her face cowed them.

The fire waned and died, but still Judith held her ground. All night, the lines of her face grew rigid, but the dark eyes never failed in their watch. At length, the first beams of a glorious dawn flashed in, as Dame Margery came creeping cautiously into the cabin. Judith turned then, the pistol dropped, and she fell to the floor.

Six years passed. Judith sat in the doorway, winding yarn for her knitting. It was a bright day in summer.

David was doing well in that land beyond the sea. He had married, and children were playing about his knee. Robert Annersley was doing well also, rising to the full stature of a man. This was the latest news, for he had never returned.

Judith raised her eyes, and started to her feet with a cry. A stranger stood in the doorway. He was tall and bronzed, and his eyes were blue as a summer sky.

"Is this Mistress Ingraham?" he asked.

She looked at him, half hoping, half fearing.

"I have a message from a certain David Ingraham," said the stranger.

"Robert Annersley!" cried Judith.

"Judith, my ain true lass!" he said, and would have clasped her, but she held him away with one hand.

"Ye are Sir Robert Annersley the noo," she said, sadly. "Ye hae been owre sea, and ye speak anither tongue. Ye're owre high for me, Robin."

"I hae been owre sea," he answered, sturdily, "and I hae coom hame again for thee, Judith. I am Sir Robert o' Annersley an' ye be mine. I speak nane ither word than this, in ony tongue—I love thee, Judith; ye wadna say me nay."

She put her hands into his, and her brave true eyes looked into his as she answered:

"I'll wed wi' thee, Robin."

FOLK-LORE OF THE COLORED PEOPLE IN OUR SOUTHERN STATES.

BY MRS. E. A. MATTHEWS.



HE mind of the African is overflowing with strange fancies and quaint superstitions. Surely never was there a race so full of all those ideas that belong to the borderland between the real and the unreal.

"Sambo" is a child of nature, and seems to know many secrets that have been whispered to him by his august mother. He cares but little for the printed page, when he can look about him and read the stories that spread before him on field and forest, river and mountain. He knows what the winds whisper and the song that echoes from the waterfall. All living creatures are his friends, and he understands their language, and even the moon and stars and clouds reveal their secrets to his soul.

For him, all the events of life have a peculiar significance, and he revels in "signs and tokens." He has a "sign" for trouble, for joy, for sorrow, for sickness, for health, for the coming of a guest or the going of the same, for accidents, for births, for deaths, for rising up in the morning and going to bed at night.

If the cat washes her face with dainty touch of velvet paw—"Dat's a sho' sign hit gwine rain to-day." If the rooster crows three times in the early morning—"Gwine hab comp'ny to-day." When the sparks fly out of the chimney and make a glow at night—"Sign lots o' money comin' soon." If the careful housewife burn the egg-shells—"Hit'll bring bad luck, sho's you bawn." Does a stray rat run across the hearth?—"Sho' sign ob a wicked enemy." If the child turn back after once starting—"Hit's boun' to fetch trouble on de fambly."

Every act, voluntary or otherwise, has a weird meaning aside from its ordinary significance. For instance, in rising from one's bed, or entering the house of a friend, or stepping over the threshold of the "meetin'-

house," one must be careful to put the right foot forward first, or sad trouble will come of the neglect.

The rabbit is a great favorite with Sambo and his friends, and to be the possessor of the left hind foot of this long-eared mascot is the ardent desire of every member of the family, from the grandfather down to the baby. When the prize does fall into the hands of any member of the household, it is guarded jealously and handed down as an heirloom of great price.

One of the strangest fancies is that in regard to "balls of feathers." This notion is found everywhere, but more especially among the negroes of the extreme South. It is doubtless a survival of the old African "houdou" worship, or, as it is sometimes called, "voudouism."

A Southern writer says: "I have myself examined these creations, and marveled at the skill displayed in their manufacture. The closest scrutiny failed to discover rip or newly sewed seam in the bed or pillow-tick, yet there were the balls of feathers found buried in the mattress and among the feathers of the pillow. They were always made of soft highly-colored feathers, brilliant and gaudy—scarlet and gold, bright-blue and vivid green—and were about the size of an orange. A peculiar odor was exhaled, and, when lightly struck, an almost impalpable powder rose from them. An inquisitive member of the family cut one of the queer objects in halves, and we found therein such an assortment as Shakespeare puts into his witches' caldron, as they brewed in darkness and in tempest.

"Fillet of a finny snake,
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing."

"Certainly there were all sorts of horrid and unnamable objects. The soft whitish powder that rose in high clouds when the balls were touched was undoubtedly some

subtle insidious poison. Perhaps the secret of making the composition had been handed down from the alchemy of the ancient Egyptians. Its constant inhalation during sleep was believed certain would cause a slow, lingering, fatal sickness, without apparent cause, to come upon the unfortunate victims. These balls were always used as a terrible punishment for an enemy."

This sounds like some queer story coming down from the old Italians, who were wont to use such subtle poisons as would defy the closest scrutiny. Another relic of heathenism is the fashion of making a wax doll and naming for the enemy, then either sticking pins into it or melting it before the fire, so that the enemy will suffer and pine and die while the image is thus treated.

All who have ever lived among these primitive people will remember the numerous cures they have for every possible kind of illness or accident, and all of these have somewhat the nature of the charm. To cure warts, the sufferer must steal a piece of bacon from a neighbor, rub the warts with it, and bury the bacon deep in the ground. When the meat has decayed, the warts will have vanished. To cure fever and ague, one must drink the tea made from the sassafras bush, but the medicine will have no virtue unless the bark is carefully scraped upward instead of downward. And thus the remedies run

through the whole list of "ills that flesh is heir to."

All negroes have a fear of the unseen world, or, in their own words, of "ghostses" and "ha'nts," and are firm believers in witchcraft. Many of the Scotch and Irish superstitions reappear among them, showing the unity of popular myths and the common origin of all folk-lore.

They have the same belief in the virtue of the horse-shoe as a preventive of witches as had the heroes of Sir Walter Scott, and they burn salt in the fire to scare away evil spirits, just as the Highlander scatters it before the kitchen hearth to keep out the "evil eye."

There was never yet an old colored "mammy" that would wean the baby in the "dark ob de moon," or would make her soft-soap unless it was in the "full ob de moon." And, for planting garden-seed or hoeing the corn, there were certain "signs ob de moon" that were absolutely infallible.

These and hundreds of similar sayings and signs are as familiar to those of Southern ancestry as are the blue skies and fragrant blossoms of that sunny clime. Time and education will someday change the colored people and gradually lift them up from the depths of superstition and ignorance, and the folk-lore that means so much to them will be at last forgotten, or remembered only as an interesting relic of by-gone days.

THE FIELDS OF FANTASY.

BY LEWIS W. SMITH.

CRUMBLED and moldy towers, that rather seem
Of nature's building than the work of man,
Fittest to shrine the transcèd poet's dream,
Or for the artist's loving eye to scan;
And round about them, bathed in sunshine, lie
The pleasant summer fields of fantasy.

Still clings the ivy to the moss-clad stones;
The owl finds shelter in the corners dark.
Often the summer wind, in passing, moans
To see the place so silent, cold, and stark;
Yet not for this does heavy sorrow fly
About the blooming fields of fantasy.

Built of hopes fleeting as morning dew,
Of vain desires whose quickly dying flame
Left the deluded heart to raise anew

Its future on what might but fade the same;
And still the sunshine gilds them pleasantly
At the day's closing hour of fantasy.

And sometimes do we dream within their shade,
For pleasant is it still to wander there,
Like truant boy seeking some woodland glade;
While round us breathes a purer, balmier air,
And arches overhead the azure sky
Of those dead days we spent in fantasy.

What if the once-loved voice no longer charm!
The eyes again be bright and we not heed!
Once did the auburn head rest on this arm,
And love seemed made to answer every need,
Oh! sweet the moments still in which we fly
Back to the golden days of fantasy.

THE CONFUSION OF PHILOSOPHY.

BY ALICE MAUD EWELL.



NOBODY who met him could fail to perceive that he was a Philosopher; or at least, whether they applied that name to him or not, how very different he was from anybody else. As to my reasons for calling him so, I will give them forthwith, and let you judge for yourselves in the matter. First, and most important of all, was the unanimous opinion of his Mother and his Grandmother and his six Maiden Aunts, who firmly believed him to be the greatest philosopher that ever lived; and, if they didn't know enough about it to judge correctly, I'd like to find out who did. Even Diogenes in his tub, these excellent ladies probably considered nobody and nowhere, in comparison with their own particular philosopher. When he used a big word that they did not understand, they said to each other: "What big thoughts he has, to be sure!" One could not reasonably expect such ideas to be crammed into little common words, even if one wished such a thing, which one wouldn't at all, of course; for, said his Grandmother and his six Maiden Aunts, wasn't it as good as Johnson's unabridged dictionary just to hear him talk for five minutes? And sometimes they looked for the meaning of those grand mysterious words afterward in the dictionary; but usually they didn't—since what was the use, as they remarked, of mere unphilosophical females trying to follow such a leader? Isn't a deep well always dark? said they; and isn't the very highest sort of a mountain-peak always veiled in clouds? So they doubtless admired him all the more for not half comprehending.

He did not think much of people who had not been dead and buried a good long while. He was fond of reading very big leather-backed books without any pictures, and of meditating over the said books with his eyes shut; and, if ill-natured people sometimes hinted that he was more a-doze than anything else at such times, I never heard of

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their proving what they said. Then he made a point of never caring and hardly knowing what he ate, which we all know is highly superior and philosophical. Plum pudding or oatmeal porridge, mince pie or Johnny-cake, roast beef or salt herring—he said one tasted as good as another, to his palate; and, though it was observed that he ate more pudding than porridge when both were set before him, still he'd such a grandly indifferent way of doing it that one really couldn't believe this anything but an accident. In the matter of raiment, his clothes never fitted him, nor did he have the least desire that they should. Neither were they ever put on straight—which peculiarity, however improper it might be for a little boy or girl, was quite the thing for a philosopher. As for his personal appearance, he was very tall and lank, with a scholarly poke-out of the neck and a long wise-looking nose. Of course, he wore spectacles. Indeed, it seems to me that spectacles are so very, very necessary to a proper philosophical presence, that I wonder how on earth these old Greek and Roman gentlemen ever managed to make a dignified effect on people without them. Our Philosopher had a way of looking through his spectacles, either upon the ground or just over the tops of people's heads, in the most approved meditative fashion. It was fortunate that his own head was uncommonly big for his size; for whether a little head could have carried, without bursting, all he knew or was supposed to know, is extremely doubtful. When the Philosopher was a baby—for he really had been a baby at one time, you know—the nursemaid would look at him and say:

"Big head, little wit;
Little head, not a bit."

Strange to relate, she was not fond of her charge, and that was one way of expressing disapproval. It was an old saying which she had picked up somewhere; but she never dared hint at such a thing, I promise you, before the Philosopher's Mother and his Grandmother and his six Maiden Aunts.

My! wouldn't they have sent her packing in a hurry?

Now, the Philosopher had well passed being a baby—indeed, was getting along in years, as the saying is, and very much set in his philosophical ways, when Polonius and Petrucio fell under his charge. The way it happened was this: The Philosopher's Mother and his Grandmother and his six Maiden Aunts were all passed away by that time; otherwise, he would not have been bothered with his young relatives. It did seem too bad that a harmless Philosopher, who was not responsible for the existence of a single noisy youngster in this world, should have to take care of other folk's children. Yet so it happened. When his only sister died, everybody thought the best place for her two little girls was with their uncle, the Philosopher. There was he, as all good people who knew anything about it remarked, with a fine rooiny house, an excellent house-keeper, plenty of money at his disposal, and not a chick or a child of his own. There were two poor little orphans, with no other uncle, no aunts, no cousins, in all this wide wicked world. What duty could be plainer than this? I know some uncles who would be charmed to have two such pretty little rogues thrown on their hands, even for a single day. Not so the Philosopher. However, he did as he was told by a number of friendly ladies; and that was how Polonius and Petrucio came to be living with him.

Now, the names of these two little girls may seem unfeminine and peculiar. They had been called Polly and Pet once on a time, and I will tell how their uncle the Philosopher happened to make this change, the first among many others. It vexed the Philosopher very much that his nieces had to be girls instead of boys. Not that he was anywise fond of boys. Oh, dear, no! He had never been intimately acquainted with any, but still knew enough about them to disapprove very strongly of what he called their "iconoclastic predilections." However, when he considered that he had known girls, and what dreadful things they were too, it seemed to the poor Philosopher that really almost any sort of a boy would be better. Whether the young cousins and cousins' friends that he had known a long while before really were wickeder than any other girls, or whether the Philosopher was a par-

ticularly tempting subject for mischief to work upon, I cannot tell. At any rate, he had painfully vivid recollections of having his spectacles slyly knocked off, his "crazy-bone" bumped against, his back hair pulled by invisible hands, and pins stuck into him at all projecting angles. They asked him frivolous questions, which somehow he never could answer. They hid his books, and then insisted on helping to look for them in the most improbable and always wrong places. They put salt in his ice-cream, and red pepper on his strawberries, just to see if he would know the difference, as they said—and, when he showed that he did know it, despite his high abstraction—why, the way they laughed was enough to set any sensible man against the fair sex forever. Fair sex, indeed! A very unfair sex, it seemed to the Philosopher. To elderly ladies, such as his Mother and his Grandmother and his six Maiden Aunts, he did not object; but altogether he thought he had very good reason for not liking girls.

It was while sadly reading the future by the light of this doleful past, one day soon after Pet and Polly came to live with him, that he conceived his grand idea, which was straightway carried out. It came into his big wise head that here was a chance for the improvement of two little girls, such as had never befallen before. On one side, a highly philosophical uncle, the wisest of men, as he had often been told by his Mother and his Grandmother and his six Maiden Aunts; on the other, two apparently quite biddable and teachable little girls, to be brought up just as he chose, and made as much like himself as possible. Why should girls wear frocks and ribbons, and have their hair curled in a ridiculous way, when they might be respectably cropped and smoothed, and dressed in decent comfortable jackets and trousers? Why should they play with dolls, learn worsted-work, tinkle-tankle on the piano for hours at a time, and read absurd fairy-tales, when they might be gaining instruction in the rudiments of philosophy, learning something about logarithms, studying the all-important subject of the first Peloponnesian War, or the social relations of Troglodytes and Lake-dwellers? Why, indeed, should the usual false system of education be tolerated? Did it not result in a frivolity which the Philosopher shuddered to remember?

Those dreadful girls! And yet, what better could have been expected of them? Did they know anything about logarithms or Troglodytes? or the Cave-dwellers? or the Lake-dwellers? Perhaps, if they had, it might have been different; and the Philosopher resolved, then and there, that it should be very, very different with his nieces.

So it came to pass that the new system was duly set working, despite the violent protests of Mrs. Spicem the housekeeper, and of those friendly ladies who thought they had a right to give their opinion. Of course, the names had to be changed. Pet and Polly were really too absurd. Petrucio and Polonius, though neither Greek nor pure Latin, as the Philosopher admitted, were still ancient enough and highly sensible. Then off went curls, frocks, and pinafores, and on went jackets and trousers. The Philosopher was so pleased that he actually patted their heads. Mrs. Spicem sobbed loudly behind her apron, saying: "Poor lambs! poor lambs! Who ever saw the like o' this?" The maids, who were young and frivolous, glanced at each other and giggled. As for Polonius and Petrucio, they looked very much puzzled. I think they took it at first for a bit of make-believe. When the curls were cut off, they hardly knew whether to laugh or cry; for, though it seemed almost as strange and dreadful as parting with one's head, still the pleasure of having curls is not always worth the pain of curling them, it must be owned. If Polonius and Petrucio shed any tears as they crept into bed that night, or as they crept out next morning to be dressed in their trousers and jackets, the Philosopher did not see them, so it was all the same to him. Luckily for her, neither did he hear Mrs. Spicem when she said: "The poor little meek things! Why didn't they burst out a-crying? Why didn't they howl, and make him feel bad? To see them shorn lambs standing there in breeches," quoth Mrs. Spicem, "a-looking so mild and angel-like, and me knowing 'em to be female girls inside of 'em all that time, it made me that hopping mad I could hardly keep my hands off him."

Also it must be confessed that Mrs. Spicem so far forgot herself as to call the Philosopher a "gazing owl," a "graven image," a "book-learnt queerity," and so on, and to wish that she had the shaking of some plain

sense into him. The discarded curls, frocks, pinafores, ribbons, and ruffles, she did not put into the rag-bag, as her master had given command, but away in a bureau-drawer, where I'm afraid she missed no chance of making Polonius and Petrucio discontented by showing them what they had lost.

The Philosopher's new system worked smoothly enough, as it seemed to him. He flattered himself that the minds of Polonius and Petrucio, set free from feminine fetters, were expanding finely under the broad rays of philosophy. True, their answers to his questions were sometimes wide of the mark; but then, he did not ask very many, so perhaps they were only a bit taken by surprise. When he talked and lectured, as he was fond of doing, they certainly listened very nicely and were quiet as mice. At Christmas, when he gave Polonius a copy of Euclid, and Petrucio a Cicero's Orations, like a generous uncle as he was, they thanked him so prettily that I really think he would have kissed them both if he had known how to go about it. But, you see, he didn't know; for kissing, which comes natural to some people, was a thing untaught and unlearned in his philosophy. So he only patted their heads at arm's length, as that outrageous Mrs. Spicem remarked afterward: "For all the world like they were hot potatoes." At dinner, he discoursed very learnedly on the subject of protoplasm, and I am sure that nobody could have listened more properly than Polonius and Petrucio, who looked quite as if they knew what he meant. It was certainly very fine and a privilege to hear him, though there is reason to believe that they enjoyed even more than this certain revels held later on in Mrs. Spicem's own room. I should blush to tell what nonsensical doings were encouraged on that occasion by that degenerate person. Well for her that the Philosopher, who of course was not invited, neither heard nor guessed what was going on. Pulling of candy and cracking of nuts, indeed! Blind-man's-buff, thimble-rig, hull-gull, and "chick-o-me, chick-o-me, crany-crow," in the house of a respectable philosopher! Let us draw a veil, as novelists say, over this lamentable, this disgraceful, scene of feminine folly.

Well, well! As to the feast of reason and knowledge which was daily spread before

Polonius and Petrucio, as to the Latin, Greek, and Sanscrit which they learned, the wonderful information about Cave-dwellers, Lake-dwellers, Troglodytes, logarithms, protoplasms, the microcosm and the macrocosm, the reductive system and the inductive system—concerning all this wisdom which they gained, or at least ought to have gained, I will only speak with respectful vagueness, lest, being myself a shockingly ignorant person, I might go beyond my depth. The surprising number of long words with which they became familiar was enough to enlarge one's vocabulary, if not one's mind. However, the Philosopher was certain that their minds were growing tremendously and no mistake. It happened that he didn't often think of asking questions, somehow—nor were the answers always exactly straight, when he did ask; but then, nobody could doubt from their looks that they always understood. The expression of their round grave eyes—and very pretty eyes, too—left no other proof to be desired; and when, during their daily walks abroad, the Philosopher began some geological and botanical instruction, the pleasure they seemed to feel in picking flowers to pieces and cracking stones was highly gratifying. In short, all was plain sailing, so far as he could see, to the Philosopher.

Now, there dwelt in that same neighborhood, a mile or two away, a certain highly respectable maiden lady, a Miss Priscilla P. Primpit. The nicest sort of a little body was she, living in the nicest sort of a little house; and, about the same time that Polonius and Petrucio came to live with their uncle the Philosopher, it happened that Miss Priscilla P. Primpit's two nephews, Tom and Jack Stampney, came to live with her.

Alas, those boys! The dismay of the Philosopher at his nieces' being girls was as nothing to the anguish of that good lady when she contemplated the deplorable fact that her nephews were boys. Whether the idea of doing what she did would have occurred to her if she hadn't heard of her neighbor putting his girls into jackets and trousers, I don't know. At any rate, she did hear it, and, the very next week after, Tom and Jack found themselves arrayed in frocks and pinafores, their hair tied with blue ribbons.

The tale of wild and obstinate resistance by those two little gentlemen shall not be told by me. Enough to say that all they could do to assert their sex was done. Both loud and long was the struggle; but, you see, they were only eight and ten years old, after all, and Miss Priscilla was painfully firm when she settled on something for somebody's good. Thomasine and Jacquetta, as they were then called, found it better to wear even girls' clothes than to stay in bed all day; better to sew and work samplers than do nothing at all; better to learn such lessons and play such games as their dear Aunt Prissie liked than to stand in a corner with hands behind them and look at the wall-paper. So far as clothes went, they became outwardly girls; but, as to the sort of girls they made—ah! that was another matter.

Alas for Miss Priscilla P. Primpit, who thought she was doing her Christian Duty all the time, and so wouldn't give in! Alas for the cook, the housemaids, the dog, the cat, the canary-birds, of the Primpit establishment! It really seemed to Miss Priscilla sometimes on a rainy day, while mending the most frightful rents and untangling worsted threads and defending the cat from assault and battery, that, if one were not a Person of Principle who had set out to improve the human race, it might be better, after all, to let them have their jackets and trousers again and grow up as mere savage male creatures. Still, as I have before hinted, Miss Priscilla had a will of her own. A long time she stuck it out, but at last there came a day when she owned herself defeated.

On the evening of that day, Miss Priscilla P. Primpit, while riding in her pony-carriage with Thomasine and Jacquetta along a road near the Philosopher's house, took a notion all at once to call in and see that learned gentleman, who was an old friend of hers.

Now, the Philosopher and Miss Priscilla did not always agree. Still, they liked each other very well—for, as she said, he was the only man she ever saw who did not make any litter in a house; and the Philosopher had been heard to declare that, next to his Mother and his Grandmother and his six Maiden Aunts, there was no lady who appreciated genuine sense in others more than Miss Priscilla P. Primpit. Strange to say, Miss Priscilla liked the Philosopher no less

for not being fond of girls; nor did the Philosopher quarrel with Miss Priscilla for her natural aversion to boys. On that evening, she wanted a little especial talk with her old friend, and, leaving Thomasine and Jacquetta in the pony-carriage to await her return, she tripped along to the house.

Now, we won't begin at the very beginning of their conversation, but plump right into the middle. Said Miss Priscilla, a few minutes after the first "how do you do?": "Well, I own myself defeated. I have tried, my best with them, but dear me! dear me! boys will be boys. I'm too old a body to be worried out of my wits, for all I am younger than some. Trousers and jackets!" cried Miss Priscilla; "they shall have them—and that made out of leather, too. Ah! if they had only been nice little girls! You may say what you please, Philosopher, about the 'plasticity of femininity,' and the 'superior immalleability of the masculine mind.' All I know is the mischief they've done. One comfort is, they can't break anything more, for everything is broken. I took away their ball from them, but I'm sure they made a thousand out of whatever they chose, from their Sunday bonnets to my best teacups. Then, of all the dreadful things! Why, my good friend, one day I found them smoking lamp-lighters. And then, another time, there they were out-of-doors without their sun-bonnets, their nice petticoats pinned and twisted into a most unseemly imitation of the masculine attire, their faces stained frightfully with pokeberry juice, playing a game they called 'Injun.' It shattered my nerves for a week. When I rebuked them, they said, how would anybody know they weren't girls, sure enough, unless they were bad and noisy? Think of that! Then, if there is anything you don't want 'em to learn, look out! There's a little harmless saying which I sometimes make use of, strictly in private. There's no harm in it, you know, and one must say something when one is vexed to death; but—"

Here the Philosopher said, severely:

"What is the expression?"

"Ahem! I hardly think it necessary to tell," said Miss Priscilla, and coughed quite bashfully.

But the Philosopher cried: "I insist upon hearing."

Whereupon said she: "Well, it's 'Bother-

ation!' I'm sure I never said it before them—never; yet there they were, shouting it all over the house. It sounded quite dreadful—ten times worse than I had ever thought it could. But that wasn't the worst they said. Just think of 'Jimmimi crickets!' and 'Bully!' and 'I'll be squizzled!' in the house of Priscilla P. Primpit!"

On hearing this, the Philosopher told Miss Priscilla, in very fine language which I will not attempt to repeat, that, though he was very sorry to see her so disappointed about anything, still, in this instance, it was—ahem!—no more than she deserved. Surely to labor for the deterioration of humanity as she had done was unworthy of such a person as Miss Priscilla P. Primpit. On the contrary, he flattered himself that his labors in the other direction had met with vastly different success. In fact, he flattered himself that his young—ahem!—relatives were keeping pace in deportment with their general mental and moral growth. The twig had been bent in the right direction this time; the tree was growing straight. Indeed, he ventured to hope that two such monuments to the power of superior education as he hoped to leave behind him would not be lost upon a frivolous feminine world. Would not Miss Priscilla now like to see Polonius and Petrucio?

Miss Priscilla replying that she would like very much to see them, the Philosopher rang a bell and asked the housemaid who appeared where his young relatives were. You see, he always called them "relatives," because he couldn't exactly say "nephews," and it rather went against the grain with him to say "nieces." The maid replied that they were out-of-doors in the shrubbery, and that she would call them; but the Philosopher invited Miss Priscilla to walk out with him instead, as it was a pleasant evening. He said, what could be more interesting than in coming upon them thus unawares, to behold youthful innocence engaged in lofty meditation; or, as he thought still more probable, reading some noble work of Reason and Philosophy!

It was a warm bright evening, with sunshine gilding twig and leaf, as the Philosopher and Miss Priscilla went down a winding path of the shrubbery. When Miss Priscilla remarked how fine the weather was, the Philosopher only waved his hand; for he

didn't want to make a noise and disturb the unconscious pose of Reason and Philosophy. For a while, they saw nobody; but presently they heard a voice singing, and these were the words it sang:

"Polly, put the kettle on, the kettle on, the kettle on!
Polly, put the kettle on, and we'll take tea!"

"What's that?" whispered Miss Priscilla. The Philosopher started so that his spectacles came near tumbling off. For a moment, he paused and listened; then he strode on again, with Miss Priscilla close behind him. And, turning a corner just in front, this is what they saw:

Right there was a little open space with an old apple-tree in the middle, its trunk encircled by a low wooden seat. Upon this seat, as on a table, were set some acorn cups and leaf saucers and many broken bright-colored bits of china and glass. There was a little pewter tea-pot, and also a plate of sliced bread and butter—which I suspect had been furnished by that perfidious Mrs. Spicem—with some jam on a cracked saucer, not to mention other festive preparations equally absurd. On a little old three-legged stool sat—could it be Petrucio? The Philosopher rubbed his spectacles and looked again. Yes, it was she—in one of Mrs. Spicem's aprons, tied round her waist and pinned together behind for a petticoat. Around her shoulders was a gaudy flowered shawl and also a bit of dingy lace, borrowed from Dolly the dairymaid's Sunday finery, hung out that morning to air. Her hat was fairly covered with odds-and-ends of ribbon, feathers, flowers, and what not: a travesty of feminine fashion really painful to witness. In her arms she hugged tightly a large and hideous rag doll, with ink-marked features, attired with taste and elegance equal to its nurse.

Near at hand were three sticks set up in criss-cross gipsy fashion, and from these sticks hung a tea-kettle, and under this tea-kettle Polonius—yes, it was actually Polonius—was kindling a little fire. As to her costume, it was a good deal like Petrucio's, only it seemed to the poor blinking Philosopher a little "more so." There she knelt, with both elbows on the ground, her rosy cheeks puffed out as she blew and blew, her lips like a

red buttonhole. Meanwhile it was Petrucio who sang:

"Polly, put the kettle on, the kettle on, the kettle on!
Polly, put the kettle on, and we'll take tea!"

I don't think Miss Priscilla was as sorry for the Philosopher as she ought to have been. She even smiled to herself, as if she enjoyed this humiliating scene. But as for him—well, I think, if he had not had his skull-cap on, his hair would have positively stood on end. Alas and alas! was this all that had come of his hopes and his labors? Was this the result of long-instilled Reason and Philosophy? His legs trembled with the shock; his eyes grew as big as his spectacles. Two or three times he opened his mouth, but no sound came forth.

Now, there were other eyes watching the little girls all this while, out of some bushes on the other side of the apple-tree—eyes which, however, did not perceive the Philosopher and Miss Priscilla P. Primpit. As for Polonius and Petrucio, they were quite unconscious of any and all observers. There was a pause lasting several seconds; then came, all on a sudden, a frightful screech, a sort of Indian war-whoop. Out of their hiding-place came rushing two Creatures. What else shall I call them? since they were not dressed like any boys on earth, yet girls they surely could not be. Everything about them that could be awry—hind part before or upside down—was in that condition. Their battered bonnets were dangling wildly by the strings, their hair was flying on end "nine ways for Sunday." Their eyes were popped, their mouths stretched, in the most frightful way. No wonder that Pet and Polly ran shrieking into each other's arms and clung convulsively together, while the doll tumbled one way, the kettle another. No wonder that Miss Priscilla P. Primpit shrieked too, as she grasped the Philosopher's arm. Could it be Thomasine and Jacquetta, whom she had left in the carriage some minutes before, with strict injunctions not to stir from the back seat? Thomasine and Jacquetta, thus disgracing themselves and her?

Perhaps I might better, as you remember I did once before in this story, draw a veil over the scene. There are some things in

this world better imagined than described. Enough to say that it really was Miss Priscilla's nephews, Tom and Jack, as we may as well call them, bent on what they called a "lark." Enough to say that, by the time peace was restored, everybody there—including Mrs. Spicem and all the servants on the place, who had come a-running at the noise—as well as the Philosopher and Miss Priscilla, had come to the conclusion that it's no use fighting against nature. Girls will be girls, and boys will be boys.

Well, it all ended in a way that nobody had expected. The Philosopher and Miss Priscilla P. Primpit decided, after much

reflection, that they might better get married—so that the Philosopher could have some nephews, and Miss Priscilla could have some nieces. Accordingly, the puzzling matter was settled. Pet and Polly were once more arrayed in pretty new frocks, made under their Aunt's direction. Tom and Jack resumed masculine garments, and, feeling no longer bound to assert their sex by all the noise and badness possible, they behaved better from that time. I never heard of their making any great advances in philosophy, but there is reason to believe that the Philosopher liked his nephews almost as well as Madame Priscilla liked her nieces.

A BATCH OF QUERIES.

BY J. W. SCHWARTZ.

Oh, pray, are "Sydneian showers" wet?
Is "golden silence" dumb?
Are "silver locks" by locksmiths set?
D'you weigh by "rule of thumb"?
Are mountains born from "nature's womb"?
And do the "small hills skip"?
What sound is that—"the crack of doom"?
How can you "serve by lip"?

And is "a plum" a sinecure?
And what, pray, will "blood tell"?
And is the "driven snow" so pure?
Does "truth lie in a well"?

And what—what does the "golden mean"?
And when's "the livelong day"?
And how long do "new brooms sweep clean"?
And where—oh, where's "will's way"?

Has blood been shed in "wars of words"?
And oh, "how sleep the brave"?
How speak and jest "the merry birds"?
And are you "passion's slave"?
Have you been bound as "by a spell"?
Why, pardon, are waves "wild"?
And have you drunk draughts from "the well
Of English undefiled"?

DREAM-FLOWERS.

BY ANNA J. GRANNISS.

THE lily pale on its graceful stalk,
The red rose on its tree,
And purple pansies by garden-walk,
Have lost their charm for me.

For I have dreamed of a wider space
Far from the great world's din,
Of fairer flowers with a wilder grace,
Where no walls hedged them in.

'Mid tangled vines where the frail fern starts,
Hang bells of crimson hue,
And white-petaled flowers with golden hearts,
And others, tipped with blue.

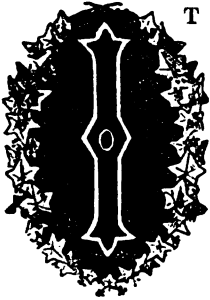
So tell me not of the garden close
With pansy-bordered walk,
Nor yet of the lily or the rose
Where lovers pause to talk.

For I go to the blossom-haunted place
Over the bridge of dreams,
To gather flowers of a wilder grace
That bend above the streams.

Ah, the sweet dream-flowers! They bloom for
those
Sick with the great world's din,
And tired of the narrow garden close
Where walls have hedged them in.

THE DRAMA AND THE ACTORS OF ANCIENT ROME.

BY A. W. MONTAGUE, A.M.



It is not the purpose of this article to discuss from a philosophical standpoint the development of the Roman drama or to attempt a learned disquisition on the evolution of the ancient theatre, but to present certain less-known facts concerning the origin of the play, the crude attempts at theatre-building, and the actors among the early Romans. Except in college editions of works on Roman literature, in heavy and technical articles in magazines, and in the pages of classical dictionaries, this subject has received scarcely a modicum of attention, and is therefore almost new ground for our popular journals and the reading public.

If the dramatic literature of most languages were lost, what a gap would be made in the ranks of the foremost authors of modern times! Imagine our language without Shakespeare and the hosts of other playwrights—French literature without Molière, Racine, Corneille. In the early days of the world, we can imagine the blank that would appear in the literature of Greece if the names and works of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles were blotted out from the pages of history.

And yet, if the results of the labors of Rome's dramatic authors were lost, no such irreparable damage to Latin literature would ensue as would be felt in the destruction of the works of kindred authors in the other languages to which reference has been made. The reason for this statement is to be found in the fact that, while the drama was a part of Greek religion and well-nigh inseparable from the very thought and life of the Greeks, while the works of Shakespeare formed in their time—and constitute now—almost the corner-stone in English literature, the theatre was a mere secular amusement, a toy for the moment, despised even while enjoyed, among the old Romans. The severely prac-

tical mind of the Roman found its gratification in the development of the science of law; his stern spirit sought recreation in the din and strife of the field of battle; his cruel fancy gained fruition in the sight of gladiatorial combats.

Still, there was in ancient Italy a kind of dramatic representation before contact with Greek literature taught the Romans how to construct a play. The germs of the drama—rough and unpolished, it is true, but bearing some resemblance to a theatrical exhibition—are found in the plays acted in a sort of carnival, in which were music, dancing, disguises, without form and plan and largely improvised. These crude plays took their beginning in rural districts, where native talent furnished the theme, the arrangement—if arrangement it can be called—and the actors, and were at first boisterous, gay, and innocent; but liberty of speech degenerated into license, and finally the sharp attacks which the actors made on men, innocent and of high position, had to be curbed by the laws. Other kinds of plays followed, somewhat more refined but possessing no real dramatic finish, intended to teach no lesson either of morals or of politics, but simply to amuse the rabble that lent a half-mocking attention. It is a remarkable fact, and one that may interest actors and playwrights, that in all of these primitive Roman plays only the outline was sketched, while the filling in, words, and actions were left to the cleverness of the actors, who showed an inimitable talent for improvisation, a talent to which modern Italians have fallen heir.

Finally Roman literature felt the potent influence of Greece, and this influence changed the entire character of the drama; in fact, it introduced the drama. From that time, the Roman stage became the scene of Greek plays, translated and altered to suit Roman taste. Philemon, Menander, and Epicharmus furnished to Plautus and Terence rich fields for pillage, and the works of the Roman dramatists were, for the most part, adaptations and translations.

A singular method of constructing a play was as follows: A Latin author took two plays, read and carefully mastered them, and then reduced the two to one Roman comedy, gaining by this blending process more life and "go" than one play would have furnished.

An unfortunate feature of these Roman-Greek plays is the coarseness that pervades them. The models that the Roman playwrights copied were unrefined, and the latter did not possess the high moral character or the delicacy which would have taught them to omit the vulgar references which detract in so marked a manner from the undoubted cleverness and the literary excellence of these plays. Then again, to the Roman populace which constituted in a large measure the audience, the stinging allusions and broad jests of this style of comedy were most pleasing.

An interesting fact connected with the plays of old Rome is, that they were all placed on the stage under state superintendence, and the rigid senatorial government sternly forbade allusions to matters of politics and to the rulers of the state. A gibe at a magistrate or a law was repaid with exile or with the contemplation of the inside of a dungeon. An author might say what he pleased against Greek customs, and, in order to give strength and the flavor of sharp criticism to his plays, and at the same time to keep "on the good side" of the officials, the author retained Greek names, Greek costumes, Greek scenes; and several times a famous writer, in order to convince the Roman fathers that he was looking from a standpoint purely Greek, referred to the Romans as "barbarians."

Among the Romans, comedy was the kind of dramatic literature that was most pleasing to the people, and therefore more cultivated by writers. Tragedy was not, to any great extent, popular. A Roman went to a theatre merely to be amused, not to have his feelings excited. The wars, both foreign and civil, that almost continually agitated the state, furnished all the excitement needed, and when for a time the eagles rested in their march to conquest, or the sword of domestic strife was for a brief period sheathed, gladiatorial combats and wild-beast shows sated all longings for tragic representation.

The characters in Roman comedy possess a remarkable sameness. They are, in the main, weak fathers, who are easily duped; spendthrift sons; jealous husbands; thick-witted wives; cunning, slippery, unscrupulous slaves; parasites lost to all sense of shame, and eager only for a dinner; and an army of cooks, go-betweens, "shadows," and nondescripts. A young man is "Pamphilus," "dear to all," "Charinus," "gracious"; an old man is "Simo," on the score that he is "flat-nosed" and therefore sour in disposition; a parasite, who makes his living by means of talking, and talks himself into dinners, is "Gnatho," meaning "jaw"; a girl is "Glycerium," "sweet," or she has some other name meaning "love in return" or "little kiss."

From the earliest period to the year 55 B.C., Roman theatres were built of wood, and were merely temporary structures, torn down immediately after the performance. The stage was a rough scaffolding, called "pulpitum," from which we have our "pulpit." Thus we see that our clergy owe the name of their platform to the old Roman theatre-makers. In the orchestra were seated the senators and other high dignitaries, while the immense space behind was occupied by the mass of spectators, who sat if they had brought seats with them, or stood, or simply lay on the ground. In the year 55 B.C., Pompey the Great caused to be erected a grand stone theatre, capable of accommodating forty thousand spectators, whose stage was on one occasion occupied by six hundred mules, an immense number of men carrying bowls, and troops of infantry and cavalry, all taking part in the play.

Most of the Roman plays were presented at the games in April and September. The hour of performance was usually midday, and the play lasted about two and a half hours. Roman plays were not generally confined, as were Greek comedies, to three actors, but some of them called for the services of from four to six actors.

The music which accompanied the performance was made by means of two flute-like pipes, played by one person.

In conclusion, let us study for a few moments the condition and character of those who acted the plays of old Rome. The facts pertaining to them are strange and not uninteresting.

Accustomed, as this age is, to treat actors of even poor ability with respect, and to deem no honor too great for the geniuses of the histrionic profession, it is difficult for us to realize with what contempt actors were regarded and treated in ancient Rome. The two exceptions to this rule of opprobrious treatment were *Æsopus* and *Roscius*, whom men delighted to honor and to whom Cicero gave unstinted praise. These two actors made a careful study of their profession. Whenever a celebrated case was to be argued in the courts, *Æsopus* and *Roscius* attended, and observed the gestures and manner of distinguished lawyers who took part in the trial. The compliment was returned by the public men of Rome, who went to the theatre whenever the great actors were in the cast, and brought away with them valuable suggestions for their professional lives. It is related of *Æsopus* that, on one occasion, while he was acting the part of a king, he so thoroughly blended his thoughts with his part that he struck a slave who was attending him so hard a blow that the poor fellow was killed on the spot. These two men accumulated large sums of money.

But, as has been said, actors generally had a hard and often thankless task. They were nearly always freedmen, foreigners, or slaves; possessed no rights of citizenship; could not enter the army; and, at one time, were liable to be scourged by the prætor. They were usually banded into a company in

charge of a manager, who was frequently a freedman. Through the latter, the magistrate who desired to present a play to the people engaged the company. The word "*histrion*" was derived from an Etruscan term meaning "a dancer"; this shows that originally dancing was the most important part of a theatrical exhibition.

The pay which actors received was small and precarious. If the play was successful, the state made a pitiful allowance; if it failed, the rewards of the players were the hisses and taunts of the rabble.

There was a regularly organized and paid band of applauders, who attended all performances and earned their hire by repeated and vociferous applause. The contentions between the supporters of different actors became so violent and were marked by so many bloody encounters, and the actors were so immoral, that Emperor Tiberius expelled all members of the profession from Italy. They were recalled by his successor.

A singular feature of Roman, as well as Greek, plays was the custom of actors' wearing masks—"personæ." There were tragic and comic masks for old and young men, for females, and for slaves. Paintings of masks were found at Herculaneum and Pompeii, and from these representations we learn the shape and appearance of these concomitants of scenic life. Masks were usually made of clay; sometimes, however, from the bark of trees.



A PRINCE IN DISGUISE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 41.



II.

HE two new guests at the Arcady Hotel had come there to remain not longer than three days. But, as it turned out, they remained a week before realizing how distinctly their original intention of sojourn had been abandoned.

Mrs. Leveridge's feelings were at first so ecstatic that she could scarcely control them; but after a while she achieved something like a condition of easy composure. She had promised her sister that she would keep the fact of Englehardt's lofty birth a religious secret even from her daughters, and await what Mrs. Bertram rather vaguely defined as the "dawning of real developments."

"I must go back to town," Mrs. Bertram kept saying. "The editor of 'The Saturday Saunterer' writes me pressing letters. Yes, I really must go to-morrow." But to-morrow dawned and re-dawned, yet Mrs. Bertram continued her stay at the Arcady. Was not she, too, keenly interested in the "dawning of real developments"?

Englehardt's devotions to Emmeline were by this time intense in their tender energy. The girl could hardly appear below-stairs but that he moved gallantly to her side and abode there as long as she would permit. Mrs. Leveridge and Mrs. Bertram spoke only of this flirtation; another quite escaped them—if it could be called by such a name. Or, at least, it escaped Emmeline's mother.

Phyllis might have resented its being called by any such name as a flirtation. Waldorf would accompany her and sit beside her in a little grove adjacent to the hotel—a grove of those magnificent broad-leaved maples with which the Catskills abound—after having arranged for her both easel and canvas. At first, Phyllis could not paint at

all while he sat and watched her; but by degrees her timidity vanished.

"You will never speak to me in German," he said to her, one morning. "Why is that? I know you read it, for you have shown me your 'Heine' and your 'Wilhelm Meister.'"

Phyllis laughed. "As if that meant an ability to speak German!" she said. "Mamma has been very kind and self-sacrificing to Emmeline and myself. She has given us the advantage of excellent schooling, though her income hardly permitted her to do so. I often feel that we cannot be grateful enough for her goodness."

"Your talent for sketching is remarkable," said Waldorf. "The more I see of it, the more convinced I feel that you possess the qualities which might make you a great artist."

"That is very charming to hear," said Phyllis, "and especially so from one who has seen all those marvelous galleries abroad."

"Yes, they indeed are marvelous, many of them. Some day, you will see them for yourself."

"I don't know if I ever shall," she murmured.

"Why not? You will marry, and go to them with your husband."

She blushed a little. "It never seems to me that I will marry," she said. "But Emmeline will, of course. Perhaps she will take me to Europe when she goes. For I always tell myself that her husband will be a great nabob, with a mighty fortune."

"Indeed?" answered Waldorf. "And pray why should you thus imagine?"

"Because she is so fitted to be a grand lady."

"Why more fitted than yourself?"

Phyllis colored almost painfully now. "Than myself?" she exclaimed. "Ah, as if I could be compared with Emmeline!"

"You certainly can, and to your own advantage."

These words wounded her like a piece of

sarcasm. "You can't mean what you're saying!" she protested. "Emmeline is a wonderful beauty. Everybody thinks that of her. It—it strikes me as a kind of sacrilege for anyone to assert otherwise."

"Your mother has brought you up in that peculiar form of religion," said Waldorf, with tones that rang annoyedly. "Let me tell you one thing, my dear young lady," he went on, with extreme seriousness: "you are the superior of your sister in all ways. I do not deny that she is a handsome girl; but her face has not half the expression, the soul, of yours. And, unless I am decidedly mistaken, your character quite surpasses hers in strength. You will no doubt find a good deal of 'sacrilege' in words like these, but I can't help them. It is time you realized that you have been most unjustly placed in a secondary position."

"I shall never realize it!" she affirmed, with heat. But his earnest and sincere sentences won their way and had their weight with her, nevertheless. The loyalty that she showed to Emmeline as a model of physical and moral perfection charmed him while he watched and studied it; and she, on the other hand, secretly thrilled with pleasure at the thought of how high a value he set upon her companionship. She soon perceived that he was mentally far above Englehardt. His mind fascinated her the more as she gained fresh glimpses into its lucid depth and scope. His judgments of life and men were so liberal yet so penetrant; his culture was so ripe and thorough; and, while the strength of his intellect woke in her a covert wonderment, the warmth and kindness of his heart filled her with devout admiration.

Her mother scarcely noticed the attentions of Waldorf; Mrs. Leveridge was too absorbed in the evident homage which Englehardt paid to Emmeline.

"I feel that I should make him confess himself," she said, one day, to her sister. "There is no use of letting the affair go on like this, Cynthia. If he merely means a flirtation, we should know it. Emmeline is immensely interested in him already. Will you speak yourself, or shall I?"

"Let us wait until after the picnic to-morrow," said Mrs. Bertram. "It strikes me that he's very much in love, Caroline, and perhaps a few more hours of her society—

who knows?—may induce him to reveal the truth without having it awkwardly forced from him."

The picnic was to occur in a lovely glade among the mountains, about four miles distant. A large stage-coach bore thither the six people who formed the party. Hot weather had been foretold by the previous evening, and, to the disappointment of all concerned, it proved a morning of breezeless calm, with a fierce sun blazing in a deep-blue unclouded heaven. The drive was oppressive, and the exquisite "clove," when reached, had no sense of coolness except in the splash of its crystal cascade that tumbled over a stair of rock toward the lustrous pool below. On either hand, the enormous forest-trees rose unstirred by a single vagrant zephyr.

Strolling about was almost impossible, and once or twice Mrs. Bertram and Mrs. Leveridge declared the heat too great to permit of their properly laying the cloth for luncheon. After a little while, however, their preparations had a very dainty and appetizing result.

"And now for our girls and the gentlemen," said Mrs. Leveridge. "I hope they haven't wandered off too far. Phyllis, though, must be near at hand somewhere."

Mrs. Bertram smiled. "You seem to take that for granted," she said. "And why, pray? Isn't Phyllis having as much of a flirtation as Emmeline?"

"Flirtation, my dear Cynthia? The idea of Phyllis flirting is quite too absurd."

"I don't see that it is. Caroline, I now and then wonder if you allow yourself, half the time, to recognize that your younger daughter has actually any real claim upon existence."

"Oh, Cynthia, you sometimes are so curious! I dote on Phyllis, of course."

"But you adore and idolize Emmeline."

"No more than Phyllis herself does. We're both very proud of our beauty, naturally."

"Let me put an imaginary case to you," said Mrs. Bertram, after seeming to muse for a moment. "Suppose Prince Henry had devoted himself to Phyllis, and Herr Englehardt had preferred Emmeline."

"It's too hot to suppose anything so nonsensical," returned Mrs. Leveridge, a little tartly.

"I see—you don't want to suppose it."

"Emmeline was meant to be a princess! I realize it thoroughly now. I feel that it's been written in the book of fate."

"Ah! Indeed! And what has been written there concerning poor Phyllis? That she shall marry a respectable corner-grocer—"

"Oh, Cynthia! This from her own flesh and blood!"

"Or that she shall live and die a spinster, spending her life in the making of salaams to her sister, Madame la Princesse?"

"Really, Cynthia, you are in a very morbid mood this morning. Ah, here come Emmeline and the Pr—I mean Herr Englehardt."

"Be careful, Caroline," reproved her sister, with gentle satire. "He came very near overhearing. And one imprudent step now might spoil everything, you know."

Mrs. Leveridge turned an extremely serious face to her sister. "My dear Cynthia, irony aside, I am getting nervous enough about this whole affair. The man's incognito is becoming almost criminal; don't you think so?"

"That is a rather strong way of putting it. Why don't you speak to him, if you feel so?"

"Remember our agreement," said Mrs. Bertram. "If nothing occur to-day, one of us by all means must speak to him. Shall it be you, Cynthia, or I? You're much more diplomatic than I am, you know, and—"

But here Mrs. Bertram's voice dropped to a whisper. Both her own and her sister's tones had for some little time been notably lowered, because of Englehardt's clear-seen advent at the side of Emmeline. Their heads were drooped toward one another, and now and then Emmeline stole a shy glance at him, her uplifted face breaking into a smile. They made a charming picture, with the greenery of the forest behind them and the flash of the cascade near by. Presently Phyllis came with Waldorf from another direction, and then all the little party gathered about the snowy cloth stretched on the velvety turf and covered with materials for an excellent luncheon.

"It was too bad that you and Aunt Cynthia should have had all this trouble, mamma!" soon exclaimed Phyllis. "And

you must have thought it very selfish in me to go away and leave you quite unassisted."

"My dear Phyllis," declared her aunt, "you are incapable of a selfish feeling."

"I am sure you are right, Mrs. Bertram," said Waldorf.

"Come, come," smiled Englehardt. "One sister must not have all the praise. What shall we say of Miss Emmeline?"

With a blended candor and sweetness that could no more be doubted than the gold of sunshine or the emerald tints in foliage, Phyllis here slipped round to her sister and laid a hand on Emmeline's shoulder.

"I know what to say of her," Phyllis blithely affirmed. "She is the dearest and truest of sisters, as she is the loveliest and most beautiful of girls!"

Emmeline, without the shadow of a blush, let her hand glide into that of Phyllis.

"My dear Phyllis!" cried Mrs. Bertram. "The gentlemen will accuse you of bad taste."

"I'm sure I shan't," said Englehardt, with a merry and meaning laugh.

"Nor I," said Waldorf, though much more gravely. "Such sisterly love is perfect," he added, in a low voice, and somehow with a tone that made Mrs. Bertram start, so authoritative was its ring and yet so serenely courteous. She had not till now noticed—woman of the world and keen observer of grades and distinctions though she was—this placid power of self-assertion in Waldorf. She had liked him and thought him admirably well-bred; but it now suddenly occurred to her that he knew how to be more "princely" than Englehardt, whose accredited potency of position had doubtless blinded her to the graces and dignities of his friend.

"You're right, Mr. Waldorf!" now stated Mrs. Leveridge, and with a parental vehemence that became her. "My girls do love one another dearly. And Phyllis never dreamed of 'bad taste' in the expression of her fondness—did you, my dear?" Before Phyllis could respond, her mother went on: "Well, luncheon is ready. Shall we prepare to discuss it?"

They gathered about the displayed viands, but scarcely had they begun their rustic meal than the sky above the tops of the great trees abruptly darkened. A grumble of thunder sounded, and before long the

augmented gloom was pierced by a lightning-flash.

"It's one of those sudden storms that occur here in the Catskills," Mrs. Leveridge said.

"We might have been prepared for it," remarked Waldorf. "The intense heat of the day prophesied it."

"Let's go back to the wagon," proposed Mrs. Bertram. She rose just as the rain began to fall in big drops. An instant later, all the others rose also.

"It's too late to reach the wagon," said Phyllis. "Remember, we left it quite a little distance away."

"Too late? I should say it was!" broke from Waldorf. A fierce deluging shower poured down from the leaden-clouded sky as he spoke. "The trees are our sole refuge now," he went on. With speed and firmness, he drew Phyllis's arm inside his own. "Come," he pursued, and the next moment a deafening crash of thunder sounded.

Phyllis went with him under one of the great trees. It was only a step. Mrs. Leveridge and Mrs. Bertram hurried this way, Englehardt and Emmeline sped that. The storm now began furiously to rage. The flashes of lightning were so vivid that they made the streams of down-pouring rain seem like ropes of silver.

"Are you afraid?" Waldorf said to Phyllis.

"Oh, no; not in the least," came her answer. "But Emmeline—she so hates lightning! It terrifies her. She's always so much less nervous, I fancy, when I'm near her to laugh at her fears."

"What a good sister you are!" exclaimed Waldorf, above the incessant and really terrific clamors of the thunder. "Do you know, you tempt me to ask myself whether you will some day be as good a wife?"

"Ah, that depends," she said, with a short clear laugh.

"On what? But I need not ask, need I? You mean, it depends on the man you accept."

"I've never had anybody give me the chance of accepting or refusing," she answered, with a gay and roguish glance full in the earnest face at her side.

His next words, clear-spoken above the turmoil of the tempest, wrought in her a strange novel thrill.

"I wish I could give you that chance," he said. "But I've not the right yet: I must tell you something else first. I love you, Phyllis, but I've deceived you."

"Deceived me?" she faltered. In those few seconds of time, she felt how deeply she had grown to love him, and for just this reason his word "deceived" stabbed her with pain and dismay.

"Yes," he replied, and his hand caught her own. Then there came a deafening crash, and Phyllis felt as if a great hand of some invisible power pushed her yards away. The shock was severe, and yet it left her scathless, though dizzied and somewhat weak.

She had fallen, but the soft turf had received her form, leaving her garments a little soiled from its contact, and wreaking no bruise or hurt. She struggled to her feet. Where was the great tree under which she had stood with Waldorf? Yonder it lay, prone along the sward, one plume of its massive foliage bridging the bed of the stream. And he? Her heart stood still in her breast. She comprehended that the lightning had struck the tree, and that Waldorf perhaps was crushed beneath it.

Darting forward, she met Englehardt and Mrs. Bertram. She did not know at the time that Emmeline, just across the glade, had fainted dead away, and that her mother was bending over the girl's prostrate shape.

Englehardt's face gleamed ghastly white. He spoke swiftly in German, and with a fervid wildness. "Where is he—the Prince—my friend—my master?" broke from his lips. "The tree has fallen upon him! Oh, my God! he has been killed! Prince Henry! My master—my friend! It is too horrible!"

A form struggled slowly from a mass of splintered tree-trunk. It was Waldorf, pale as a ghost and yet miraculously uninjured. The lightning-bolt had momentarily stunned him—no more. Phyllis's eyes filled with tears as his glance met her own.

"I am so glad you are safe," he said, and put forth his hand. She caught it, and they stood for a brief space, exchanging looks of infinite thankfulness. That gaze told Phyllis even more than his late words had done. Then, suddenly recalling what Englehardt had said in German, she drew away her hand.

"Prince Henry!" she murmured.

"Prince Henry of Ingolstadt?" exclaimed

Mrs. Bertram, with a sort of hysteric tremolo. "I've been mistaken," she went on. "Perhaps I've—I've been very stupid, as well." She turned toward Englehardt. "I thought you were your 'master' and 'friend,' as you've just called his Royal Highness," she went on.

"I?" said Englehardt, with an embarrassed gesture. "No, indeed! I am merely an ordinary person—merely plain Baron Englehardt."

He bowed his head for a second, biting his lips. Then, as he shot a glance at the Prince, he muttered with strong agitation, again using his native language:

"Pardon me. I have forgotten myself most unfortunately."

"Not unfortunately," said Mrs. Bertram, with an accent of rebuke as she addressed Prince Henry. "This disclosure should have come earlier than it has come."

"And yet," said the Prince, with a sad smile and a faint shrug of the shoulders, "you have certainly been prepared for it. Otherwise you would not have mistaken Baron Englehardt for myself."

"Oh, a certain gentleman recognized you on the wharf of the Cunard steamers," came Mrs. Bertram's reply. "But I supposed that he meant—"

"Your error was quite natural," broke in Prince Henry, as she paused. "I've always told Englehardt that he looked far more of a prince than I do. And was I not right?" he said, fixing his eyes upon Phyllis.

"I don't know how princes look," was her answer. "But I dislike all deception," she added, quite coldly, and at once moved away in search of Emmeline. Finding her sister crouched at the side of her mother and just beginning to regain consciousness, Phyllis uttered a dolorous cry. As if stung with a sense of having culpably deserted Emmeline, she did not give another sign of heed to Prince Henry. The storm had now almost wholly abated; and after Emmeline, still weak and trembling, had been placed within the wagon, and the dishes which contained the ruined luncheon had been hastily repacked in the hampers, a very crestfallen party of six were driven back to the hotel. Both Prince Henry and the Baron were silent, for reasons best known to themselves. Mrs. Bertram held her peace, because she burned to see her sister alone and felt that

no revelations could properly be made then and there. Phyllis sat on one of the rear seats, with her arms about Emmeline, whose head rested on her shoulder. Only Mrs. Leveridge talked, now commenting on the miraculous escape of "Herr Waldorf," now deploring the sombre close of their jovial little excursion.

"May I speak with you presently for a short while?" Prince Henry asked of Mrs. Leveridge, just as the party were entering the house.

"Certainly," she replied; "as soon as I have changed some of my rather damp garments."

She wondered why he, and not Englehardt, should wish to speak with her; but, before she joined him in a vacant corner of the large hotel parlor, she had ceased to wonder. She looked at him in a dazed way as they met.

"You appear to have learned the truth," he said.

"Yes, yes," she stammered, "I have learned it. My sister has just told me."

"And she had told you nothing before, my dear madam?" asked Prince Henry, with the gentlest of intonations.

Mrs. Leveridge tossed her head. "We both knew that one of you was a prince in disguise, but—"

"You thought it was my friend Baron Englehardt?" After a slight pause, he went on: "It seems, then, that we were mutually deceiving one another."

Mrs. Leveridge bristled. "How so?" she queried, with sharpness.

"My dear lady, isn't it quite plain?"

"It is quite plain that you sailed here under—what do they call it?—an alias."

"That is a dreadful word," he said, with another of his quiet smiles. "It makes one think of thieves, impostors, and all such horrid people."

"I can't help if it does," declared Mrs. Leveridge; "really I can't!"

"You are angry. It is quite too bad. I may have been much to blame; but, after all, in coming to a great country like this, I expected for many months to live a life of extreme privacy. My quarrel with my brother had been the gossip of Europe, and, in wishing to escape all publicity, it did not seem a great sin simply to call myself plain Herr Waldorf."

Mrs. Leveridge gave a bitter smile. She felt as if something choked her as she said: "Ah, yes; but your friend—what of him?"

"The poor young Baron who has been mistaken for me? Well, I hope you're not angry with him too. He is really one of my gentlemen-in-waiting, you know, and a most charming fellow, if not greatly gifted in a mental way. He is very rich, of excellent family, and he is very much in love with your daughter Miss Emmeline—who, I believe, returns his passion."

Mrs. Leveridge's eyes moistened. But her tears were those of disappointment only. What a descent for the peerless Emmeline! A few short weeks ago, to become a rich baroness would have seemed for her like scaling the very highest heights of maternal ambition. But now it appeared a petty enough triumph beside the lost one of Princess Henry of Ingolstadt!

Perhaps her observer read this woman only too clearly. He was still young, but he had breathed the atmosphere of a German court; he knew how the glittering baubles of his title and wealth had lured mothers in other lands, and he was beginning to see that democracy in ours was no preventive against like spells and witcheries.

Just then, Mrs. Bertram, with an arm about Phyllis's waist, paused at one of the near piazza windows. They had left Emmeline reclining on a copiously cushioned bamboo sofa in one of the halls, while Englehardt sat beside her, speaking with great earnestness in a low voice. Was not the Baron asking her pardon for having deceived her, and was not she granting that pardon from the depths of a simple girlish heart, which luckily had never been clouded either by suspicion or certainty regarding his "princely" origin? For as plain Herr Englehardt she had learned to prize him, and, though "Baron" had of course its duly romantic sound to the ears of her youth, its grand ring doubtless made very little difference with Emmeline's love-flooded spirit.

Prince Henry now saw his opportunity, and at once addressed Mrs. Bertram before either she or Phyllis could retire from the window which they had both approached.

"I feel that I owe amends to your sister," he said, "and fate now permits that I shall offer to make them. I do so in the earnest

hope that they will be received with welcome clemency."

His gaze had now wandered to the face of Phyllis. Mrs. Bertram felt the girl's form slipping from her clasp as though she meant sudden flight.

"Do not go, Miss Phyllis," the speaker now pursued. "Pray remain, for my proposal refers to you. Not long ago, I told you that I loved you, but that I had deceived you. May I atone in some slight measure for that deception by asking you, in the presence of your relatives, to become my wife?"

"To become the Princess Henry of Ingolstadt!" said Mrs. Bertram, with what that lady's admirers would have called her grand manner. She caught Phyllis's hand and almost forced it into Prince Henry's.

"Oh, no, no!" dissented Mrs. Leveridge. "I can't allow it! I really can't." And then she burst into a flood of tears.

"My dear Caroline!" reproached her sister. "You can't allow what, I should like to know? That your younger daughter should be made happy by marrying the man whom she loves?"

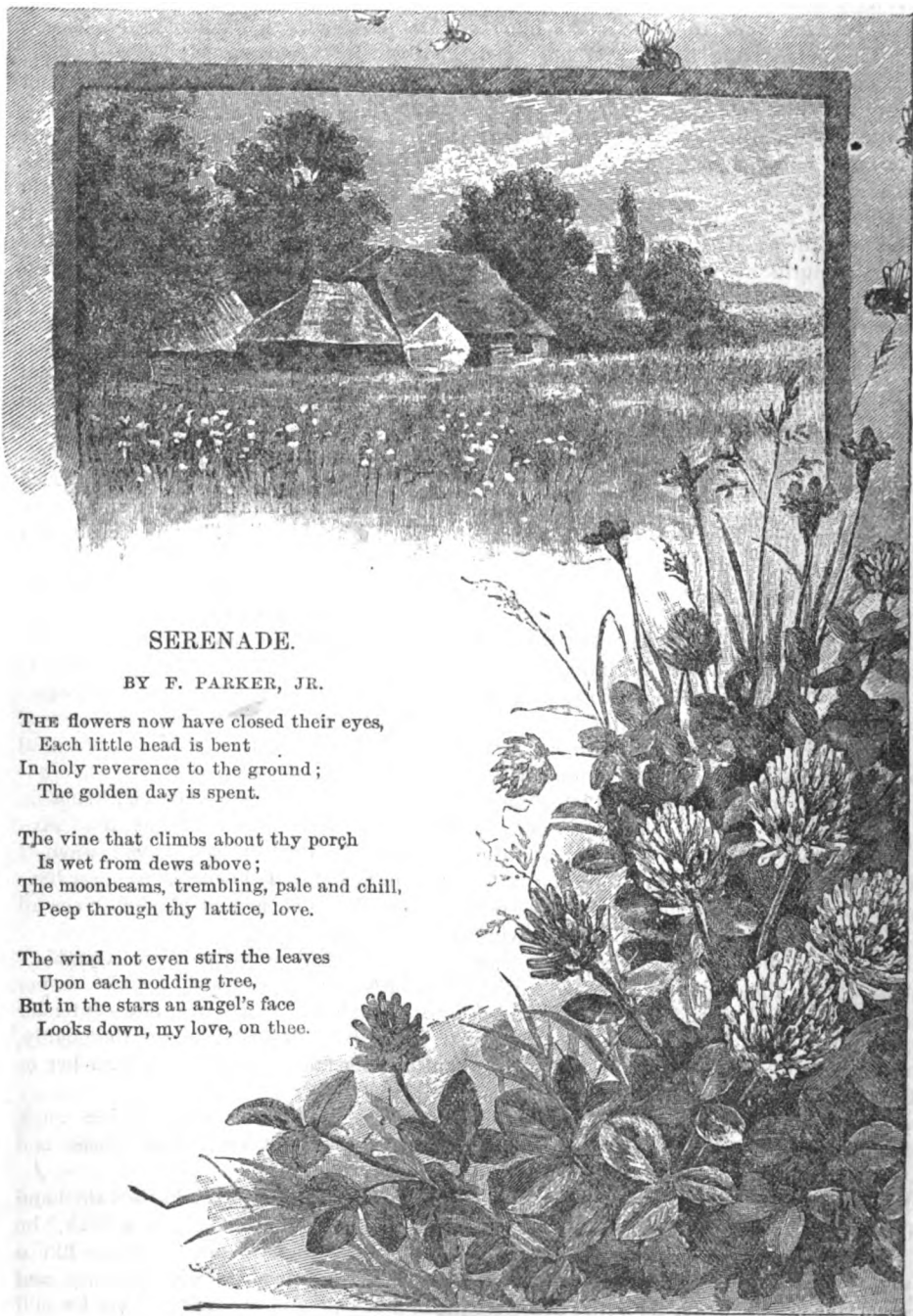
"Oh, I don't wish to stand in the way of Phyllis's happiness," came Mrs. Leveridge's tearful answer. "But a princess, Cynthia! That little girl a princess, while our beautiful Emmeline is only a—"

"Oh, Caroline, how can you?" shot in tones of really wrathful chiding from Mrs. Bertram. "I've seen you before when 'I thought you appeared foolish, but never have I dreamed you capable of playing so absurd a rôle as now!'"

"Don't scold mamma, Aunt Cynthia," here broke in Phyllis, with a smile on her lips, though her voice was full of tender tremors. "I not only forgive her thoroughly, but I understand—I sympathize with her as well."

"My dear child," responded her aunt, "that is the fault of a most biased and defective training!"

Prince Henry stooped and kissed the hand that he held. "Don't call it a fault," he said. "It shines, to me, far more like a virtue." And then he added, slowly and with much quiet meaning: "I think I would not be so anxious or so glad to lay at Phyllis's feet what empty rank I can bestow, did she not so generously prefer that her sister should bear it in her place."



SERENADE.

BY F. PARKER, JR.

THE flowers now have closed their eyes,
Each little head is bent
In holy reverence to the ground ;
The golden day is spent.

The vine that climbs about thy porch
Is wet from dews above ;
The moonbeams, trembling, pale and chill,
Peep through thy lattice, love.

The wind not even stirs the leaves
Upon each nodding tree,
But in the stars an angel's face
Looks down, my love, on thee.

HIS MISTAKE.

BY KATE WALLACE CLEMENTS.



It was a great mistake on June Penny's part, his taking his young wife to live in the home over which his sister had been mistress for years past. He never doubted their getting on together.

"Why anybody could agree with Cynthia," he thought, "such a dear lovable girl!"

He was many years younger than his sister, who naturally looked upon him in almost the light of a son. She had lifted him, a wee mite of humanity, from out the dying mother's arms, promising to be good to him, and God knows she had been faithful to her trust.

Scarcely a month had passed since the husband and father had been brought home, bleeding and mangled—killed by a mowing-machine. Mrs. Penny never recovered from the shock, dying at the birth of her little son.

Few girls of Alma Penny's age could have suffered such a blow and borne up so bravely. There was a mortgage on the farm—not a very large one, to be sure, but the brave girl was determined not only to care for her infant brother, but to clear this.

It took many years of hard labor and the closest economy to pay off this debt; but Alma put her shoulder closely to the wheel, finding her reward at length in the thought that the roof that sheltered them was their own.

Many an offer of marriage had she refused for the boy's sake. "Perhaps he would not love June," she would reason.

The young folks of the village grew weary of inviting her to their social gatherings. "There's no use asking Alma Penny," they would say; "she won't come."

She would have liked to join them. She was only a girl, but to go meant a new gown or a fresh ribbon for her hair, and Alma could not afford such luxuries as these. Ah,

no! the mortgage must be paid first, and little June clothed and sent to the village school. Perhaps by and by she could join in their sports, but not now.

When the time did come at length when the greater part of the burden was lifted from the tired and willing shoulders, the face reflected in her mirror was no longer young. There were lines of care and suffering on it, while the tresses that had once been her pride were well streaked with silver.

She lived only for June, who never realized the wonderful sacrifices she had made. He did not remember her ever being either young or pretty, consequently could not associate her with a romance. To him, she had been always a sweet sad-faced woman.

He felt guilty when he learned that she did have a lover once, and that he was the innocent cause of her dismissing him. He was a young doctor, who had since built up a lucrative practice, living in one of the handsomest houses in the village, with a comely wife and grown daughters. He had been Alma's lover once. They were soon to be married; even the wedding finery was made. He was coming up the garden-walk to see his lady-love, dressed in a new suit of clothing, when June, then a little fellow in skirts, threw mud at him. The doctor, naturally enraged, lost his temper, as, catching the little fellow by the arm, he shook him rather roughly, exclaiming:

"You little rascal! I've a mind to thrash you."

Alma, seeing all this from the sitting-room window, came to the doorway and took the weeping child in her arms.

When the doctor attempted to apologize for his conduct or to smooth matters over, she would not listen to him, but sent him away.

At first, he thought it only a whim. All attempts on his part to effect a reconciliation meeting with coldness, however, in a fit of pique he married the apothecary's daughter.

If Alma Penny regretted her folly, no one ever knew. There was no outward mani-

festation of the fact, with the exception of a few hard lines about the mouth, that only came to the face of a woman who has suffered.

Oh, June felt guilty when they told him all this; that he had stood between her and happiness.

One afternoon, they were sitting out in the open sunshine, when the doctor's gig came down the road. He noticed the deathly pallor that came to her face, and that the sewing dropped from the busy fingers, to lie untouched upon her lap. She was speaking of sending June to the city, as he had been offered a position in a large retail house. She knew she would miss him, but it would never do to stand in his way. He promised to write almost daily and visit her as often as he could.

At length, the time came for him to go away. His faithful sister packed his trunk, not forgetting to put in a Testament, between the leaves of which was a lock of their dead mother's hair.

She went to the station to bid him good-bye. "What a handsome fellow he is," she thought, with a feeling of pride, as she watched him taking leave of his young companions. He was so much taller and straighter than the ordinary country youth, with an indescribable ease and grace in his motion.

"I shouldn't wonder if he got married," said one of the bystanders, "he's so uncommon good-looking."

Alma went back to the old home, that seemed to have lost all its sunshine, now that June was gone.

How eagerly she watched for his letters—that came, true to his promise, long and loving. How earnestly she prayed for the boy thrown amid the temptations of the great city.

He came home as often as he could, seeming to think more of the dear old home now that he had left it.

He praised Alma's cooking. "I wish I could bring some of these to New York," he said, in speaking of the home-made cookies. "Wouldn't the boys enjoy them, though?"

It made her exceedingly happy, these well-paid little compliments.

He was one year in the city when he received promotion and an advance in his salary. It was during the holidays, when

visiting home, that he told Alma this. He had brought her a pretty new gown and dainty cream shawl for a Christmas gift.

She was trying it on before the mirror in the sitting-room when he said:

"I've a surprise for you, Alma. I meant to have told you before. Perhaps you have inferred it from my letters." Then, as he caught the expression of her face in unfeigned surprise, he added: "I know you will like her; she—"

"Her?" The creamy shawl fell from the drooping shoulders, while there came to her face the same deathly pallor that had come the day the doctor's carriage drove down the lane, her former lover holding the reins.

"Her?" she repeated, in a dazed dreamy manner. "Then you are—"

"To be married," he said. "Are you angry with me, Alma?" he asked, going to her side and laying his hand softly on her sleeve, just as he had done in the old boyhood days when pleading for forgiveness.

"No, I am not angry," she said, in a harsh strained voice. "I might have expected it. It is only natural."

She turned and left the room with a slow unsteady step, as if grown suddenly old. He noticed the drooping figure and for the first time the tresses that were almost white.

She had given up so much for him—the best years of her life. It seemed almost selfish of him to marry now. He might stay with her longer, to comfort her lonely aching heart. Besides, he was young—only two-and-twenty: time enough for five years to come.

He wondered if she expected him to give up the girl of his choice. She had sacrificed her youth for him. Ah! but she was a woman—this was the solution to the problem. He viewed the situation through a man's eyes, coming out of the difficulty man-fashion by suiting himself.

Somehow, that visit was not quite so pleasant as the previous ones. Alma insisted, from that time forth, to wait upon herself instead of letting June do the many little acts of courtesy as before. She wheeled the great easy-chair to the open fire herself, and refused his offer to bring her knitting to her. Perhaps she thought it better to depend entirely upon herself, lest in the future his time would be completely devoted to his young wife.

He referred to his marriage on another occasion.

"I know you will love her," he said, enthusiastically. "She's the dearest girl in all the world. Do you know, she fairly longs for a glimpse of country life. Born and brought up in the city, she has scarcely ever inhaled a breath of mountain-air or sea-breeze, with the exception of the few weeks she has gone upon her vacation. You see, Alma dear, she is obliged to earn her own living, teaching music in a private seminary. The Professor is a regular old bear; she told me all about him. The fact is, I don't want her to go back after the holidays, but just stay at home and fix things up, like most girls do before getting married. I am going to get a vacation. We will be married in May, and then, Alma, I'll bring her home. She'll keep you company. You'll love her, won't you?" he questioned, eagerly.

She did not answer him, while the lines about her mouth grew harder. She was wondering if it would be better for her to go away and leave them alone in their great happiness. She decided at length that this would be very unwise. She had worked hard for the roof that sheltered them. The best years of her life had been spent in raising the fruit and vegetables for the market, the sale of which supported them and paid the mortgage. Where would she turn to now in middle age? she questioned. No, it was rightfully her home; she resolved not to leave it for this chit of a girl. She made another resolution that June was all unconscious of: she would never love this girl he had chosen for his wife, the woman who had robbed her of his love.

She fancied that his farewell kiss was lighter than before, his caresses colder. When he went away, she watched the train move slowly out of the depot, bearing all that was dear to her away.

"When he comes back," she reasoned, sadly, "she will be with him."

She walked homeward across the snow-covered fields, with bowed head and heavy heart.

"How old Almy Penny is gettin'," remarked one of the villagers to her neighbor, at a quilting-bee. "'Pears as if June's going to the city upset her, like."

They little knew that to Alma Penny a

grave had been dug, covering up all that was dear to her in life, and that to this lonely woman, plodding homeward across the fields, the world would never be just the same—the birds would never sing quite so sweetly again, or the sun shine as brightly.

To most lives, there comes just such a day. It may be in youth. If so, the darkening of the sunlight is only an eclipse. He will shine again, and the birds will sing as gayly as ever; but in middle age—ah! well there is so little anticipation: it is only realization.

June's letters came, kind and dear, but there was so much in them about Cynthia. Once she sent to Alma the gift of a pretty book-mark, and later her photograph.

What a pretty face it was! Alma scarcely could blame the boy for falling in love with it. Such a childish face, too. She must be very young.

She knew they were coming home sometime in the beginning of May. In that well-regulated household, everything was in readiness. The spare room had been renovated, while new curtains of snowy white muslin hung from the windows.

They came. She could hear the carriage-wheels stop at the door, and June's cheery voice as he lifted his young wife out. She could not go to meet him—not until that dreadful pain at her heart was gone. She fancied they could hear the quick beating of that sensitive organ. In the shadow of the great oaken doorway she stood while they passed on upstairs.

To Cynthia Penny, there never seemed a more delightful room. How pretty it all was, in comparison to that dingy furnished room in the city, that had recently been hers. How inviting the quaint old-fashioned rocker, draped in bright-hued chintz, and the window, with its broad casement, where the odor of the woodbine crept in.

"How lovely it is, June!" she cried, clapping her hands in delight. "Oh, how happy we will be, darling! But where is Alma?" she asked, in surprise. "Why does she not come to welcome me?"

The newly made husband looked a trifle annoyed. He wondered why his sister had not presented herself on this their home-coming. Perhaps she was ill, or a little nervous. He knew how badly she felt concerning his marriage. Going to the doorway, he called:

"Alma! Alma! We are here, Cynthia and I."

They heard a tired uncertain step on the stairs, and then Alma Penny came to the door and stood as if doubtful what to do next.

The young wife saw the drooping little figure in its quaint old-fashioned garb, and something like a sudden wave of pity and love came to this warm-hearted impulsive young creature. She knew it was June's sister Alma, whom he loved so much and whom she was going to love for his sake.

In another moment, she was beside the little woman, while the flushed and pretty face was bent for the kiss of welcome. The light of expectancy died from the young wife's face as the elder woman drew coldly back, as, extending her hand, she said:

"You are welcome to your new home, Mrs. Penny."

She turned and walked away. She had done her duty.

"Oh, June!" cried Cynthia, the tears springing to the soft blue eyes. "Why did you bring me here, when your sister did not wish it?"

He took the weeping girl in his arms, to comfort her.

"Never mind, darling," he said, "it is only Alma's way. She will learn to love you. How can she do otherwise?" he added, proudly, gazing admiringly on his beautiful girl-wife.

There was so much happiness in June's love and devotion that Cynthia could afford to excuse the strange conduct of his sister: she saw so little of her—only at the table they met.

They were so absorbed in one another that the quiet little figure knitting out on the porch was scarcely noticed.

There came a time when he must return to the city. Such a valuable helper could not be spared long from duty.

"It will only be for a little while, darling," he said to Cynthia. "I will come and take you back to the city. In the meantime," he added, "try and get on with Alma for—for my sake."

To his sister, he said: "Be good to her for my sake."

They stood and watched him out of sight, these two women who had promised to bear with one another's faults for his sake. There was a bond between them.

How dull it was, after he had gone! Alma would sit for hours at a time, knitting, with scarcely a thought of the younger woman's presence. Only when his letters came would there appear to be anything in common between them. Once a letter came to Cynthia without bringing one to Alma.

"I'm awfully busy," he wrote. "Tell Alma that she will hear from me to-morrow."

Young Mrs. Penny passed the letter over to her sister-in-law.

In reading the postscript, her eyes fell upon the expressions of undying affection in that innocent little missive. A fierce jealousy took possession of her. Who was this woman, with her doll face, that so fascinated the boy that he was beginning to forget her, his sister and foster-mother?

She handed the letter back. A gray pallor came to her face as she answered:

"Perhaps he might better write hereafter to you alone, and leave me out entirely."

It was the first unpleasantness. Day by day, the gulf between them widened. June never suspected the breach between them. Their letters never conveyed the true state of affairs. For his sake, they wore the mask of deceit.

Several weeks after this, Mrs. Penny, who had modern ideas, thought to improve the sitting-room by the addition of a few dainty scarfs and vases—wedding gifts. She had taken the great stiff-backed chairs from their former position like sentinels against the wall, and, arranging them artistically about the room, stood smilingly contemplating her work, when Alma entered the room. An angry flush rose to her face, as, going to the nearest chair, she pushed it back to its former position, while, snatching the dainty tidy from the back, she flung it deliberately out of the window.

With all Cynthia's loving nature, she could not forgive this open insult. Some angry words followed—words that, once uttered, could never be recalled. It ended by Mrs. Penny's declaring that, until her husband's return, she wished to occupy the right wing of the old house and to have no further communication with her sister-in-law.

She had her wish. She never met Alma after that, save once, coming home from

church in the twilight. She was spared the pain of meeting, for in the fading light she passed unrecognized.

A letter came to Cynthia, not unmixed with sorrow. June was going abroad as foreign buyer. It was a very unexpected trip. He had not even time to run down to bid them good-bye.

"Be a dear brave girl," he wrote. "To be sure, it's awfully hard to leave you. Not one fellow in a thousand would have the courage to go away at such a time, but, Cynthia, it's a splendid chance for me. I never dreamed of such a promotion. When I come back, we will live in New York. You know how expensive it is to live here in any kind of fashion, and I am determined to surround you with all the comforts you deserve; so cheer up, little one. When you are inclined to feel a trifle blue, remember, darling, it is all for your sake."

She tried to be light of heart; but the days lengthened to weeks, the weeks to months, and still he did not come. She half regretted the breach that had come between Alma and herself; anything was better than being shut up in this sleepy old house, with one stupid old servant for a companion.

The autumn passed; the winter was upon them. And such a winter! Terrible snow-storms rendered the roads almost impassable.

One evening, as Alma was sitting by the fireside, dreaming of the past, a light tap upon the door aroused her from her reverie. It was Susan, the woman who had come from the village to wait on Cynthia, who had not been well of late.

"If you please, ma'm," she said, "can the man go to the village for the doctor? Young Mrs. Penny is ill."

She did not ask the white-faced woman what ailed her mistress. She called the hired man, delivered the message, and gave him the swinging lantern, as, turning from the darkness of the night, she said:

"I scarcely think he can reach the village to-night. We are snow-bound."

"God pity us!" cried the woman, in despair. "What will become of the poor young thing?"

Mr. June Penny had returned from abroad. His trip was most satisfactory to his employers; he heard with pleasure their

expressions of approval. Then his thoughts turned to home and Cynthia. In the inner pocket of his coat, a letter was lying, the last he had received from his wife.

"Poor girl," he said, reproachfully, "I'm afraid I have neglected her. I will make it all right, though, when I take her to her new home in the city. I will give her the finest, the prettiest—"

"By the way, Penny," interrupted the junior member of the firm, "there's a telegram for you," handing him that ominous yellow envelope. "I hope there's nothing wrong at home," he added, kindly.

He trembled like an aspen leaf. There must be something wrong at home, he knew. Cynthia had a perfect horror of a telegram, he knew, and Alma would never think of such a thing unless—

He dared not think of it, as, tearing it hastily open, he read:

"Come at once. ALMA."

He never quite remembered how he got the train or how he reached home through those dreadful snow-bound roads. It was in the early dawn when he stood in the hallway of his old home, with Alma standing before him with a white despairing face.

In the flickering rays of the hall lamp, it seemed to this heart-broken woman that her accuser stood before her.

"Where is she?" he cried, hoarsely. "My God! what have you done with her?"

"I didn't know anything about it," she said, by way of apology. "She just went and shut herself up, and oh! June, do not blame me for not loving her. She came between you and me—"

He led her gently to a chair; she was growing faint.

"She is in there," she murmured, faintly, pointing across the hall; "but they won't let you in—either the nurse or the doctor."

Just then, a calm-faced woman came into the room. "You are the lady's husband?" she said. She went on to tell him how very ill she was. "I'm afraid you cannot see her now," she said, in answer to his pleading. "The slightest excitement might prove fatal. Stay—I will ask the doctor when you may come in."

She went into the sick-chamber; the doorway across the hall opened again, and June Penny heard a sound that thrilled the blood

in his veins. It was the cry of a new-born infant.

Alma sank upon her knees. She covered her ears with her hands, as if to shut out that cry.

"Forgive me, June!" was all she could murmur. "I did not know. Oh, June, I did not know!"

All night, they watched and waited to be admitted to that chamber, where the young mother hovered between life and death.

The weary watchers grew faint, and the tired man's head sank for a moment on his breast. He seemed to see a vision of Cynthia on her wedding-day—the day he brought her home. He saw her, in her dainty mauve dress, go to the open window and lean far out as if to inhale the sweet flower-scented air, then, turning to him with the flush of joy upon her face, say: "How happy we will be, darling!"

Once again the accusing eyes were upon him as she asked: "Why did you bring me here, June?" He seemed to live over again that day in the early spring, when he had

taken his girl-wife home. He reproached himself bitterly for leaving her.

He was startled from his reverie. A hand was laid upon his shoulder. It was the calm-faced nurse.

"Come," she said. She murmured something that June did not hear, as he followed, dazed, across the hallway, with Alma, weeping bitterly, following.

"Don't take on so," said Susan, the hired woman. "I didn't think you'd mind much," she added, half reproachfully.

They were in that darkened chamber, where something was lying upon the bed, white and shrouded unlike anything he had ever seen before.

To Alma Penny, the sight was not entirely unfamiliar. Twice in that very room she had faced this ordeal. The last time, it was the night that June was born, and now another little life had come to her.

June Penny stood like one in a dream. Not until the white sheet was turned back from the face that was beautiful even in death did he realize HIS MISTAKE.

TO A MUCH-LOVED ABSENT FRIEND.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

OFF, in the twilight musing,
My thoughts revert to thee,
And scenes well nigh forgotten
Return most vividly:

The home of happy childhood
Which we shall see no more,
The vanished forms and faces
So loved and prized of yore—

The castles builded in the air,
Our golden argosy—

Alas! for youth's illusions—
Lie buried in the sea.

Dear heart! our paths are severed,
No more our hands shall clasp;
But with the links of friendship
I hold thee in my grasp—

And, in thy far-off wanderings,
Perchance some thought of me
May mingle with thy musings
And wake thy memory.

LULLABY.

BY HOWARD SEELY.

Now the sun has gone to sleep
Far below the ocean deep,
And the stars in quiet skies
Wink and blink their weary eyes;
Baby eyes are tired too,
Whether gray or brown or blue;
Fold the pretty eyelids down,
Drift away to Sleepy-town.

Sleepy-town is far away
In the land of Nod, they say;
But, to view its twilight skies,
Baby has no need of eyes.
Eyelids all are folded down,
Far away in Sleepy-town.
Droop the lashes, veil the sight,
Darling, little one, good-night!

CACTUS CULTURE.

BY JOYCE RAY.

FEW species of cactus were known to flower-lovers in the early part of the present century; but now several hundred varieties are often seen in a single collection, and many new kinds are sent home every year by different collectors.

Cacti are principally found growing in the dry burning plains of Mexico and Brazil, where they are subjected to the alternate seasons of extreme moisture and extreme drought. In these countries, where for six months in the year all nature seems parched, the cacti serve as reservoirs of stored-up moisture; the natives, by cutting the succulent stems with their long knives, may supply themselves with a cool and refreshing juice, and even the cattle break the skin of the plants with their hoofs—this to avoid, by instinct, hurting themselves with the sharp spines—and suck the juice contained in these plants.

The cacti are arranged into several distinct groups. The first consists of the *Cereus* or tree cacti, and have long slender stems; and which are usually found on the mountains of Brazil, growing sometimes to a height of thirty or more feet, branching like candelabra—or again only having one naked stem no larger around than a man's arm, but of such an enormous height. The *Mammillarias* and *Echinocacti*, or porcupine cacti, form other divisions and are found growing in the valleys of temperate climates, in low grass and loamy soils. The *Opuntias* and *Pereskias*, which make two more groups, are also found in temperate regions. The *Melocacti*, or melon cactus, and *Rhipsalis*, which has narrow jointed stems, are only found in the hottest parts of the tropical regions. The new species are most generally found in the tropical regions of America, but this region extends over seventyfive degrees of latitude; some being found near the boundary of the United States, others in Chili.

In the cultivation of cacti, it must be remembered that they should have a season of complete rest in alternation with one of growth; and so should be kept perfectly dry

from October to March, and then should be given an abundance of water while they are coming into flower. The pots in which they are grown should be well drained with cinders and not potsherds, as these latter retain too much moisture for the succulent and delicate roots. Do not remove the young shoots or suckers from the *Mammillaria* or *Echinocerus*, thinking to make them bloom more quickly, as in that case your plant will be ruined and will throw up two new ones to each one you pull off. Cacti require repotting only once in three years, unless growth has been very rapid. They bloom best when somewhat root-bound, and do not like to be disturbed at the roots very often.

When rooting cacti, place the cuttings in the sun for a time until they become somewhat wilted, and do not water them much until they show signs of growth. Their succulent stems contain so much moisture that they would surely rot if the soil were kept wet before they had formed roots sufficient to take up the moisture. Cacti should have a soil containing enough sand to make it porous; mix a little powdered charcoal with the soil, and the brilliancy of the flowers will be increased. Be careful not to give them too large pots; one just large enough to hold the roots comfortably. Shake off all the old soil around the roots, and cut off all the dead rootlets close up to the stem.

The *Mammillarias*, *Echinocactus*, *Echinocereus*, and most of the *Opuntias* will do well if wintered over in a cool cellar, frost-proof, and kept perfectly dry; but the *Epiphyllums*—lobster or crab cacti—do not do well when wintered in the cellar, and would be apt to drop their branches and die. After they are through flowering and are resting, they should be kept in a warm dry room or closet. In March, growth usually starts up, and the plants should be brought into light and heat and given as much sunlight as possible, and given enough water to stimulate growth. When the warm sum-

mer weather comes, they may be placed out-of-doors in their pots, or planted out in rockeries; and they will require an abundance of water through the summer, with a little extra liquid food or stimulant about once a week until after the flowering season is over. Stir the soil on the surface once a week.

Among the best cacti for a small collection, any of the following will prove very satisfactory:

Cereus coccineus, one of the most profuse bloomers among cacti, commencing to bloom when only a few inches high. The flowers are of a dazzling red shade, about five or six inches across, and each one remains in bloom, before fading, for several days. The plants grow two feet or more in height, and make a good many stems about an inch in diameter.

Cereus flagelliformis is probably one of the best-known and most commonly grown of all cacti. It is commonly called rat-tail cactus, and other names sometimes given it are whip-cord or snake cactus. It has long drooping stems about half an inch in diameter, perfectly round and covered with fine short hairy spines. It blooms freely in spring and early summer; the flowers are of medium size, of a bright rosy color.

Cereus grandiflorus, or night-blooming cereus, is another most popular variety, and nothing can surpass it in the beauty of its bloom and fragrance. The flowers usually commence to open about eight o'clock in the evening, the flower remaining open from four to six hours, and then gradually closes. The color is a creamy white inside, and the outside varies from white to a reddish-brown, according to the variety.

Cereus columbinus comes from Cuba, and is a very quick strong grower and grows very tall. If it should attain too great a height, cut it down somewhat and it will send out new shoots in candelabra form, while the parts which were cut off may be rooted and make fine plants. The flowers are large and fine, white in color, and bloom at night.

Among the *Echinocacti* or hedgehog cacti, we must notice *Echinocactus ottonis*, which has not only a wonderfully distinct appearance, but blooms so profusely. When it is large enough to bloom, the plant, instead of being green, is a soft velvety brown, the spines being soft brown bristles.

The flowers are a clear yellow and have a great many petals.

Echinocactus setispinus is one of the best and most profuse bloomers, and blooms from early spring until late in the fall, followed by red fruit during the winter. The blossoms are very large, yellow with a circle of red inside; they are very fragrant and much admired.

The *Epiphyllums* are particularly valuable because their period of bloom extends from November to February, and this makes them so desirable as window-plants. They grow quickly and bloom freely and at a time when flowers are scarce.

The best-known of these is the *Epiphyllum truncatum*, commonly called lobster or crab claw. It is of a bright pretty green and a graceful manner of growth; when in bloom, it is a thing of beauty, dotted all over with its exquisite wax-like flowers. It is sure to bloom when two or three years old, and is free from thorns. The color of the blossoms is dark-crimson with a white throat, or bright rosy crimson.

The *Mammillarias* are wonderfully handsome in symmetry of form, delicacy of finish, and neat rosettes or stars of spines, and their rose-colored, yellow, or white flowers, followed by berry-like red fruits.

The *Mammillarius micromeris* is a lovely little plant, often called button cactus, because the small single plants resemble buttons. As the plant gets old, lots of little offsets appear all over the plants, and because of this it is often called mushroom cactus.

Mamillaria senilis is quite remarkable. It is covered with pure white hairs looking like feathers, and often looks like a ball of cotton. It is quite rare but most beautiful.

Pilocereus senilis, or old man cactus, is covered with long silvery-white hairs along its upper part, which resembles the head of an old man. This variety also is rare and rather expensive.

The *Melocactus* or melon cactus bears red flowers, rather small in size.

All of the *Phyllocactus* species are fine; they bear large beautiful flowers in great profusion and are very easy to cultivate, almost taking care of themselves. Some varieties bloom in the daytime, others at night, and the colors run from creamy-white, pinks, reds, to purple, and others are of bright-yellow hues.



AN INVOLUNTARY ELOPEMENT.

BY CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

THE Larkspur Bank had been successfully burglarized some time during the previous night, and the lively little mountain town was in a state of tumultuous excitement in consequence.

Jack Radwain, a clerk in the unfortunate bank, while not visibly excited over the event, had thought of little else throughout the day; and especially had his heart yearned toward the five thousand dollar reward offered by the officials for information leading to the capture of the thief. Not that he was altogether selfish and avaricious, but simply because there were reasons why that five thousand dollars looked particularly alluring to him just at this time. Jack was in trouble, and, while not certain that money could help him, he longed for enough of the handy commodity to "set him on his feet," as he expressed it. In other words, to enable him to go, like a man, to Annabel Murray and ask her to choose between himself and his rival.

For that was Jack Radwain's trouble; he was in love, and he had a dangerous rival. Don't smile; for there is no keener pain on earth—while it lasts. Poor Jack was young enough to imagine that it would last always, and his honest heart was heavy as he rode over the ridge that evening toward his home.

The "ridge" was a rocky, heavily wooded spur of the mountain chain that jutted far out into the valley, and was wild and rugged in aspect.

Jack's beautiful chestnut mare carried him

nimble up the uneven trail, and he had almost reached the summit when he suddenly caught sight of a moving object among the rocks and bushes about a hundred yards ahead. Instantly he drew rein and shaded his eyes for observation.

It was a lonely spot, and it was only natural, under the circumstances, that his first thought should be of the fugitive bank robber. The moving object at once resolved itself into the form of a man creeping on all fours among the rocks.

Turning aside, Jack hitched his mare among the trees and ran swiftly and silently forward. The man was apparently moving with great caution, but the red glare of the departing sun was in the sky beyond him, and against that flaming background his dark form was plainly outlined.

What was he doing? He had drawn a crow-bar from some hidden niche and was striving with might and main to pry up an immense flat rock.

Nearer and nearer crept Jack, until suddenly he sprang erect and barely smothered a cry of astonishment. He had made a double discovery: the man before him was his hated rival, Paul Delashmut; and beneath the rock, which had slightly yielded to the crow-bar, he caught a glimpse of a tray full of the bank's lost treasure!

Among Jack's tumultuous emotions at that moment, there was a quick throb of unchristian joy at this disgraceful downfall of his rival; and, with visions of winning

sweet Annabel Murray and of earning the five thousand dollar reward, he was about to spring on the crouching man when the latter seemed to become all at once cognizant of his presence, and, snatching the crow-bar from beneath the rock, whirled it violently about and struck Jack a crushing blow with it.

That settled matters for poor Jack, and he lay quite still, with his unconscious boyish face upturned to the evening sky, while Paul Delashmut coolly mounted the chestnut mare and dashed away along the trail over the ridge.

"Curse the meddling puppy! I suppose I've killed him, and I'm glad of it," he muttered. "But I'll have to get out of this now and lie low for a few weeks; then I'll come back between two days and carry off the swag."

Soon he was rapidly descending the western slope of the ridge, and the valley lay below, with here and there a farmhouse dotting its green expanse.

"Hello!" he suddenly ejaculated, sotto voce, as a young girl, with her arms full of wild rose and boxwood blossoms, emerged from a shaded byway into the trail just ahead of him. "'Tis sweet Annabel herself! Fate is kind, to give me such a farewell tryst."

The next moment, he had ridden forward, dismounted, and was bowing before Annabel Murray.

Now the latter young lady had a strong vein of coquetry running at all sorts of angles through her composition, and could no more help smiling and dimpling when an agreeable man paid court to her than water can help running down hill. But she was surprised at sight of the chestnut mare.

"Why, it is Mr. Radwain's Nan!" she said. "Where did you get her?"

"I found her tied to a tree up yonder on the ridge," was the scrupulously truthful reply.

Instantly the dimples vanished, and were replaced by a look of anxious perplexity.

"That is strange," she said, musingly. "I wonder where Jack can be?"

The face above her darkened with a scowl. That name coming so naturally to her lips, and the unconscious tenderness of eyes and voice, were a bitter revelation to Paul Delashmut. Hitherto, while his love for Annabel Murray had been the merest passing fancy, he had hugged to his false breast the

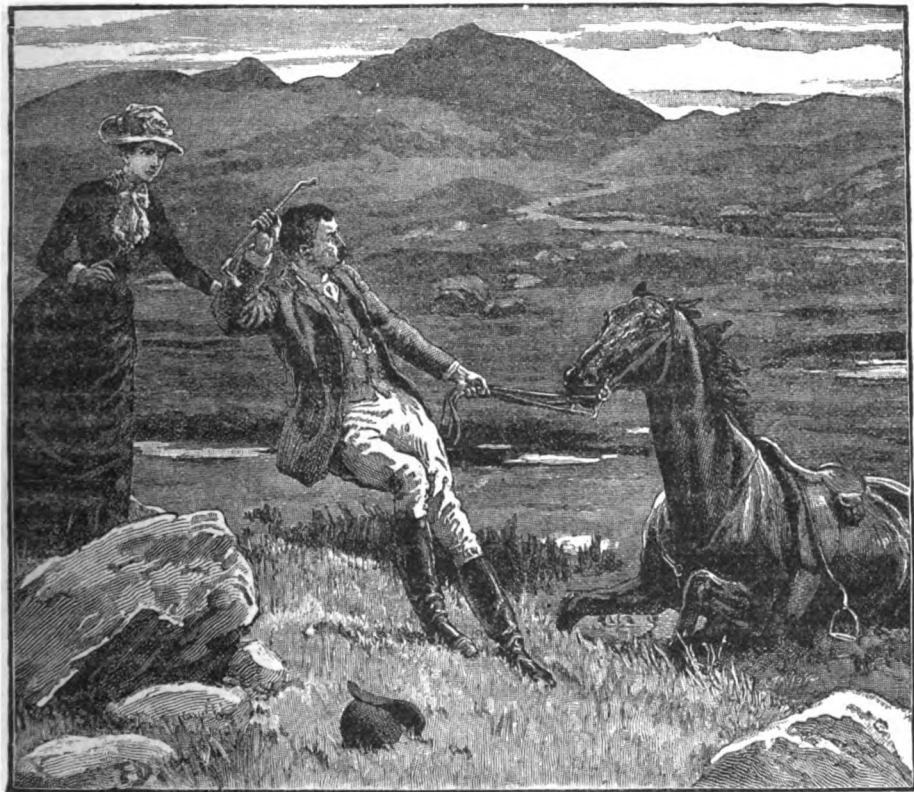


pleasant conviction that her heart was his. And now his jealous Spanish blood suddenly flamed to a white heat, and a wild desire came over him to make her the companion of his flight. He put out his arms with a quick movement, and clasped the startled girl to his breast.

"Annabel, do you love me?" he demanded. "Do you love me, darling?"

making straight across country for the river, regardless of obstacles.

She tried to speak, to remonstrate, but he held her so tightly, and the mare galloped so furiously, that the effort to utter an intelligible word was vain. So on they went recklessly, and her uneasiness turned to absolute terror when she saw that they were headed straight for the treacherous river flats, where



"No, no," cried Annabel, striving to free herself, startled for once out of all her coquetry.

She did not see the white teeth come together with a grinding clash, but she felt the strong arms tighten about her, felt herself lifted and swung to the horse's back, and the next moment she realized that Paul Delashmut was running away with her on Jack Radwain's horse! The humor of the situation struck her, and a half-smile struggled to her lips; but it vanished in an instant, when she discovered that he was lashing the mare into a mad gallop, and, leaving the trail, was

men and beasts had sunk and perished in the quicksands times without number. She screamed out a warning then, but it was too late; he answered with another senseless cut of the cruel whip on the mare's tender flank, and in a moment the maddened creature was plunging in the mire of the bottomless flats.

The poor animal, guided by an instinct truer than any sense her rider possessed, turned toward a little oasis of solid ground, and, after a terrible struggle, reached it and tried to draw herself from the quagmire. But her impatient tormentor rewarded her intelligence by leaping to the ground and

beating her over the head with his clubbed riding-whip.

This brutal act fired Annabel's soul with indignation, and, springing forward, she grasped the cruel uplifted arm and cried out:

"Coward! for shame! You shall not abuse Jack's horse!"

Instantly he dropped whip and bridle, and, turning, grasped Annabel's arm and forced her to run with him across the sands to the river. The treacherous quicksand shifted beneath her feet, but her light weight and rapid movements kept her from sinking to any perilous depth; and at last they reached the water's brink and stood once more on solid ground.

By this time, a dreadful thought had come to Annabel: the wild looks and actions of Delashmut suggested the fear that he had lost his reason and she was at the mercy of a lunatic. She glanced hurriedly up, down, and across the turbulent stream, and was rejoiced to see a man approaching in a skiff. To him, stranger though he might be, she would appeal for help and protection.

But her abductor, as if divining her purpose, tightened his clutch on her arm, and the stranger, altering his course a little, landed so far down the stream that intervening willows hid her from his view; and Delashmut's firm white hand stifled the cry she would have uttered. When the man had disappeared, her companion lifted her bodily and ran with her to the skiff. He had lost his hat in the quicksand, and she, noticing his uncovered head and hoping to create a diversion, suddenly cried out:

"Your hat! where is it? Let us go back and get it!"

But, as if even fate were arrayed against her, his quick eye caught sight of an old cap lying in the skiff, together with a tattered oilskin coat and fisherman's rubber boots. Snatching up the cap, he placed it on his head and turned to her with a smile of triumph.

Once within the frail craft, she dared make no further effort to escape, through fear of capsizing it.

"Row straight across, please," she said, tremulously; "the rapids are scarcely half a mile below."

Delashmut bowed and bent to the oars; but his movements were awkward and

unskilled, and she saw at a glance that he was not master of the art of rowing. Scarcely had they reached mid-stream when he lost control of the boat, and the swift current caught it and whirled it away down stream at a rate which sent a chill of terror to Annabel's heart. She begged for the oars, but he would not relinquish them; and she could do nothing effective with the one oar that lay idly in the skiff.

On, on, they swept, more swiftly each moment, until the verdure-clad banks of the stream seemed to shoot past in one continuous flash of green.

Annabel's head swam and her very heart grew cold, as the roar of the falls arose louder and nearer with each fleeting instant. She thought of Jack Radwain, and longed for his strong arms and clear head to interpose between her and the impending peril.

Delashmut sat staring helplessly from side to side, apparently unable either to realize fully or make any effort to avert the danger ahead. Annabel looked at him and curled her lip in self-scorn, because she had thought him handsome and grand-looking, and had rather enjoyed poor Jack's jealous tortures. And now she was to have the doubtful honor of being dashed into eternity with him; and Jack, dear old Jack, could never know how it happened, and—and—

But just here thought came to an end, and all sensation was merged in one awful convulsion of terror, for they were on the verge of the rapids. The wild fury of the waters was all about them; no remnant of hope was left; the frail skiff was rearing for the plunge. Annabel uttered no cry, but set her teeth together and grasped the sides of the boat firmly. After that, she was not clearly conscious of anything more for a long time.

When she opened her eyes again, it was night, and she was in a fisherman's hut in the woods. She listened with a dreamy stunned feeling while the old man told her how he had picked her up, clinging to the upturned boat, in the pool below the rapids.

Of her companion he could tell her nothing, and she was left to conjecture whether Delashmut had been drowned or had swum ashore and abandoned her to her fate.

When morning came, she arose rather dizzily and went out into the fresh air.

The treacherous river looked placid and beautiful in the sunlight, and she sat down upon its brink to reflect on her position and decide how she was to return to her home.

The problem was presently solved for her in a most unexpected way. The old fisherman came out of the wood near by, leading a horse, and, the moment Annabel saw them, she sprang up with a glad cry:

"It is Nan! Jack's Nan! Oh, poor Nan, I feared you were lost in the flats!"

"An' a sorry plight she was in, ma'am, before I rubbed her down," said the old man.

"Nan will take me home," said Annabel.

The fisherman's wife kindly helped her to prepare for the long ride; and, ere the sun had reached the meridian, she was approaching the familiar home neighborhood. She was in a flutter of excitement and anticipation, feeling herself quite a heroine, after all she had gone through. She rather expected to find the countryside in a hubbub of excitement over her strange disappearance.

And Jack Radwain? Ah, her heart told her that Jack was searching and grieving for her somewhere. Though all the world should abandon her, she could always depend on faithful Jack!

As she laid this comforting unction to her soul, she was drawing near the little stone church in the edge of the wood, where she had attended service ever since earliest childhood. She drew rein suddenly, as

through the open door came the mingled melody of the organ and a rich soprano voice. She knew the voice well; its owner was Blanche Douglas, the handsomest girl and finest singer in Larkspur. She was the leader of the choir, and the only jealous pangs Annabel had ever experienced had pierced her heart on the divers occasions when she had been forced to sit and listen



to that voice blending so harmoniously with Jack Radwain's fine tenor.

Once, when she and Jack had indulged in one of their characteristic "tiffs," she had unwisely taunted him with being in love with Blanche Douglas, and his answer had rankled in her bosom ever after.

"Please leave Miss Douglas's name alone," he had said, sternly. "She at least would not make a plaything of a man's

heart; she is good and true as an angel."

"And, if I had been drowned in the rapids last evening, who knows but she might have inveigled Jack into marrying her?" thought Annabel now, with a spiteful little glance toward the invisible songstress, and a glad thrill at her heart because she was still in the land of the living.

Then the music ceased, and Blanche Douglas came out into the vestibule, swinging the keys of the church lightly in her slender gloved hand, and lingering a moment as if waiting for someone.

What a magnificent queenly creature she was! Even Annabel could not help seeing that she looked as sweet and serene as the matchless summer morning, and, conscious of her own disheveled appearance, she hastily drew Nan back to the shelter of the trees. At that instant, Miss Douglas's voice reached her:

"Come on, Jack, I'm waiting for you," she was saying; and, before Annabel could fairly catch her breath again, she added: "Oh, you dear fellow, don't be so impulsive! See, you've pushed my hat all awry."

Annabel's heart was torn with the conflicting desires to move forward and see what Jack was doing, and to shrink farther back among the trees. What she did do was to sit still as a statue until all sounds from the church had died away. Then, instead of going home, she turned Nan's head and dashed away along a woodland path to a secluded nook that she knew of, at the foot of a precipice, where the north



end of the ridge broke off abruptly in a perpendicular wall of rock, and the river flashed and tumbled picturesquely at its base.

Here she dismounted, and, throwing Nan's rein over a low-hanging branch, leaned, white and trembling, against the cold unresponsive breast of the cliff and sobbed as only the broken-hearted can.

So her disappearance made so little difference to Jack that he could go to choir-practice with Blanche Douglas, and could—could—push her hat "all awry," and allow her to call him a "dear fellow"! Verily, if this were true of Jack, there was no man in

the world worth caring for; and Annabel wished dismally that the old fisherman had left her in the pool below the rapids!

Suddenly there was a sound of footsteps; Nan gave a glad whinny, and Jack's voice exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Nanny, old girl! I thought it was your hoof-beats I heard on the cliff path a moment ago!"

Annabel straightened up with a start, and stared stonily out across the river. The next moment, Jack caught sight of her and sprang forward with a glad cry:

"Oh, Annabel, darling, where have you been? How is it that you are here with Nan? I thought that scoundrel Delashmut had run off with both of you!"

Jack, in his joy, was about to take her in his arms without so much as "by your leave"; but she pushed him away, drew herself up, and said with biting sarcasm:

"Oh, you dear fellow, don't be so impulsive! You are pushing my hat awry!"

Jack fell back a step; his arms dropped, and the light went out of his eyes.

"Where have you been, Annabel?"

"Is that anything to you?"

"I wish to heaven it weren't," he ejaculated, bitterly. "But I think you'll admit that it is something to your parents, at least. They think, and everybody thinks, that you've eloped with Delashmut."

"I am much obliged to everybody, I'm sure."

There was a moment's silence, then Jack said:

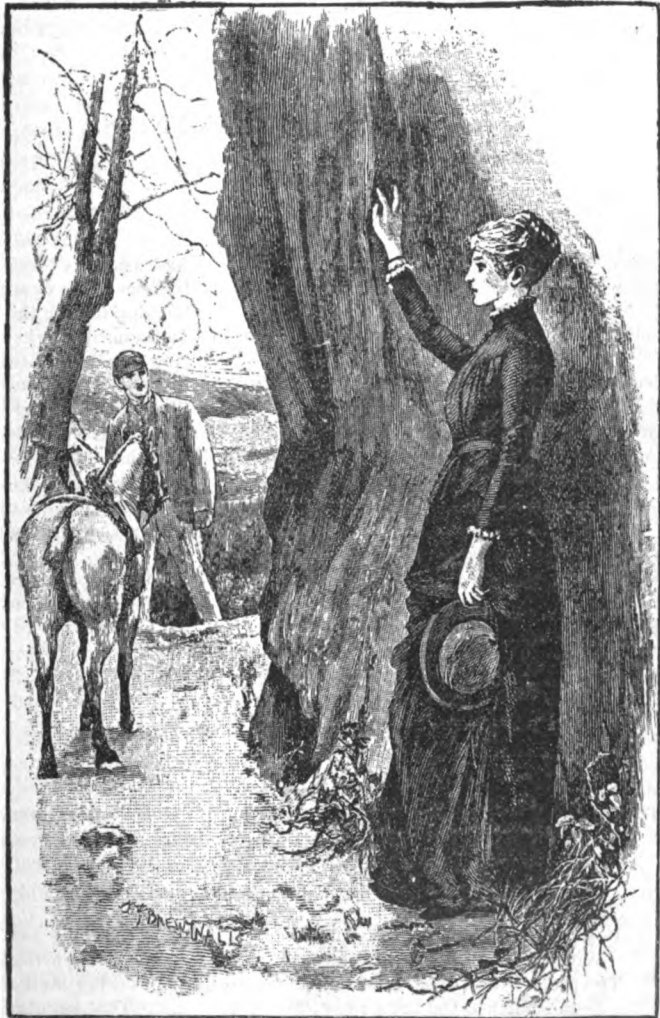
"If you've an atom of heart in your breast, you'll go home this minute and relieve your poor mother's anxiety, if not mine."

"Yours?" cried Annabel, with a sudden blaze of righteous indignation. "I suppose it was your terrible anxiety on my account that drove you to the church this morning, to sing psalms with Blanche Douglas!"

Jack stared. "I haven't the least idea what you mean," he said. "I have not been to the church, nor have I seen Miss Douglas since last Sunday. For the past thirtysix hours, I've been tearing round the woods like a lunatic, in search of you, and running to the police station every hour to see if they had any tidings of you!"

Some of the awful disdain went out of Annabel's eyes, and her lips began to quiver.

"Jack, are you certain you haven't been to the church this morning?"



"Dead sure. Why?"

"Because I—I heard Blanche call somebody 'Jack,' and I thought—"

"Couldn't you see who it was?" interposed Jack.

"N-no, I was—among the trees."

"Well, if you had investigated, you'd have discovered that Miss Douglas's 'Jack' is a big Newfoundland dog her uncle sent her from Halifax last week. She named him Jack in my honor, and told me she should take him with her when she goes alone to the church to practice, because she is a little timid since she found that tramp asleep in the organ-loft."

"Then I've been wrong, Jack—dear Jack!"

That was enough for Jack. In a moment, the golden head was on his breast, and a good many minutes went by before his curi-

osity again asserted itself and he allowed Annabel to tell the story of her involuntary elopement.

Jack too had a story to tell, and he told it with a thrill of life and gladness running through his tender voice. Jack had earned the five thousand dollar reward; for, though he had not exactly captured the thief, he had established his identity beyond a doubt, and better still, he had discovered and restored all the lost valuables.

"As for the scoundrel himself, I only hope he will be caught and meet with his deserts," he said, in conclusion.

"Oh, hush, Jack!" said Annabel, with a shiver. "He may be lying at the bottom of the pool below the rapids!"

And so he was. The old fisherman found him a few days later.

TWO SONNETS.

BY VERONA COE HOLMES.

I. NIGHT.

OH, what if never, never once again—
After long hours of glowing, glaring light
Full-filled with labor—what if never Night
Should come? Ah me! if we should wait in
vain,
O'erworn and footsore, fainting, toil-oppressed,
For kind permit to drop the tangled mesh
Of work-day cares—should wait in vain the fresh
Cool coming of the Night, with gift of rest?
Lo, 'neath thy shrewd task-mastership, O sun,
We strive and sweat: we shake the world with
vast
Emprises; but we bare our brows at last—
We wash our hands of toil when Night is come.
Oh, motherly good Night! we, weary, creep
Into the comfort of thine arms and sleep.

II. LIGHT.

And what if evermore the Night should close
Its folds about us when, with strength renewed,
We long to urge the work erewhile eschewed—
To frame and forge with lusty blows on blows?
How would we watch, with ready right arms bare,
The ashen East, enwrapped in shroud and pall,
For Light whereby to speed the task let fall
When Night and slumber seized us unaware!
Ay, what if still the hours, bewildered, lost,
Should evermore go groping blindly by—
If palsied, dead, a ruin in the sky,
Swung the great sun, burnt out and hoar with
frost?
Oh, foolish auguries! Oh, dreams of Night!
While life hath need of Light, shall there be
Light.

MY NAME.

BY C. E. BOLLES.

I WROTE my name on the shining sand
Along the pebbly shore;
The tide came in, the waves ran high—
Alas! 'twas seen no more.

I carved my name on a tablet fair,
With laurel and with bay;
The green leaves died, and the hand of time
Soon smoothed the name away.

I wrote my name in lines of gold
On mammon's glittering shrine;
Thousands were there in after years:
But where, oh, where was mine?

I wrote my name in a human heart
With a loving kindly word,
And it echoed round so loud and clear
That list'ning thousands heard.

LINDSAY CAIRN.

BY SOPHIE EARL.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68.

CHAPTER IV.



WHEN Carl stepped up confidently to accompany Mrs. Cairn and her maid, he was surprised to find his escort very firmly declined.

"No," said Lindsay, "I cannot accept any more of your 'friendly attentions,' after the scene which you made me this afternoon. I see very distinctly, at last, how imprudent I have been in permitting you to monopolize me."

"Your fiery friend, I suppose, has been giving you a lecture on behavior," returned Carrol, "or has my Cousin Fanny begun to meddle too? Which is it?"

"Neither. My own common sense has at last aroused me. Good-bye."

He went off furious. If jealousy generally blinds a woman to truth, it as often lends a man the intuitive perception usually lacking in his sex. The vague "I believe it because I believe it," which in his normal state he laughs at as the utmost absurdity of feminine unreason, now possesses his own masculine brain and as obstinately.

Carl Carrol felt an indescribable conviction, founded upon nothing at all, that Eliot Hartley had lost him his chance of wedding Lindsay. She had shown no interest in the man, and he but little in her; yet, in one day, all had changed and could never again be the same.

He was thinking of the possibility of a duel with savage joy, when he was overtaken by the object of his wrath and hatred.

"Mr. Carrol," said Hartley, courteously, "I am going to ask you to walk on with me to my rooms at the Grand Hotel, where we can have a little talk together—an explanation, as you put it, which may be satisfactory to us both."

"I should prefer to send a friend to settle the affair 'en regle,'" replied Carl, stiffly.

"It is useless. I would not accept your challenge. To cross swords for the lady, under the circumstances, would be to pay her a very bad compliment and bring her into unpleasant notoriety. When you hear what I have to say, you will feel less disposed to fight."

"Well, then, if we must talk it out like women, you might better come to my rooms, for we are almost at the door," said the artist, with such civility as he could summon.

Mr. Hartley accepted at once, without seeming to notice the constraint of the invitation.

Silently they mounted four flights of a spiral stairway, and then took a step into Bohemia; but Bohemia artistic, respectable, and elegant. The rooms which Mr. Carrol was ever ready to abandon for Mrs. Cairn's simple little parlor were furnished with luxurious profusion and taste. Soft skins covered the floors, old tapestries and delicate textures hung over walls and windows, flowering plants were reflected in shadowy mirrors, ease and comfort pervaded the more useful articles of furniture. There were pictures, too—numbers of them—but none unfinished; the studio was on the other side of the house.

Mr. Carrol struck a match and lit a rose-shaded lamp, then motioned his companion toward a chair.

"Do you smoke?" he said, still stiffly, offering his cigar-case.

"Yes, but—thanks—not now; let me get through my explanation first. I need not pretend to ignore the fact that my appearance here has annoyed you, nor that you dislike me; for both facts are evident. I can only preface my story by saying that from my heart of hearts I regret this, and am in a state of perplexity so great that there is really nothing for me to do but to give you the points and let you judge for your-

self: Seven years ago, I started on a sea-voyage with my mother and a young lady named Elizabeth Kerne, usually called Lizzie Kerne. She was no relation to me, but the daughter of an old friend of my parents, whom my mother had adopted. She had no fortune—not a coin to her name, except the allowance my mother gave her. I was fond of her—we had been brought up together, like brother and sister; but I was not in love with her. I had no other attachment, however, and was quite willing to fulfil my mother's wish and marry her; only, as she was so young and I was not impatient, the engagement promised to be a long one. We started in a storm, and soon after were wrecked. I was badly hurt in the first shock of the accident, and how I happened to be saved I do not know. When I came to myself after hours of insensibility, my first questions were for my mother and my betrothed. The physician made inquiries, and brought word that my mother had been drowned, and that Miss Kerne had been saved by clinging to the rigging, but was so prostrated bodily and mentally by the exposure and horror that they feared she might be long in regaining her memory and the clearness of her mind. I believed myself to be dying, and insisted on sending for a clergyman and having the marriage ceremony performed at once, so that she might be provided for. They had some trouble to induce her to consent; but at last they brought her, and we were married. It was not until the last words were said that I discovered, through the accident of a lifted curtain, that I had married the wrong woman. The similarity of the names 'Kerne' and 'Cairn,' which, though spelt differently, are pronounced alike, and the confusion of 'Lizzie' and 'Lindsay,' had brought about this lamentable error. I tried to speak—to explain—but was too weak; they tell me I fainted. As the lady recovered, which was soon after, and learned of the mistake, she was very indignant and mortified, and disappeared without even waiting for her marriage certificate, which is of course in my possession. I now doubt if she even knew my name."

Mr. Hartley paused; but Carl was silent.

"On that point," resumed Hartley, "perhaps you can inform me. Is Mrs. Cairn aware that I—"

"She is not," he answered, with an effort. "I recognized you; she did not. She told me her story only the other day—the very day you appeared. She has no idea of your identity."

"So much the better," said Mr. Hartley, with satisfaction. "That will simplify matters."

The artist gazed at him in mute wonder.

"You seem surprised," said Eliot. "Let me try to make you understand. Of course, we were married legally; we are man and wife to-day—"

Carl winced.

"But it was all by mistake. The parson himself, a strict churchman, said it was an exceptional case which might justify dissolution."

"Ah!" exclaimed Carrol, brightening, "I begin to see. You love someone else—you want your freedom."

"Not so fast. Let me go on: I was supposed to be dying, and I was really ill. It was a month before I was up and about; and then, though I tried my best, I could not discover the remotest trace of—my bride. I have advertised, taken all sorts of legal steps, in vain. Chance—I ought to say Providence—brought me to this city a few days ago. Madame Strelna's husband was an old friend of mine in my college days at Bonn. I called there; she talked of her musicale. As I was leaving, she asked me carelessly if I would carry a message from her to Madame Cairn, and, on questioning her, I became convinced that she was speaking of my vanished wife. Now, my satisfaction at her ignorance of my identity comes from this: Madame Strelna is in my confidence; I had a moment's conversation with her before setting out to join you, and she reluctantly admitted that she thought there was no chance for me to gain my wife's affections. She spoke of your love for the lady, and seemed to think it was returned. If that is the case—if I should be convinced that it is the case—I shall, of course, put no obstacle in the way of her claiming her legal freedom, as—under the very exceptional circumstances alone, mind—I consider she has a moral right to do."

He paused, and there was a long silence. Carl Carrol's face was pale and set, his eyes fixed gloomily upon the floor. He was struggling against his pride and egotism,

and at last they yielded to his better feelings.

"I hope you will pardon my rudeness," he said, frankly holding out his hand. "If I had known what a noble-hearted man I was insulting, believe me, I—"

"I do believe you," interrupted Hartley, clasping his hand firmly. "Let us be friends. I can't help myself, you know; but I think it only right to admit that I am in a fair way of falling in love with my wife, and am more than ready to keep my troth, though I pledged it by accident. If she is to be won for me, I mean to try to win her; so don't let us misunderstand each other on that point."

"Your chances are good," sighed Carl. "She has refused me three times, and would not allow me to write to the clergyman or doctor to make inquiries concerning you—some delicacy she had about property. There is nothing for me but to go away and try to forget, or stay here and fight it out. Men don't often die for love's sake, as women do; I'm sure I don't know why, for we certainly suffer. Will you smoke now?"

"With pleasure."

They sat talking till they remembered that it was dinner-time, and then they dined together at a restaurant where they met friends, and the evening ended pleasantly at Mr. Hartley's rooms.

Carl Carrol all unwittingly was taking the best and easiest way to work his own healing. For a jealous pain, the friendship of the rival—or at least a kind feeling toward him—is the only relief and cure.

CHAPTER V.

It was agreed between the baroness, her cousin, and Mr. Hartley, that, until the latter gave his consent, nothing should be said to Mrs. Cairn. He wished to woo and win her for himself, without thought on her part of duty or constraint; and she was very far from suspecting the truth. She certainly seemed a little shy with Mr. Hartley and avoided him when she could, to his decided discomfiture; but Carl Carrol easily guessed that this was because of his own teasing, and that perhaps the caricatures and his quarrel had something to do with it.

"What became of your duel?" she asked, the first time she found a chance. "I positively trembled for everybody's life."

"By 'everybody' do you mean me, or your ardent—blond ardent—admirer?" asked Carrol, laughing.

"Whichever you please. It might have spared me restless nights and days of anxiety, if I could have foreseen the tranquillity of your demeanor at our next meeting."

"We made it up," said Carl, gravely.

"He is an admirable fellow. I think of putting him into a picture, as—as—whom do you think he would do for? Launcelot?"

"Launcelot? Nonsense! Launcelot was certainly dark. He would make a better Saint George; and then you might use your famous sketches of the double phase—one for George, one for the dragon."

"You are irreverent, frivolous, Lindsay, and when I repeat this to him—"

"Which you will not do."

"We shall see. There, then," he added, as he saw her distressed, "I shall be silent."

Lindsay was puzzled. She did not know what to make of her old friend. His manner had changed. Evidently, she thought, the knowledge of her previous life had at last made him believe in her refusal. She, it must be remembered, never doubted that her husband was dead; but she fancied, from Mr. Carrol's behavior, that he did not think her free, and, though relieved, she felt a little lonely at his withdrawal.

Madame Strelina was very kind. She pretended to find her pale and out of spirits, and one day proposed a grand idea for a summer rest. They were in Lindsay's little parlor, a bright room furnished in brown and gold—which colors, when cunningly blended, give out such rich effects for a small outlay. A great brown vase full of field-flowers was standing where the light fell full upon them, and the wild bloom lost nothing by contrast with the be-ribboned dainty basket of yellow roses that the baroness had just placed on a table.

"I have come," she said, as she sank into a comfortable chair with satisfaction, "to announce your summer plans."

"Mine?"

"Yes. You are tired out—or you ought to be, after your busy season. I do not invite you. I claim you; I positively insist upon having you to share the sweetest of Swiss chalets by the most romantic of lakes

at the foot of the most majestic—or at least,” she said, catching herself up, “one of the most majestic of mountains. We are all going. That is, our own particular society set, with our usual sprinkling of artists. The others will live in the hôtel, while you and I will occupy a tiny annex, a wee chalet with hanging balconies cut out like wooden lace-work, and deep chimney-places where pine logs blaze up and crackle o’ cold nights. I have been there before. Pack your trunk at once; put in everything of the prettiest, with a mountain dress as ravishing as you can invent.”

“But I am not sure—”

“Yes, you are.”

“Indeed I am not.”

“Mr. Hartley is going.”

“What difference does that make to me?”

But her color rose.

“And my Cousin Carl.”

“I can bear the idea of both without losing my customary calm, dear madame, and I scarcely see—”

“If there is one thing I hate,” exclaimed the baroness, petulantly, “it is prudence. Marthe is perfectly trustworthy; leave her in charge. ‘Come, oh! come with me!’”

“Of course I want to. Did you say Herr Strich was going?”

“He is probably packing a grand piano at this instant, and composing curious accompaniments all the while in thinking of you and the songs you will sing, with all sorts of Swiss cries and squeals and halloos and la-la-las in them.”

“Squeals?” cried Mrs. Cairn, indignantly. “I was not sure if I wanted to go, before; now I know I don’t. Squeals!”

“Pardon—oh, pardon! Herr Strich and you could turn any kind of noise—more pardon—sound, I should say, into a joy. A groan from you would be ‘silver sweet,’ and altogether golden if echoed by a soft thunder-pat from the gentle ‘executioner!’”

“I ought to be mollified.”

“Mr. Hartley would be desolated if you did not go—‘his days sunless, his nights starless.’”

“If you mention him again, I shall decide at once to stay at home.”

“I don’t really believe he would much care,” said Madame Strelna, with unblushing falsity. “People are raising the report,” she added, mischievously, “that he is attent-

ive to me—that we are, in fact, engaged; but it is not so, I assure you. I have no immediate intention of remarrying, though I do not say I never will. And—and I admire Mr. Hartley.”

“He is very nice,” said Mrs. Cairn, indifferently; and then the talk turned to the summer plan, toilettes were discussed, and all settled before the gay little lady left the house.

Two weeks later, they were settled together in a spot of ideal beauty, a little sheltered nook in a valley that was nearly all blue lake. There was just enough of land and jutting rock for a tiny picturesque hamlet composed of half a dozen little chalets, one big one for a hotel, and a wee, wee church with two tinkling bells that rang out the quarters and hours with a falling fourth that sounded like a comical sigh. One could fancy the little belfry wagging its head and sighing: “Ah! me!” over the pleasant flight of time.

Great gloomy mountains rose around, crowding each other, toppling their rugged peaks and snowy crags and dizzy ledges, with here and there a cleared spot, a patch of light-green through the emerald pines, with a little dwelling snugly perched beneath some sheltering cliff.

The baroness and Lindsay were the first to arrive. The others were to come later and when they pleased. During the first few days, the freshness of the air, the novelty of the scene, and the utter delight in freedom and idleness were enough; but, as they became more used to the glories of nature above, below, and all around them, the ladies began to look forward with pleasure to the arrival of their friends, and the first party of ladies and gentlemen that descended from the steamboat was greeted with joy.

All the picturesque points were visited; the most frantic expeditions were planned and carried out, and still they cried “Excelsior!” and sighed for regions loftier still.

Then, just when a perilous undertaking had been firmly determined upon, the guide’s scruples overcome, the landlord’s objections crushed, a blight befell. The mountain, whose cloudy summit was regarded as a trusty barometer, showed a filmy wreath of cloud, and the wreath expanded and became a turban, and then spread out into a veil that crept down and down, covering all the

country with its mistiness, and bringing after it a week of pouring rain.

CHAPTER VI.

EVERYONE knows the dreariness of a rainy week in a country hotel, whether by sea-shore, on mountain top, or in the happiest of valleys; and, although this chosen spot was far more delightful than other places in fair weather, all such merits failed in a storm, and it became like any other muddy waste of desolation.

The stricken tourists set their wits to work for indoor amusement; all the changes were rung and rung again on tableaux, games, and every variety of musical combination. The wonderful excursion long served to arouse a faint interest tinged with lingering hope; but so many days came and went before they could carry it out, that they began to treat it as a joke—to bring it up every day as a new idea—so that they almost ended by believing that there was no such place, and consequently no possibility of ever getting there.

Then, as is always the case when things grow unbearably bad, a change came. The sun shone out so brilliantly that everyone appeared at breakfast in good spirits, and gay laughter sounded through the halls that lately echoed to complaint.

Mr. Hartley entered the breakfast-room, looking radiant and satisfied. He was followed by Mr. Carrol, Herr Strich, and others, all beaming.

"Ladies," said one of them, "prepare for the worst."

"We have endured the worst so long that you may spare your threats," cried the baroness, defiantly.

"Life has been dull lately," mused the Herr "Executioner"; "song and tone-poem have ceased to charm; the dice-box has ceased to rattle; the frenzy of euchre is abated, and cribbage has taken to his heels entirely—"

"But the sun shines," interrupted Carl, "and—don't scream, I beg—the excursion takes place to-day! Those of you who wish to go will make ready with all speed after breakfast. The guides and donkeys, with provisions, have already started, and more guides await our pleasure."

Such a clatter of tongues followed on this joyful announcement—such haste and run-

ning to and fro! And, before long, a picturesque procession, with peaked hats and gay mountain dresses, merrily wended their way.

For some time, the day was like any day of the sort; then, after dinner, came various little haps and mishaps and distinctive little adventures. The climb was difficult, and, though they toiled on bravely, they were still far from the height of their desire. It loomed whitely overhead, with a little shadowy shred of cloud still wafting over its snows. And the head guide kept looking up with enough of anxiety in his face to cause someone to ask him what was troubling him.

"That little cloud," he answered. "There is no certainty about the weather when that wreath of vapor hovers over our mountain. It may blow off; again, it may bring us a tempest such as would mean danger and perhaps death. A guide's responsibility is great. If you should ask me if I think we shall have a storm, I should answer—remembering that we have had a week of rain—no; but, if you should trust to my prudence, I should advise you all to take no chances on my opinion, but get back to the valley with all speed."

"No, no; never!" cried one.

"Let us take your opinion and our own chances, and enjoy the fearful peril that we now invite!" exclaimed another.

"But let us reflect," ventured Madame Strelna: "I am not thirsting for a romantic end, and, if that cloud or scrap of visible dew means an avalanche or a tearing-up-by-the-roots tornado, or any other Alpine specialty, I shall spring upon a vacant donkey and rush headlong for the valley!"

The guide hesitated. "Madame," he replied, after a moment's thought, "I do not think there will be bad weather; but it is my duty to warn you of all chances. However, there is a good inn on a plateau a mile or more above, and there we can stop and consider."

It was agreed that this would be best, and they all pursued their way in high spirits, glad as school-children to be out after their week's confinement.

"Just here, if you would not mind making a détour," suggested the guide, "there is a wonderful view: an opening in the mountains, with a very pretty waterfall beyond.

But we must all keep together, for there are several paths diverging from it, and to take a wrong turn is to go miles astray."

Mrs. Cairn was walking with one of the ladies of the party, and was deep in some interesting conversation; she heard what the man said without heeding it, and Mr. Hartley, who had turned from the others to get a tuft of edelweiss—a treasure never to be passed lightly by—was absorbed in arranging his carved presser, and did not hear a word. In fact, he did not even know they had turned aside from the original track, and was all the more delighted and amazed when the view opened suddenly upon him in all its witchery.

The mountains seemed to have parted for the very purpose of revealing the fairy-like cascade. The purplish sides of the steep cleft were hung with moss and delicate ferns, with here and there a cluster of blue harebells; beyond, across a chasm, fell a feathery cascade from such a tremendous height that, long before it reached the stream below, it had turned into smoky moisture. Gnarled and writhing pines bent above the source; through their dark branches glistened the glaciers of the higher peaks; further off and above, deep-blue sky. In spite of the merry chatting tourists, the whole scene was inexpressibly sad; the remoteness and the loneliness could be seen in some subtle atmospheric way, and Lindsay felt, she knew not why, like bursting into tears.

Fascinated, she lingered, ventured nearer to the edge of the precipice, and slipped around a great rock to be alone for a moment with this vivid yet desolate phase of nature. She could not, nor can anyone, understand why all that life and color and movement should bring such a thrill of anguish to the very hearts that love it best, admire it most, appreciate it most keenly; she could not understand why the love of nature's beauty, like all other earthly love, is mingled with pain intense as it is sweet.

She sat there gazing wistfully through the parted rocks, listening to the light laughter and gay talk of the happy party just at hand, and then she suddenly espied a curious bird's nest in a tiny crevice half hidden by a drooping bunch of harebells. The bird emerged and watched the intruders suspiciously. So absorbed was Lindsay over

its shy yet evident indignation, that she forgot to notice that the voices had ceased and she was verily alone.

She came to herself with a start, after a minute or two of utter silence, and left her nook with a certain feeling of alarm.

"Oh, there you are! You gave us a fine fright," said Mr. Hartley, appearing suddenly down the zigzag path. "They just missed you, and sent me back to bring you up to the others. Come, don't let us delay, for we ought to be getting on; the storm is gathering."

"How did you manage to get left?" he added, as she lingered for one last look.

"I crept around that rock to have the view all to myself. I don't know if you feel the same, but expressions of delight over anything like this always jar on me. What can we say when our hearts are breaking with adoration and agony over our inability to break out into adequate thanksgiving and praise?"

He looked at her rapt face in some surprise; he had never seen this side of her character. She had always been light and gay or cheerfully quiet, but he had never seen her so earnest and glowing.

"I understand a very little of what you say," he replied, smiling, "though I comprehend rather more of what you mean."

They turned and began to climb the path, still discussing the subtleties of nature's magnetism and growing so deeply interested in their plunges into the unfathomable that they were at last startled when they awoke to the fact that they were very long in overtaking their friends. They stopped to shout a yodel which was answered faintly from above.

"We are all right, then," said Mr. Hartley, looking relieved; "but they seem very far off."

"I think they might have waited," said Lindsay. "Oh! there is the first drop of rain, and the wind is rising. Let us hurry."

The wind caught them sharply as they turned the next bend in the zigzag, and perhaps that may have been why, meeting it with bent heads, they turned to the left at a shorter curve, instead of keeping on by the edge of the mountain. They were silent now; for the rain began to patter down, and they had but one thought—to reach shelter. Lindsay stopped to unroll her waterproof,

and her companion helped her to fasten it and pull the hood over her head. Half an hour passed—an hour; still they toiled up and on, and not a sign of their friends.

Mr. Hartley looked anxious, and Mrs. Cairn began to show signs of fatigue. And then, all at once, they emerged from the last bend on a long level that promised to lead on for miles.

They looked at each other in dismay.

"We are lost," said Lindsay, faintly.

"It certainly looks like it, yet I cannot understand—"

"Nor I." Her voice trembled; she seemed ready to cry.

"You are very tired—worn out. Too tired to turn back?"

"I—I am afraid I couldn't walk so far, but of course I must try."

"There seems to be something like a hut or a chalet beyond there," said Mr. Hartley, hopefully. "It is probably a shelter for travelers. We really must make for that and rest before trying to go back."

"What time is it?" she asked. "I left my watch at home."

He looked at his. "Half-past four."

"And we left the cascade—"

"About three o'clock, I think."

"It will be night before we catch up with the others!" she exclaimed, in distress. "We must turn back at once."

"Pardon me," he said, firmly, detaining her. "We will go on to the shelter first. I am drenched through, and you are worn out. We shall probably find fuel and refreshments waiting for us there, and we require both. Take my arm; it will help you."

"You are weary enough yourself, without half carrying me," she objected; but he insisted, and they walked on.

Five minutes more brought them to the shelter—a rough little hut, but water-tight, furnished with a table, a bench, some chairs, and a cupboard containing tinned meats, tea, coffee, and biscuits in abundance. A notice on the wall, printed in many languages, invited the wayfarer to take what he needed and indicated how he was to pay.

Mr. Hartley made Lindsay sit down and rest while he lighted a fire and went to fill a kettle from a neighboring spring. Lindsay rummaged through the cupboard while he was gone, produced two heavy mugs and two tin plates, and had the table set before he returned. It was not long before they felt comforted and restored, though both quailed at the idea of the long miles they had to retrace.

A blinding flash of lightning, followed by a terrific clap of thunder, startled them.

"How are we ever to get back?" cried Mrs. Cairn, starting up. "Come! we must go this instant. Do you hear me? This instant!"

"No," he said, calmly. "We must not stir from here until this storm is over—not if we have to stay a week."

She stared at him in amazement.

"I prefer to go," she said, coldly.

"And I shall not allow you to stir," he answered, with composure.

"By what right—"

"Well, for one thing, I love you—"

"This is no time for a flirtation or any nonsense, Mr. Hartley," she interrupted.

Outside, the wind howled and wailed, and the rain poured down in torrents. Inside, the fire crackled merrily in the little chimney-place, and answered instead of candles in the falling dusk.

Lindsay sat down by the hearth, and Mr. Hartley bent toward her so that the light fell full on his face. She was a little alarmed and very angry with herself for not feeling more displeasure. Then, meeting those kind brown eyes, her anger melted.

"Do you care at all for me?"

"I certainly do—like you," she replied, rather hesitatingly.

"Is that all?"

"I think so."

He took her hand and looked into her eyes.

"A wife," he said, gently, "ought to love her husband; and, though you married me by mistake, you are my wife."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE WINE OF PEARLS.

BY A. H. GIBSON.

THE wine of pearls distilled
Is friendship's kindly praise.

A cheering draught that nerves the heart
Discouragements to rase.

THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS PARTY.

BY ANNETTE FOX.

NO form of entertainment is so fascinating to the small folk as a costume party, and it is a mistake to suppose that the getting-up of pretty dresses involves any great outlay, either of time or expense.

During Christmas week, I was stopping in a country house in Maryland, in which were gathered some fifteen guests, and within an easy drive were four other great old-fashioned mansions filled to overflowing with parties of relatives and friends.

such possibility by bringing the needed attire, this idea was enthusiastically received on all sides.



THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS.

One evening had been set aside for a children's party; the older people were expected to make themselves useful, and the full-grown young ladies and gentlemen to recollect that the juveniles had the first right to the dancing-floor.

The eagerly looked-for event grew to such proportions that somebody suggested its evolution into a fancy-dress party, and, as various persons had prepared themselves for



LOUIS XV FLOWER-GIRL.

The entertainment proved delightful, and numbers among the guests, large and small, appeared in exceedingly gorgeous raiment that cost a deal of money. There were, however, a good many costumes—among the most effective, too—which had been improvised from inexpensive materials and very quickly made, thanks to several sewing-machines and their willing workers.

The Queen of Diamonds was represented by a tall graceful girl of fifteen. Her garb was patterned after that of the well-known engraving of Queen Philippa of France. The under-dress was of white flannel, over

which diamond-shaped patterns in red silk were sewed. The over-dress and hanging sleeves were of red merino. The sceptre was gilt, and the crown was of card-board covered with gilt paper and Rhine-stone stars, with a thin muslin veil depending from it.

Another pretty costume was that of the Louis XV flower-girl, worn by a clever

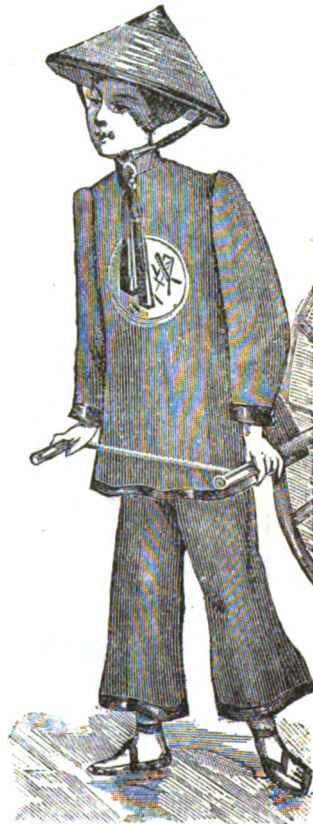


JAPANESE LADY.

damself of fourteen—devised, too, by her own ingenuity, out of a gown of her mother's. It had a low bodice and short skirt in pink silk, shot with red. The flounce, sleeves, and kerchief folds were in white embroidered muslin, to correspond with the bib apron. Fly bows in shot moiré silk and bunched-up tunic in Pompadour nun's-veiling completed the costume. The wearer's short curls were powdered, some extra tresses added at the top, and decorated with ribbons and flowers.

An exceedingly handsome woman was arrayed as a Japanese dame of rank, in a beautiful and costly costume which she had brought home as a souvenir of a recent visit to that interesting land. The robe was of red China crape, embroidered with birds and flowers and bordered with graduated bands of black silk gayly embroidered, and there was a sash to match. The robe fell open half-way up the front, and showed a cloth-of-gold petticoat, edged with a fanciful braid. The hair was tightly drawn back in a fashion that would have been sadly trying to a less classical face, and was ornamented with gold combs and pins.

The little Chinese carriage-driver—or puller, to speak correctly—proved a great success. The costume was devised by the



JUST FROM CHINA.

above-mentioned lady, after a drawing in her sketch-book. It consisted of a blue woolen blouse and loose trousers. A veritable Chinese would have worn a pointed

straw hat; but, that shape being unobtainable, a substitute was found in rice-paper crossed here and there with straw bands, and tied under the chin with red strings. On the breast of the tunic was sewed a large red medallion decorated with Chinese characters in black and gold, and a pair of

I think the handsomest of the children's costumes were those of a Page and a Fortune-teller, and their wearers showed marked dramatic ability. The dresses were among the home-made ones, but I must content myself with the briefest possible description.



PAGE (HENRY VIII). FORTUNE-TELLER.

Chinese sandals were procured from Baltimore. The small Chinaman dragged a large-sized doll's wagon which was filled with bonbons and flowers. The dress could be made of white or gray linen or cotton, bound with black braid, and would look very well.

The Fortune-teller's dress was of sky-blue cashmere, powdered with stars and crescents cut out of gold paper. About the bottom of the skirt was a broad band of dark-blue velvet—sateen would answer—strewn with stars and bats done with gold thread, and there were similar bands on the sleeves,

neck, and the sugar-loaf hat, while the muslin over-sleeves and veil were spangled with gold and silver paper. Over all, the little lady insisted on wearing a blue silk train which she managed very adroitly, though the dress would have been striking without that adjunct, which most little girls would find troublesome while examining hands by the aid of a gilt wand.

The Page's coat and puffed trunks were of black velvet, the coat trimmed with fur and revers of violet silk that matched the sleeves, which had velvet slashings. The pourpoint, or close-fitting tunic, as well as the short cloak, was of brocaded silk. A gold cord with a jeweled clasp encircled the waist, a muslin ruffle was worn about the neck, and the cap was of black velvet with violet feathers. The square silk shoes, slashed with black velvet, were ingeniously devised by covering a pair of Chinese sandals and making tops of silk and velvet.



DI VERNON.

A Court Lady wore a dress of the time of the Georges, such as is described in Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," made of white satin, with the corsage open to show the muslin fichu, and on her head she

sported a broad-brimmed hat turned up at the side.

Di Vernon was not quite historically correct, perhaps, in her costume; but she looked remarkably well in a riding-habit and Gainsborough hat which had belonged to some long dead great-great-aunt who had been a youthful beauty when the last century was old.



A COURT LADY.

For my share in the work of preparation, I arranged dresses for a girl and boy cousin which were very pretty and striking, though the two were done in a single morning. I determined to array pretty, chubby, rosy-cheeked Mina as a Dutch maid, after a print that hung in my room. I took one of her own brightly striped woolen petticoats for the skirt, and made a basque of spotted worsted that harmonized in color, over which was worn a silk kerchief with the ends pinned under the bib of the liner apron, that was tied about the waist with a broad ribbon, while gay stockings with high-heeled slippers showed the feet to great advantage. The cap looked an intricate

affair, but in reality it was very easily put together by the aid of long stitches and many pins. It was made of muslin and edged with lace, and a large gold pin was fastened in the hair on each side.

The Mexican Boy's costume cost as little trouble, Master Ted's own new black corduroy suit serving for the basis. I basted loose white linen sleeves over the black ones, to give the effect of a shirt, and adorned the knickerbockers with tinsel and gilt buttons. A red silk scarf was tied about the waist, with a dagger stuck in it. White linen was folded over the stockings and fastened at the ankles by four rows of twisted cotton cord of various colors, which also secured the

leather slippers. A real Mexican scarf was thrown over the left shoulder; on the right side was slung a small gun. The hat was his sister's black felt turban, brightened by colored pompons matching the ribbon-trimmed net which covered his hair.

Among the noticeable home-made costumes which lack of space prevents my illustrating, I must mention:

The Wild West Shooting Girl wore a loose vest having short sleeves in blue cloth, with multicolor embroidery. It opened on a low-draped front in red twill flannel. The short blue skirt was trimmed in front with the rainbow embroidery, from which depended a blue chenille fringe falling on a red plait-



DUTCH MAID. MEXICAN BOY.

ing. Large Buffalo Bill hat in gray felt was placed on the side of the head and secured with red and blue ribbons.

The Butterfly: Low bodice and short skirt in spotted gauze or white Russian net. Corselet in velvet, cut and striped, to recall the butterfly chosen. Wings at the back, made with painted gauze shaped by wire.

round the waist, from which drooped at the side a cluster of loops-and-ends in pink moiré ribbon.

Among the grown people in fancy dress, the College Graduate and the Professoress were two very effective costumes, and their wearers supported their assumed characters so admirably that they created much amuse-



THE COLLEGE GRADUATE. THE PROFESSORESS.

Clusters of butterflies in front of the skirt. Sparkling antennæ in the hair.

The Young Masher sported a black tailcoat and breeches, with a white silk waistcoat and stockings. He had a diamond stud in his shirt front, wore pumps, and carried an opera hat.

Colombine had a white plaited grenadine over pink cambric, with a plaited ruching

ment. The Graduate's gown was of white muslin, and the Professoress had a costume that reminded one of a style adopted for a season during the First Empire in France. The dress was of striped silk, opened over a lace petticoat. A Marie de Medici ruff, and a lace cap with a full border quite covering the hair, rendered the costume still more quaint.

ONLY A FIRE.

BY HELEN W. GROVE.

A SHIP on fire, and the flames leap up
From the hull to the quivering masts;
Each slender spar is a fiery bar
And a flickering shadow casts.

I gaze on the scene, yet I do not mourn
For the luckless vessel's fate.
Lest you think me cold, let the truth be told:
'Tis only a fire in the grate.

A WEDDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

JANE TRESCOTT and I had been engaged from the time she was eighteen and I twenty-five, and now "the dearest girl in the world" had just passed her eight-and-twentieth birthday and we were not married yet.

It appeared to me that we had waited long enough—a great deal too long, in fact; but, while there had been imperative reasons for the delay, I had borne disappointment and suspense with a fair share of patience.

When we two met and fell in love in the old-fashioned orthodox manner—that is, at first sight—we were both carrying heavy burdens which there seemed no way of lightening by insinuating a little personal happiness among them. I had the care of three young half-brothers on my shoulders, and I was a newly fledged and struggling lawyer. I earned enough to continue the boys' education, and perhaps I endured no more secret privations than were good for me. I had also to make a home for my father's sickly, peevish, morbidly sensitive—which means consummately selfish—widow; so my conscience would not allow me to ask Jane to share that home, for it would have involved a slavery not easy to realize.

But, in any case, Jane could not have come to me; for she was the mainstay and principal support of a blind mother and two sisters, with an invalid fourth cousin to make the number of her charges even and her work a little harder. She taught school, she kept house, she wrote reviews, she painted on china, she acted as nurse and market-woman, and filled every other remaining household office which could come under the head of "general utility."

The years went on; two evenings in each week we managed to spend together, and on Sunday we sometimes had a walk—although, as a rule, something prevented that. My boys reached an age to begin life for themselves. The oldest brother graduated at Harvard and studied law; the second went into business; the third, with energy and

dispatch, set out on the journey which is popularly called "going to the devil." He was the one sweet, impulsive, loving, lovable nature in the trio, and I pretty well broke my heart over him—not to mention cramping myself pecuniarily to the last extent. No effort to help him was of any avail, and finally a galloping consumption carried him off after an illness of six weeks. I think I buried a piece of my heart in his grave; but, all the same, I went away from the cemetery with a feeling of relief.

Then a very unexpected thing happened: an old lover of my step-mother's came back from Australia and saw her somewhere looking wonderfully young and pretty, more like thirty than fortyseven. He proposed to her again and married her within a month. I have always thought it fortunate that the necessity for returning to the antipodes put any delay out of the question, and I hope devoutly for the husband's sake—he was a singularly frank, kindly, straightforward man—that his affection, the change of climate, and the fact of having plenty of money at her command, made my former step-mother less like a human nutmeg-grater than she was during my experience of her.

Of course, the family's living and the boys' education had prevented my laying by any considerable sum of money during the past years; still, I had saved something, and, when my burden was so unexpectedly lifted, I thought I saw daylight at last—the road open to happiness.

But it was not to be; the concern in which my small savings were invested, after having for half a century enjoyed an unequalled reputation for probity and security, failed without warning, and my poor earnings, like the means of scores of other unfortunates, were swallowed up in the earthquake which caused a temporary shock to financial circles throughout the country.

The very misfortune that had befallen me induced Jane to take a step which, with her reticence and shyness, she would never

have done under other circumstances: she said quietly that she was ready to marry me—that she had decided it would be better in every way that our engagement should not be further prolonged.

But fate was against the plan. Jane's youngest sister, her one efficient aid, met with an accident by which her spine was hopelessly injured. Then the fourth cousin's mind failed, she became more helpless than ever, and Jane absolutely refused to keep her promise.

I am quite aware that this long catalogue of troubles and hindrances sounds exaggerated; but I have in reality a good deal softened the record, and, during the next few years, there was no let-up, no break, no show for the future which might at least give us the prop and stay of hope and expectation. We just had our courage, fortitude, and our love.

I will give no further details of our lives during that period of suspense, but get on to the event of which I began to write: the time when our marriage seemed not only feasible, but had been actually decided on—the very date set.

Jane's charges were removed very suddenly and very nearly together. Death mercifully took the three sufferers, and, dearly as she loved them, my poor girl could but feel that their release was something to be glad of for their sakes. The second sister had married while we two were waiting, for it never occurred to her that she ought not to leave Jane alone at her post: though her departure made slight difference, as she had always spent the greater part of her earnings on her own wants and fancies. She married a widower with several children, and went to Jamaica to live; and that was the end of her, so far as her own family was concerned.

I had wanted to be married on Jane's twenty-eighth birthday; I cannot resist stopping to tell you that she was a young-looking woman, in spite of all she had gone through, with a face which was absolutely beautiful from its expression of sweetness and gentleness. I find that last sentence evaporated in a sort of parenthesis, so I will begin another to tell you that I was disappointed in my wish of making the dear girl's birthday that of our wedding. After her mother's death, a great-aunt of Jane's came

to our city to live; she was taken ill, and Jane had to go and nurse her. When she recovered, she begged that our marriage might be put off for a few weeks, and she brought such pressure to bear that Jane consented.

Well, to cut the story short, this artful old woman managed by a series of ingenious devices to keep us waiting for almost another year. Twice she fell ill, and we were warned by her doctor that any shock would kill her, owing to the condition of her heart, and her nerves were so out of order that she must be indulged in every particular. Another time, she pleaded for a respite on account of business matters. She wished to give Jane a certain property, and could not make over the deed until somebody in her late husband's family came of age—an event which would happen in about two months. She was very well off, indeed, and declared she meant to make her will in Jane's favor; but we both told her at last that we did not propose to become her slaves on this account—she must do what she thought fit and right.

Still, she managed to outgeneral us, and Jane's twenty-eighth birthday had been passed so long that it would soon be necessary to think about her next one, and we were not married yet. Then it was I rebelled; I declared in plain terms that the day for our marriage must and should be set.

The old lady, as a rule, appeared to like me very much—petted me, invited me often to her house, and even allowed me to have opinions—a liberty she seldom permitted Jane to enjoy. Altogether she was so smooth and wheedling that for a long while she thoroughly deceived me; I actually believed she wanted our happiness, and that the obstacles she put in the way—her illnesses and the rest—were her misfortune, not her fault.

But my eyes were open; I had borne enough—Jane a great deal too much. I went to Mrs. Arden's house; I told her that, just two weeks from the Thursday on which I had the honor to give her the information, her grandniece and I were to be married.

I had expected a scene; but the venerable serpent—I bear her no malice, and we lived to be very good friends: still, venerable serpent is the name for her—received my ultimatum with a really charming resignation.

"You are right," she said. "I have given you reason to think me a dreadfully selfish old woman; maybe I have been, but it was not meant—no, no! I regret deeply that my business matters are not in a state for me to settle outright on Jane a suitable sum; but, in a few months, if you would wait—"

"Two weeks from this Thursday, Jane and I are to be married," I said, not interrupting her, for she had paused to give a little sigh. "I am pretty strong physically—my business is improving—I can keep a wife comfortably without anybody's assistance; if I could not, I should take no wife."

I am a very quiet man, usually not given to many words, and, as a rule, rather slow and hesitating in speech; but, on this occasion, though as quiet as ever, my remark was delivered clearly and unhesitatingly.

For an instant, Mrs. Arden looked as if about to give way to a spasm of rage; I knew from the servants that she was infirm in her temper, though Jane had held her peace, and before me the old lady had been on her guard. Now she absolutely glared, and there was the oddest sound in her throat—something between a squeaking door and a file. Then she turned away her head for an instant and changed the queer noise into a little laugh.

"Good!" she pronounced. "I am glad to see you have more spirit than I gave you credit for. I like a man who knows how to be master."

I did not think it worth while to explain that I saw no more reason why a man should control than be controlled; I only said I was glad she approved of what had been decided.

"I'm a selfish old thing, I suppose," she rejoined, with a cheerful smile; "but I don't mean to be! Oh, here comes Jane! Well, Jay, my dear, this masterful man says he means to marry you a week from Thursday. Will you—will you—what do you say to such a Petrucio?"

"I say yes," Jane answered, growing a little pink as I stepped forward and gave her a kiss.

I dined at the house, and we spent a pleasant evening discussing ways and means. On one point only did the great-aunt and I differ: she wanted to live with us from the outset, and I declined. Jane agreed with me that we had earned a few months to our-

selves; during a part of that time, we proposed to go South in order that I might attend to some business. The old lady gave in at length, and we knew she would be perfectly comfortable with the relative who Jane proposed should keep her company until we were prepared to have her with us.

I hoped devoutly that she would be so well pleased that she would prefer to stay in her hired house with her new companion—to whom, so far as Jane and I were concerned, she was quite welcome to leave her money. I was willing Jane should do what seemed her duty to render her aunt's declining years quiet and pleasant; but I considered that the duty did not go very far. We had both been doing our duty to other people so much during the last ten years, that I thought it time we remembered we owed a little to ourselves and to each other.

I have not space to tell how often during the next fortnight Mrs. Arden veered from one point of the compass to another, passed from affectionate friendliness to perversity and crossness, thence to pathos, and, through every possible gradation, back to amiability. My eyes were fully opened, however, and her arts did not deceive me. I saw that she meant, if possible, to have our marriage indefinitely postponed; but I was not troubled, for Jane had promised, no matter what happened, that we should be married on the day set. On three separate occasions was I summoned to the house in the middle of the night, to see Mrs. Arden die; but she failed in every attempt, and came out on each succeeding morning as brisk as a bee.

Once she decided that we must be married in her house, so that she could witness the ceremony; for she pronounced herself too ailing to go out. We agreed to her proposal, and she declared that she should give a breakfast to a few friends. Two days afterward, she told us curtly the ceremony must take place in church, or at a justice of the peace's office, or wheresoever we pleased, outside of her dwelling; she was a dying woman, and could not have her numerous mental and physical woes added to by "junketing and racketing." If we saw fit to choose the closing days of her life to carry out our selfish plans, she must submit; but we could not reasonably expect to walk to the altar directly across her body—not directly across!

Well, the second week came—the blessed day was nearing! Grand-aunt Arden abruptly announced that she had ordered a nice little collation, which was to be partaken of by a few select friends after the ceremony. Then, to our stupefaction, she added sweetly:

“So at noon on Thursday—in my parlors, as we agreed—I shall see you two dear souls made one!”

We endeavored to explain that we had arranged, according to her wish, to be married in church. She immediately had “a spasm about her heart,” and wondered how we could bear to torture her. She had never dreamed of our wedding’s taking place elsewhere than under her roof! She looked on us as her children; if we hated her and wanted to be rid of her, why, she must endure it as best she could.

The end of the matter was that we again promised to be married in her house; but, in order to be on the safe side in case Mrs. Arden should be troubled by another lapse of memory, I had her write me a note with a clear statement of the whole plan. After this, she kept ominously quiet and unnaturally sweet; but Jane reproached me when I hinted that I feared the venerable ser—I paused in response to a pleading glance and hastily substituted “lady” for the word I had begun—meant mischief. However, I ceased to suspect the poor old soul; she was so motherly and kind, and flattered me so artfully, that I was ashamed to harbor a doubt of her sincerity.

Wednesday evening came; I spent it at Mrs. Arden’s. A part of the time, Jane and I were left alone; but our consciences pricked us—or Jane’s conscience pricked us both—and we went in to cheer the old lady. When I said good-night, Mrs. Arden embraced me, gave the pair of us her blessing, and was delightful in every way.

About a quarter past eleven on Thursday morning, I went to Mrs. Arden’s house. Before I could gain admittance, I rang till the neighbors thought it was a fire-alarm, and quite an excitement was created. At last, the newly arrived relation of Mrs. Arden’s late husband herself opened the door, in a loose gown and a state of hysterical excitement.

“The poor dear was taken this morning with one of her heart-attacks; we thought

she’d die! Didn’t you get the message? Word had to be sent that the ceremony is put off until evening; it had to be done—by the doctor’s orders.”

It is against the law to kill troublesome human insects, so I had to let that disheveled, tearful, incoherent creature live!

Jane came downstairs; we went into the parlor and shut the door. The hour had been changed without Jane’s knowledge; as guests and clergyman were already informed thereof, of course there was nothing for us to do but submit.

“We will be married to-night,” I said, “if we are obliged to have the ceremony performed on the door-step; promise me that, Jane!”

Jane promised solemnly that no human power should prevent our marriage that evening, so I went away as Jane was sent for from the sick-room in hot haste—the spasms had commenced again.

About dusk, I received a hurried note from my poor girl, saying that Mrs. Arden had sent messages to the guests that the wedding had been deferred. The house was shut up; Mrs. Arden seemed very ill, and her doctor would give Jane no information beyond telling her that, if she did not keep careful watch of her sick relative and humor her in everything, he would not answer for the consequences. Jane begged me to send a reply by the messenger, whom she could trust implicitly. I answered that at eight o’clock I would be at the area entrance and would bring a minister with me—she could leave the sick-room long enough for the ceremony to be gone through—married that night we must be.

Punctually at the hour, I was at the door, accompanied by the clergyman—a man whom I knew only slightly and to whom I confided no particulars of the state of affairs beyond saying that, owing to illness in the house, the marriage ceremony was to be performed in any room which chanced to be vacant.

I made no excuse for taking him to the basement door, which my betrothed opened in answer to my ring. We went into the front room; but, in less than two minutes, we heard cries of distress mingled with calls for Jane. Then downstairs rushed the newly arrived relation, sobbing:

“Jane, Jane, she’s dying! She knows

the minister is here—she only begs you to put off the ceremony long enough for him to come and pray with her. You can't refuse that!"

"Certainly not, certainly not," spoke up the clergyman. "I had no idea there was any person so ill in the house. I—" He stopped to glare at me, to look suspiciously at Jane, who stood white as death and shivering from head to foot. "Show me at once to the poor lady's apartment, if you please," he added.

"Yes, yes," sobbed the relative. "And oh! Mr. Scott, if you would just run for the doctor—only round the corner, you know—both the servants are busy! Oh, I do think she is dying, this time—I do, indeed!"

I did not; but I was forced to go, after whispering in Jane's ear that the ceremony should be said the instant I returned. There could be nothing unseemly in the solemnizing of a rite so sacred, even though Mrs. Arden were dying—which she was not!

I went for the doctor and he was out, but only over at a neighboring chemist's, the servant said; so I followed to find that he had gone to his club, and I drove there. I was absent nearly an hour, and, not having found him, called again at his house to learn that he had returned and had driven to Mrs. Arden's.

When I reached the old lady's dwelling, it was shut and dark. I rang the bell loud enough to wake the dead. The clergyman appeared, and, standing on the top step, the tall stately shepherd gave me unsolicited his frank opinion of myself and my conduct, and his verdict thereon was far from flattering. When he had finished his little oration, he stalked away, refusing to hear a word.

The new relation came downstairs and begged me to go up; if you can believe it, I was conducted to the sick-room! Mrs. Arden lay propped among her pillows; she certainly did look very ill, and as certainly she had a bad attack of hysteria. At times she lay in a fairly comatose state, at others moaned and caught her breath with such difficulty that it seemed as if each labored respiration must be the last.

The doctor was there, Jane was there, and the two servants were there, besides the new relation and myself, and we were all kept busy during the next two hours. When the old lady did grow quiet, it was so late that to

find a minister to perform the marriage ceremony was out of the question. Mrs. Arden, aided by fate, had conquered in the face of my determination.

The next day, Jane was so utterly prostrated by a nervous headache that she could not lift her head from the pillow. Mrs. Arden made no objection to my calling every little while at the house; saw me herself twice, but fainted each time I spoke of the wedding. Toward night, Jane felt better, and was able to rise and dress. She promised to go with me to the house of a clergyman whose services I had already secured, taking pains also to explain clearly the circumstances of the case, so that Mrs. Arden and fate, with all their ingenuity, could not again thwart our plan.

But it was thwarted all the same, though I suppose on that occasion the blame must be laid entirely on the shoulders of cross-grained destiny. I suppose, too, that you will not believe the story—you will think I am piling up incidents to add dramatic effect; but I can only say again, everything I am setting down actually happened.

We had given up the idea of a wedding journey until Mrs. Arden should be pronounced in her usual state of health; but, when Jane met me in the evening, she wore the pretty gray costume which had been made expressly for her wedding. We drove to the clergyman's residence and reached there to learn that a telegram had only half an hour before summoned the reverend gentleman to Albany, where his son had met with a terrible accident. Even in his haste and distress of mind, the good man had remembered his appointment and left a note for me, saying that he had sent to ask a brother minister to supply his place—I would no doubt find the substitute ready and waiting.

We drove to the address given, to learn that the brother minister had been absent from town for several days. From that house we went to the homes of three other ministers, and could not find one among the trio. Then Jane, utterly worn out by physical pain and mental distress, broke down, and we had absolutely to go back to Mrs. Arden's house still an engaged couple. When we reached there, the new relation rushed down to meet us, with mingled smiles and tears, exclaiming:

"Come up! Come up, quick! She wants you!"

Up we went to the sick-room. The old lady was seated in an easy-chair, wearing a becoming wrapper and a pretty lace cap. She looked very white and weak, but she extended her hands and said with a sweet smile:

"Come and be congratulated! Of course, I know why you ran away—and you are married at last! My dears, I am glad it is over! Forgive a poor old woman for being ill at the wrong moment, and accept her blessing! Roberta," addressing the new relation, "wish every happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Scott!"

Imagine having to explain that the congratulations were premature; that I was a miserable bachelor still, and the worn shaking girl by my side still Jane Trescott!

The poor child went to bed; Mrs. Arden kept me for a long while, bore my reproaches with seraphic patience, actually made me feel that I was somewhat unjust, and gave me a kiss when I took leave.

I was at the house, the next morning, at half-past ten; I had told Jane to expect

me—I would see that no further delay occurred, if I tried every clergyman in the city!

My surprise was great to see the outer doors ajar, the parlor shutters open, flowers in the vestibule, and to meet a servant with a smiling face and a white ribbon in her cap, who hurriedly informed me in pleased agitation:

"Some of the guests have come, sir, and breakfast is laid in the back parlor. Miss Jane is waiting for you upstairs in the sitting-room."

Half an hour later, we two went down, arm in arm, to the front parlor, to find the eight or ten guests, the clergyman, the new relation, and Mrs. Arden herself in a gorgeous gray satin gown and a head-dress with flowers in it, looking as brisk as a bobolink on a June morning.

The old lady had arranged the whole thing the previous evening, after my departure, and Jane and I were absolutely married then and there, though until the ring was on her finger I fully expected something to happen which would prevent the completion of the ceremony.

IN BRITTANY.

BY FLORENCE MAY ALT.

IN sparkling levels lies the sea,
Or laps the shore caressingly,
And gold-brown sea-weed washes free
Where heaven itself came down to me,
Upon the coast of Brittany.
That quaint white shore, that curves and cools
At sunset, round its rock-rimmed pools
And rosy shallows where the silver fishes swim
In schools.

Across low marshes and dull dunes
Come floating, like forgotten tunes,
The thoughts of golden afternoons.
The beauty of a hundred Junes
Was on the coast of Brittany.
The furze was yellow on the heath,
And one bright brook its ferns beneath
Slipped softly, as a silver sword may slip in velvet
sheath.

'Twas there my Vera strayed across
Thick flower-starred carpetings of moss,
To watch the wind-blown billows toss
Their foam-crests, white as silken floss,

Upon the coast of Brittany;
Till I, forgetting only part
Of my old skill and my old art,
Still painted in, with loving strokes, her picture
on my heart!

Still sings the sea in tender tone
Around that blossom-belted zone;
But I have chosen for my own
The fairest face that ever shone
Upon the coast of Brittany,
And, dwelling in my own far land,
I have my Vera still, to stand
Beside me, giving joy to life, and cunning to my
hand.

And though the world may never know
Whence comes the skill that sets aglow
My painted seas and sands of snow,
And lights that change and waves that flow
Upon the coast of Brittany,
And though below us now we see
The city's myriad lights to be,
Still picture I the magic land where heaven came
down to me!

DAUGHTER MARY'S ROOM.

BY DAMA B. STEVENS.

STAID well-to-do Farmer Smith and his wife, son, and daughter live in a large well-preserved old farm-house that has withstood the storms of fourscore years and more, and, like the quiet beautiful "country round about," has changed but little in all these years. One hazy September day, Farmer Smith and his motherly ever-busy wife invited me, before leaving them, "to take just a peep into Daughter Mary's room," adding, with honest pride: "She planned it and did all of the work herself."

"Daughter Mary" is just "sweet sixteen," and her prettily though inexpensively furnished room shows both taste and ingenuity in its arrangement.

The room is large and nearly square, with the wood-work and the smooth floor, for a space of one yard out from the base-boards, painted a soft cream-white. The side walls are covered with cream-white paper, sprinkled with leaves and flowers lightly touched with dull blue, terra-cotta, and olive green. The wide frieze shows the same colors, very much deepened; and the plainly papered ceiling, gold and red bronze stars and crescents on a cream ground.

Over the unpainted floor is a large rug, made of bright and dark flannels sewed together hit-or-miss, with a strip of black dividing each color, and woven the same as rag carpeting, with a deep red warp. The ends are finished with a drawn-in fringe of black wool.

The large square chimney of "olden times" still holds its central position in the house; but, in this room, the andirons of those days have given place to the modern grate. The wide space between the grate-borderings and mantel-supports had been plastered, and on this is a boldly sketched and painted design of cat-tails, rushes, birds, and butterflies.

Above the broad mantel, covered with a scarf that just falls over the edges of blue felt pinked on the edges, is a double cupboard, with curtains of silkoline showing a dull blue ground nearly covered with

wild roses and pale olive green foliage. These curtains are hung with brass rings slipped over a copper wire, held at the ends by screw-eyes in the wood-work. The lower shelves are filled with books, and the upper with bric-a-brac.

The three windows have curtains of creamy lace-striped scrim thrown over poles to form deep lambrequins, and shades of white cotton with dado borders of silkoline.

Under one window is a pretty and convenient window-seat, which, "Daughter Mary" laughingly told me, "has a double use"; for in it are her best dresses, just laid in and allowed to form their own folds. This window-seat was a long dry-goods box—the length of her dress-skirts—deep and not very wide, fitted with castors and hinges. The top is wadded and covered with silkoline, and a full valance of the same conceals the sides and ends. A square box, fitted with castors and hinges, is covered with burlap worked in cross-stitch, and serves the double purpose of shoe-box and ottoman.

The two doors have portières of double-faced canton flannel, of a rich terra-cotta color.

The chamber-set, an old painted one, has been made pretty by repainting it a cream-white, with wild roses and foliage framing the mirror and trailing over the head-board and foot-board of the bed and drawers of the dressing-case and wash-stand.

The bed-spread, of silkoline, lined with unbleached cotton to give it body, covers both the bed and small upright pillows, thus dispensing with the troublesome pillow sham.

The dresser has raised drawers at the sides, and an oblong mirror with side brackets. The Persian lawn dresser-covers—a thin material that launders nicely, is one yard wide, and costs thirty cents a yard—are hem-stitched and have two rows of simple drawn-work; also, under-mats of blue cheese-cloth and wadding, that, like the covers, just fit each place. At one side is a small Japanese

tray for hand-glass, brush, etc. In the centre is a lovely jewel-box, made of window-glass cut the proper widths and lengths by a glazier. The six pieces were smoothly bound with inch wide ribbon, then put together like a box, and firmly sewed at each corner under plush balls. The lid is attached in the same way, with straps at the ends to keep it from falling back when open. The extra bottom is card-board, covered with scented wadding and silk. The pincushion is square, with puffed corners and cover of Persian lawn pinned on diagonally. A handkerchief-case, crocheted in alternating stripes of pink and blue Saxony, decorates the remaining side. Its shape is oblong, with the ends turned back like pockets and crocheted together at the sides, then folded over each other.

On the brackets are pretty toilet-bottles made from odd shaped patent-medicine bottles fitted with glass stoppers and decorated with sprays of wild roses between broad bands of gilt. Hanging from one of these brackets is a cute little match-safe, that has for its foundation two egg shells and a paste-board ribbon-roller. The ends of the roller are covered with sand-paper, and the sides with silk, crossed with tinsel cord in imitation of a drum, and finished at the ends with inch wide bands of velvet. The egg shells are covered with silk, gathered and fringed at the bottom, and edged with narrow bands of velvet, to which is sewed tinsel cord for hanging them. These cords, with the side cords and cord for hanging the drum, are sewed to the roller-bands, which, like the silk and sand-paper, should be glued on.

On the wash-stand are mats crocheted of seine twine and blue Saxony; and, at the back, a splash of silkoline is gathered over a picture wire held taut by brass-headed tacks. At one side is a towel-holder, suspended by a gilt chain from two bangle-board hooks screwed into the wall, and made from part of a broom handle covered with canton flannel, then with silkoline, snugly fitted and tied bag fashion at the ends.

The square old fashioned stand has been painted white and tastefully draped with silkoline, and in the centre is a pretty vase-lamp with a large white globe, covered with a frill of deep lace showing a pattern of roses and leaves which have been lightly touched

with paint in their natural colors. The full frill is gathered and tied at the top with "baby" ribbon.

In one corner is a pretty work-stand made from broom handles nailed together like a saw-horse and painted white, with the rounded tops gilded. Resting on the cross-bar and suspended by ribbons from the upright ends is a large pasteboard box, covered with tea chest matting and lined with silkoline. The matting is decorated with wild flowers and grasses, and the side nails hid under bows of ribbon.

Some of the chairs have white frames, with flat cushions of silkoline; others, dark frames, ornamented with pretty tidies and drapes. Then there is a pretty paper-basket made from a peach-basket painted white and lined, a small bag for holding soiled handkerchiefs, a brush-broom holder, and other pretty things too numerous to mention.

I passed a pleasant hour in this cozy room, listening to its young mistress telling how she worked to harmonize the different colors and shades; how, when soiled, the silkoline could be washed in weak soap-suds, dried in the shade, and ironed when nearly dry, and made to look like new; how, to retain their creamy tint, the curtains should be rinsed in water colored with strong strained coffee; and how, in decorating the chamber-set and fireplace, she had worked for the effect, which is good, and to improve in sketching and coloring.

"Don't you think I have improved?" she asked, as she showed me a blue mustard-jar prettily decorated with a circling vine of delicate pink and white sweet-peas. Then, not waiting for my reply, she laughingly raised the little cover, saying: "Home-made, too."

"Oh, a rose-jar!" said I, as a sweet perfume of roses greeted me. "How did you prepare the leaves?"

"Just gathered them when the roses were in their prime, and dried them on paper, then put them in the jar in layers lightly sprinkled with table-salt and sachet-powders," replied this naïve young maiden, who, through a careful home-training and practical education, is developing into a sensible useful woman who will be capable of caring for herself, or of making a home from which husband or children will never care to stray.

OUR LITTLE ONES.

BY GRETA BEARDSLEY.

WHEN a baby seems uneasy or fretful, and no reason is apparent therefor, offer it some water, and in many cases the child will be satisfied. Young children suffer very much from thirst, especially when teething. Many mothers do not realize that nursing babies require water as often as older children, and it should be offered to them many times instead of food. Always boil the water and let it get cold, keeping a supply on hand.

Sometimes bits of cracked ice, wrapped in a rag and rubbed on the hot swollen gums of a teething baby, will greatly relieve its suffering; sometimes a linen cloth, dipped in very cold water and given to baby to suck, will prove very soothing, redipping it in the water quite frequently.

Some children are quite liable to convulsions. In general, the exciting cause is teething, worms, or the hot sun. A child liable to convulsions should breathe pure air and be out-of-doors as much as possible when the weather is suitable—not when it is too damp, too cold, nor in the extreme heat of the summer days.

Keep the little ones out of the sun during the severe heated term; they should be kept in the shade under the trees. Many a child has had convulsions or brain-fever from nothing but being where the hot sun can beat upon its poor defenseless little body.

Pay the greatest attention to cleanliness as regards the body and clothing and cooking utensils, as well as bottles, nipples, etc., if it is a bottle baby. Change diapers as soon as soiled, change the little shirt often, and do not let the child wear the same shirt both day and night, as it gets so permeated with perspiration. Sponge the child off gently at night; do not weaken it with too much soaking every day. A tub-bath twice a week with soap and water, with the sponging all over in tepid water every night, will be sufficient.

Let the child's food be of the right kind; see that it has enough, and that it agrees with the child, and the child thrives on it—

if not, consult a good physician concerning the proper food for it. I say, see that it has enough, but also that it does not have too much; some babies are almost starved by not having the right kind of food which the system will assimilate, other children are literally stuffed. Meat should not be given to a child in any quantity until it is at least three or four years old. During the hot season, young children are better off without any meat; giving them ripe fresh fruits, Graham bread, the cereals, milk, oatmeal, etc. Babies from one to two years old should live chiefly on prepared foods, pure rich milk, strained oatmeal, etc.

Give children plenty of sleep in a dark cool room, where it is quiet. Two naps, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, should be insisted on. I always found my little boy, up to four years old, ready for his milk and nap at from ten o'clock to half-past, when he would sleep from one to two hours; then, when he awoke, on very hot days I would keep him in the house during the extreme heat, letting him play around with very little clothing on. Then another nap at three o'clock, when he would sleep until four. Then he was taken up, sponged off, clean fresh clothing put on, and he was allowed to run out-of-doors and play until seven o'clock or half-past, when he was put to bed. He never had, during the hottest weather, bad restless nights; and I attributed his freedom from nervousness and restlessness to his getting rest during the day, and not getting overheated.

Before dosing a child for worms, be sure that the child has them. Many children have been dosed with all sorts of severe remedies for worms when it showed some symptoms, according to the nurse or mother, of illness. The symptoms of illness were there undoubtedly, but not always caused by worms. The vermifuges given children often do more harm than good. Simple domestic remedies, some old-fashioned ones even, may be resorted to; otherwise, put a child into the care of a physician.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, Etc.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is one of the latest styles of making up gowns and wraps for mourning. The gown is of Henrietta-cloth, bordered at the bottom with a broad band of crêpe.

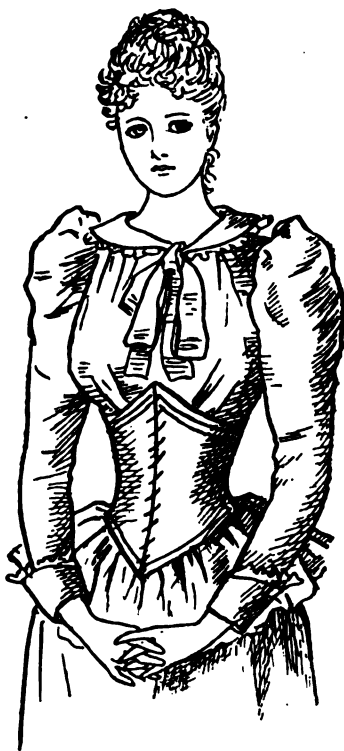


No. 1.

The cloak is also of Henrietta-cloth, with a trimming of crêpe at the front, and the deep cape is entirely of crêpe lined with silk. This part of the garment can be worn as a

spring wrap; it has a hood and is bordered with a dull jet trimming on crêpe. The model is equally suitable for colors.

No. 2—Shows a pretty way of making the bodice for a house-dress. Our model is of blue cashmere. The bodice is rather full, and is worn under a blue velvet Swiss belt, which is laced down the front and trimmed with narrow silver braid. A ruffle of cashmere is placed below the belt.



No. 2.

No. 3—Is a model of a tailor-made walking-dress. The gray cloth skirt is trimmed with rows of black velvet of three different widths, and the deep basque is trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Braid would answer as well as the velvet.

No. 4—Shows a beautiful design for a gown for full-dress occasions. The skirt (171)



No. 3.



No. 4.

and sleeves are of apple-green silk, the skirt having a train. Two strips of silk, with pearl embroidery, are placed at the back. The sleeves are ornamented with falls of lace and lace epaulettes. The jacket bodice is of emerald-green velvet, opening in front over a waistcoat trimmed with pearl embroidery.



No. 5

No. 5.—A suit for a boy, of brown velveteen. The pockets, wide collar, cuffs, and band at the throat are of colored silk embroidery. The knickerbocker trousers are loose.

No. 6.—Is a design for a coat for a small girl. It buttons down the length of the front, and has large double pockets; or the lower fall may be made to extend all around the back, thus forming a deep basque. Rather full cape and full sleeves.

No. 7.—Shows a pretty style of dress for a young lady. The dress is of green cash-

mere, with full sleeves of the same. The back and front trimming and basque are of dark-green and blue plaid silk, a beautiful combination of colors. Great care should be taken that the plaid matches on each side of the back or front. If this plaid is made on a separate foundation, it may be worn in the house, if desired; and, when the frock is needed for street-wear, it can be omitted.



No. 6.

No. 8.—A Russian model for a boy's coat, which is equally suitable for outdoor or indoor wear. The garment is of dull-red camel's-hair. It is double-breasted. The sleeves are full and double, and the whole is trimmed with bands of cream-colored cloth, ornamented with a Greek pattern in black braid. Bands of cloth of the color of the coat may be substituted for the cream-color.



No. 7.

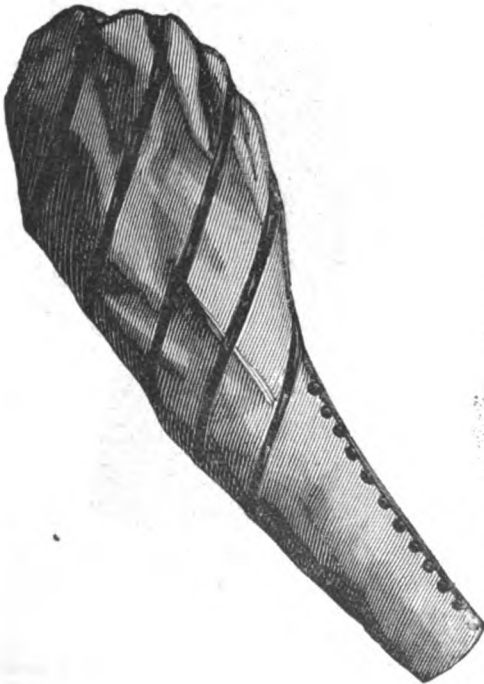


No. 8.

STYLES AND MATERIALS.

In every-day garments and wraps there is but little change from the elaborate ones worn on dressy occasions; it is usually only in the material that the difference is seen, for unfortunately cheap dress goods are too often made up as fussily as higher-priced ones.

HAT. SLEEVES. BODICE.



JACKET. BONNET. FUR WRAP.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.



JACKET: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, for our Supplement this month, the very handsome jacket for winter or early spring. The pattern consists of five pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. HALF OF BACK.
3. SIDE-BACK.
4. SLEEVE.
5. COLLAR.

The letters and notches show how the pieces join. The pattern is for a thirtysix-inch bust. Allow all seams. Our model is made of almond-colored faced cloth, the sleeves and collar being brown velvet. The jacket fastens with a single silver clasp on the chest. The collar should be lined with buckram. Tailors are making these jackets with a movable vest; that is a matter to be decided entirely by the wearer.

DESIGNS FOR PHOTOGRAPH FRAME AND HANDKERCHIEF SACHET.

In the front of the book is a colored design for a sachet and a photograph frame.

The handkerchief sachet is either painted on white, blue, or pink satin, or done in outline work, with gold thread laid on the outline and sewed down with very fine red silk; or it may be embroidered with silk in natural colors. The satin has to be first lined with flannel and silk quilted on it, and then doubled together and fastened with a loop over a gold button.

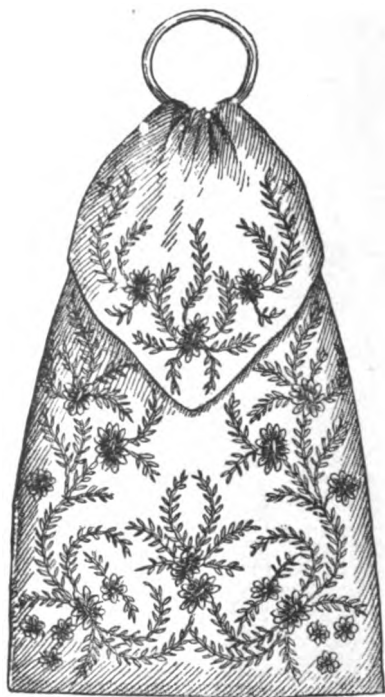
The photograph frame is in card-board,

covered with satin which has first been embroidered with a design of poppies. The centre is then cut out: not, however, close to the card-board, but with sufficient turning to gum it at the back, which is then to be covered with paper, and a photograph mount gummed or glued to the back.

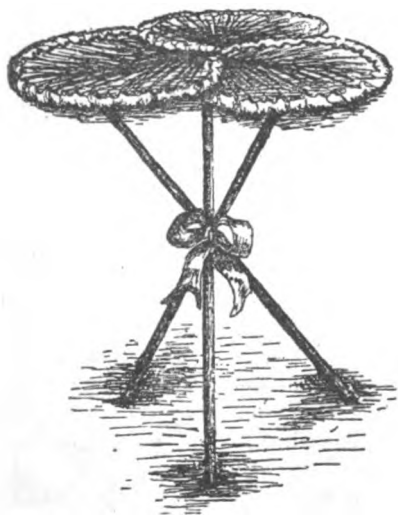
The design serves also for a book-cover. The centre of the card-board is left, and, in the satin, silk, or parchment which is used as a covering, the title of the book is to be embroidered or painted.

USEFUL BAG FOR DRESSING-ROOM.

This is made of cretonne, lined with brown holland, and is gathered over an elastic band under the over-lap. The over-lap is drawn through a ring, and suspended by a ribbon to a brass hook fixed against a wall or to the side of a wardrobe.



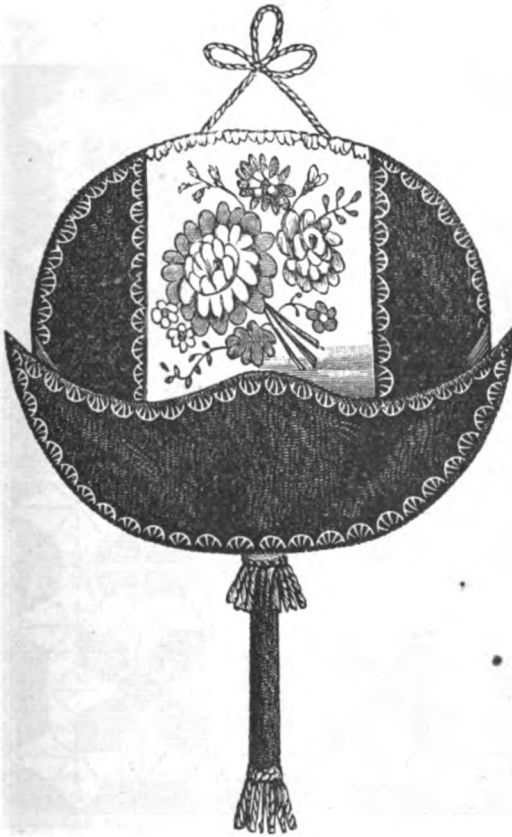
PALM-LEAF FAN TABLE.



Among the many attractive articles of furniture which the smallest possible ingenuity and taste can provide for the home, may be mentioned the palm-leaf fan table, as shown in our illustration. These fans can be obtained at all fancy shops for a very small sum, and, when made up as described, they make a very pretty and artistic addition to the room.

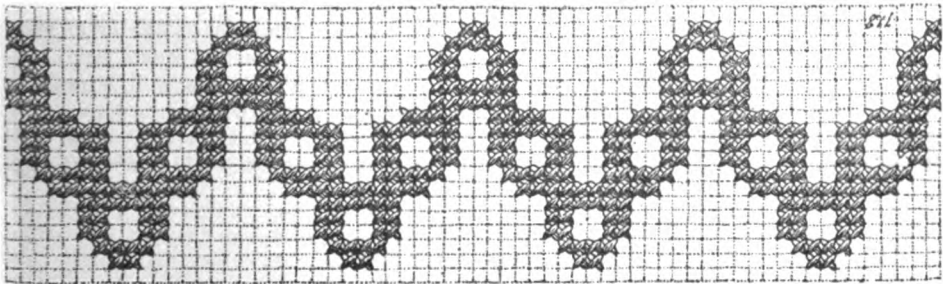
Obtain three palm-leaf fans, cut off the handles, paint them white, full white satin ribbon about them, and overlap them in the form of a clover-leaf. Tack them together with white silk, and get a carpenter to make you a thin board, which must be just that shape; paint it white, and take three broom-stick handles painted white, cross them, wire them at the crossing, and screw the wooden top to them; upon this, tack with small tacks the three palm-leaf fans, painting the heads of the tacks white that they may not be seen. Tie a white satin bow where the sticks cross, and you will have a very unique and pretty little table.

FAN HANGING POCKET.



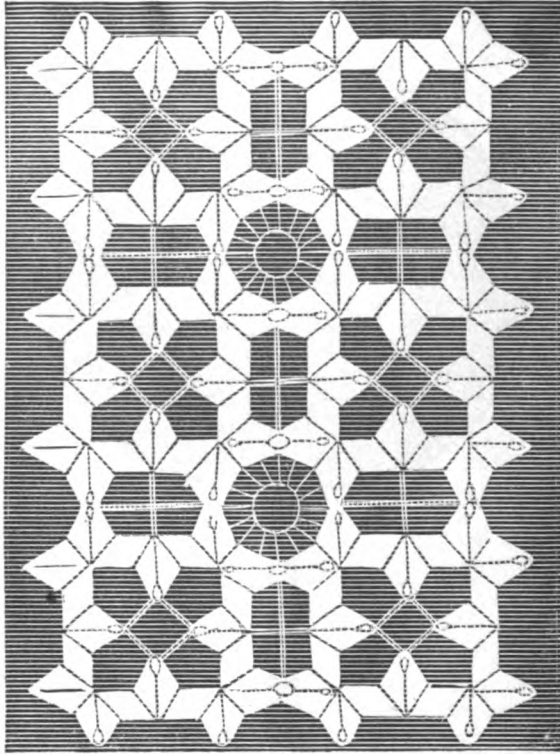
Half-moon shaped pocket and circular the wall. At the sides are expanding folds back, with handle displaying myrtle-green in plain corded silk, and between the folds plush, set off with gold lace, multicolor is set a panel in bright antique brocade or chenille fringe, and trefoil loops to hang to Eastern embroidery.

DESIGN IN CROSS-STITCH.



The chain design in cross-stitch is suitable or skirts and aprons for children, and many for ends of towels, borders for tea-cloths, other purposes.

TAPE OR BRAID WORK.



The tape or braid work makes a pretty insertion for the ends of bureau or table scarf, centre of chair-back, etc. The work is done in squares of an inch, or inch and a half square from point to point. In tape, the squares will be nearly two inches in size.

Pointed braid or narrow linen tape and netting cotton are to be used.

With the woven pointed braid, the work is quicker done, and it washes better; but the same method of joining the points together must be observed. The joining is all done at the back.

Take the upper row of points to commence, sew three of them together with a firm stitch, making the last a tight button-hole stitch. * Pass the needle down to and through the next point, sew this and the next point together firmly, pass the needle up to the next point, join this and two next points together; now repeat from *. When the four corners are made, cut off the braid and join it neatly at the back in square form.

The same pattern looks well, arranged in diamond fashion, which alters the design and makes a variety. This work is useful for insertion for petticoats, as it is very strong.

LILIES IN EMBROIDERY.

The graceful design of lilies on the Supplement is suitable for the border of a table-cover; we give exactly one-half of the

(180)

pattern. It should be done in satin or Kensington stitch. Done in white silk, shaded with faint green, is the prettiest.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

NEATNESS IN DRESS.—The saying that "cleanliness is next to godliness" is more than an aphorism—it is a great and fundamental truth. Tidiness in dress must be the consequence of real cleanliness, and ought to rank so high among the virtues that to neglect it would be considered an unpardonable sin.

The slovenly man or woman is a blot on creation. Examples are more common among men who by education and position count as gentlemen than among women of corresponding status, though even of these the number is large enough to make one at times almost as much ashamed of one's kind as one would be if some prehistoric ancestor were to come back and claim relationship.

"Dress," says a sensible lady writer, "undoubtedly has a great influence on the mind. No woman can retain her self-respect and wear soiled finery or allow her clothes to get in the least out of order. It may be taken for granted that the person whose skirt is dusty, whose showy wrap conceals an unmended bodice, and whose ripped gloves are hidden in a muff, can never be quite right at heart. She is a deception in one way, and is very apt to become so in all ways."

Often the slovenly husband or wife will corrupt his or her unfortunate partner instead of benefiting by the good example set in the early days of matrimony. Why this should be is difficult to account for, except on the very pessimistic theory that humanity is by nature more prone to evil than good. It may sound hard, but at bottom women are more in fault than men, because women have the training of young children. Human beings are creatures of habit, and the boy or girl who from infancy has been taught to consider a daily bath a vital necessity, clean hands, well-brushed hair, carefully tied shoes, and well-dusted clothes as important to physical decency as using a pocket-handkerchief for the nose, will not be likely ever to depart from those rules.

What truth and honesty are to the moral part of man, cleanliness and tidiness are to the body, is a doctrine which mothers and teachers ought to make a part of moral training.

LIVING PLEASANTLY TOGETHER.—Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let humility and benevolence prevail, and discord and disagreement would be banished.

VOL. CI—11.

USES FOR NEWSPAPERS.—Everybody has heard that a newspaper spread between the bed-blankets affords more protection from cold than an additional blanket.

Many persons object to cork soles in their boots, as they fill up space. An equally good and less bulky preservative is a sole of several pieces of paper, bound together with an over-casting of worsted. It is wonderful how long such a lining will last, and how effectual it is.

The newspaper is as good a protection against heat. Set an ice-pitcher on one and draw up and tie securely over the top. In the morning, you will find the ice unmelted. Many a housewife knows how to make comfortable couch pillows and porch cushions by cutting papers in long narrow strips and rolling them, the fashion of making lamp-lighters.

When celery is large enough to bleach, instead of banking it up with earth, wrap each bunch in half a dozen thicknesses of old paper, well tied on, from root to crown. It is as good as straw to use for strawberries, spread between the rows and weighted with stones.

THE TURKEY.—Although in its wild state exclusively an inhabitant of America, the turkey is supposed to have been a native of Africa and the East Indies. Its name is said to have arisen from the belief that it originated in Turkey. Sebastian Cabot discovered the turkey in America about three hundred and eighty-eight years ago, and took to Europe the first one the Old World ever saw. Since that time, it has been acclimated in most parts of the world.

GILT PICTURE-FRAMES may be brightened by taking sufficient flour of sulphur to give a golden tinge to a pint of water, and in this boil three bruised onions. Strain off this liquid, and with it, when cold, wash with a soft brush any gilding which requires renewing.

AN EXCELLENT GARGLE.—Nothing is better for a sore throat than a gargle of salt and water. It may be used as often as desired, and, if a little is swallowed each time it is used, it will cleanse the throat and allay the irritation.

ITS POPULARITY.—The Des Moines (Iowa) Mail and Express says: "No magazine has ever been able to parallel 'Peterson' in reliability or the hearts of the ladies."

ONE OF OUR POEMS.—For years, English magazines have been in the habit of copying stories and poems from American publications without giving the owners the slightest credit—indeed, frequently without putting the names of the authors.

Numerous American journals and monthlies have begun, perhaps by way of reprisal, to take similar liberties with the periodicals issued by our British cousins.

"This latter practice often gives rise to odd and unpleasant blunders. For example, in a recent number of *"The Home-Maker,"* there appeared a poem by Minna Irving, called *"The Old Virginia Reel,"* which was written for this magazine and published in it in the May number of last year. We can only suppose that the poem was appropriated by some London periodical, from which *"The Home-Maker"* copied it under the belief that Miss Irving had contributed it thereto.

The lyric has apparently proved one of the gifted poetess's most popular efforts, as we have seen it copied into various newspapers, including the New York *"Sun,"* though in no case was credit given to our magazine as the original publisher.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

With Stanley in Africa. By Captain McClure. New York: Worthington Co.—This account of the adventures of the famous explorer in his journey across "the dark continent" surpasses a sensational novel in striking incidents, but it is written with a clearness and precision which give one perfect confidence in the recital. The writer modestly effaces himself in a way that few persons would have done in giving an account of fatigues and perils which he shared, and this very modesty increases the reader's interest in him personally. The book supplements so admirably Stanley's own work that it will be especially welcome to all who read *"Dark Africa."* The volume is handsomely bound, printed on excellent paper, and has some seventy admirable illustrations. It ranks among the handsomest gift-books of the season, as do the following works:

Sun Dials. By C. F. Daley. New York: Worthington Co.—These poems and stories are charming in themselves, and receive an added beauty from a series of colored designs by Annie B. Shepley, a young American artist who gives ample evidence that she has a splendid career before her. The author and artist are to be congratulated on the way in which the publishers have presented their united work; the exquisite coloring of the plates is especially noticeable.

Our Boys in Ireland. By Harry W. French. New York: Worthington Co.—This is a delightful description of a trip made by a party of American boys through the picturesque scenery of Erin. It will please grown people and juveniles alike,

and, besides giving graphic descriptions of nature and presenting typical specimens of the people, the book offers a vivid picture of race characteristics interspersed with romantic and entertaining legends.

Buds and Blossoms. By Lucie E. Villeplait. New York: Worthington Co.—This is a noticeably beautiful art-book for children. The dainty tales in prose and verse are accompanied by twenty-four fac-similes of water-color sketches so brilliant in tone that one finds it difficult to believe they are not fresh from the painter's brush. The work is a remarkable specimen of the perfection which water-color printing has reached in this country.

Manners and Customs of Spain. By James Mew. New York: Worthington Co.—This unique work will appeal strongly to every lover of what is artistic and beautiful. It contains some three dozen exquisite etchings by R. de Los Rios, of scenes and incidents selected from the writings of Cervantes, Le Sage, Mendoza, and Aleman, and Mr. Mew's explanatory text is in a style worthy the subject.

Peep o' Morn. By Mary E. Lathbury. New York: Worthington Co.—This gifted author and artist has no superior among American illustrators of child-life, and she appears at her best in the present volume. She gives a series of very original poems, full of quaint fancies told in melodious verse and illustrated by some twelve appropriate designs from her own pencil, poetical in idea and exquisite in finish and coloring.

Memory's Sketch-Book. Illustrated by Helen P. Strong. New York: Worthington Co.—This is a charming collection of popular but not hackneyed American and English poems and folk-songs. The illustrations deserve the highest praise, both for conception and working out, and the book is exquisitely printed and bound.

Worthington's Annual, issued by the same publishers, fully sustains the reputation made by its predecessors. The illustrations are excellent, and the text at once amusing and instructive. The juveniles think no New Year complete without one of these *Annals*, and they are quite right in their opinion.

A Divided Duty. By Ida Lemon. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—This is an exceedingly well-written book, natural in incident and characterization and possessing a strong plot which is carefully worked out. While the interest of the story will carry the omnivorous novel-reader eagerly on to the close, there is an element of earnest thought and purpose running through the work which will attract readers of a more reflective sort.

The Princess Roubine. By Henry Gréville. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is one of the author's most captivating stories of Russian

life—a field in which she excels. The characterization and plot merit the highest praise, and the descriptions of city and country are alike admirable. The book is published at twentyfive cents.

The Heiress. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—The publishers' latest addition to their twentyfive-cent novels, which will doubtless prove one of the most popular of the series. In none of her productions has Mrs. Stephens's imagination found more congenial scope than in this record of life among the Spanish gypsies, and the descriptions of Granada and the Alhambra are as poetic as they are faithful. The book is in the form of an autobiography, and is written with a passion and power which make every page as real and living as if one actually stood face to face with the actors of the drama.

A B C of the Swedish System of Educational Gymnastics. By Hartvig Nissen. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis.—This is a practical hand-book of educational gymnastics, adapted both to schools and home instruction. Scientific terms are avoided, and the lessons are so clear that even an inexperienced person would find no difficulty in teaching a class of children to become proficient in the various exercises.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

FLOWERS.—The Good & Reese Co., Springfield, O., issue a beautiful catalogue of flowers with colored plates, which they will send postpaid to any of our readers, for six cents in stamps.

A GOOD THING.—Sufferers from piles in any form will find Betton's Pile Salve one of the safest and best remedies in the world. It is a great boon to suffering humanity, which a trial of it will fully demonstrate. Send fifty cents to the Winkelmann & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist to order it for you, and be convinced.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

DESSERTS.

Apple Fritters.—Make a little frying batter by mixing smoothly four ounces of flour with two dessertspoonfuls of salad oil and a gill of luke-warm water. This batter may be made thus far before it is wanted. About ten minutes before it is used, stir in lightly the whites of two eggs which have been beaten to a froth. Choose three or more large firm apples. Peel them and cut them across the core in rounds as thin as a quarter-dollar, and stamp out the core. Make some dripping hot in a stewpan. As soon as it is still and a blue smoke begins to rise from it, take up the apple-rings, one by one, by means of a

skewer put into the centre hole, dip them into the batter to cover them completely, and drop them into the fat. Three or four fritters, as many as the pan will hold without their touching, may be fried at one time. Have ready a sheet of kitchen paper on a plate. When the fritters are lightly browned on one side, turn them quickly on the other; when this side also is colored, they are done. Put them on the paper to drain, and keep hot till all the fritters are cooked. Arrange them in a dish, sift white sugar over them, and serve. Some cooks use apple chips in making apple fritters. When this is done, they must be soaked well and stewed a little before being fried, or they will be hard.

Rice Mould.—Wash four ounces of rice, and put it into a basin with a full pint of milk. Cover the basin with a plate, stand in the oven, and let the rice cook slowly until the grains are swollen and quite soft. Stir occasionally, and, if necessary, add a little more milk, but the above quantity should be about sufficient. When done, add a few drops of vanilla and a little crushed sugar if it is liked sweet, and pour into a mould previously wetted. A spoonful or two of cream is an improvement, if there is any at hand. If made with condensed milk, the rice can be cooked in the same quantity of water, letting it absorb it without stirring, and, when done, add the milk.

Cold Sauce.—Work a quarter of a pound of butter with a wooden spoon, beating it until it comes to a cream, then add a quarter of a pound of pulverized sugar, beating it until it comes white, then beat in a glass of fruit syrup and a few drops of essence. Serve cold in a sauce-boat.

CAKES.

Rich Cake.—Put one and one-half pounds of flour into a pan, and bake it till it is a dark fawn-color, stirring often to prevent its burning. Of this flour take one pound, one pound of dark moist sugar, one pound of thinly shred citron, four pounds of stoned raisins, four pounds of washed and picked currants, two pounds of blanched and shred almonds, one-half pound of grated unsweetened chocolate, four ounces each of candied lemon and orange peel thinly shred, one small teaspoonful of mace, one and one-half ounces of cinnamon, one even teaspoonful each of cloves, ginger, salt, carbonate of soda, and finely pounded willow charcoal, fifteen or eighteen eggs, eighteen ounces of butter, two gills each of dark molasses and brandy, juice and grated peel of two lemons. Mix the fruit and almonds with two gills of the flour, then add the spices, salt, and charcoal with the remaining flour; sift it three times, beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the molasses, brandy, lemons, and chocolate, then the yolks of eggs well beaten, then the flour and spice, then the soda dissolved in a little water, then the

beaten whites of eggs; beat well, then add the mixed fruit—the easiest way is to mix it with the hands. Line a large pan with three thicknesses of buttered paper, put the cake into it, press it down smoothly, and bake it from three to five hours.

Feather Cakes.—One cupful of milk, one cupful of flour, one egg, half-cupful of sweetened milk (condensed), one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Bake to a dark brown.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Sardines on Toast.—Remove the skin from half a dozen sardines and pound them to a smooth paste. Pound the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, and rub the two together. Add half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, a sprinkle of white pepper, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Mix all well together and spread on square pieces of buttered toast.

Rice Toast.—Boil some rice the day before it is wanted, and set it away in a flat dish until morning. When preparing the breakfast, cut the rice into neat slices, and brush each over with melted butter. Place these in a frying-pan or on a griddle, and cook them a nice brown over a slow fire. Butter the slices and drop a poached egg on each. Serve very hot.

Oyster Croquettes.—Beard and chop the oysters fine. Have ready a mixture of breadcrumbs grated, yolk of egg, sweet marjoram, parsley, and seasoning to taste. Mix this all to a stiff paste with the oysters, cut into pieces the length and breadth of your finger, and fry a golden brown. Drain, and serve piled on a napkin garnished with fried parsley.

Veal Cake.—Mince the remains of cold veal as finely as possible, and mix with it some finely shred sweet herbs. Form into cakes, and fry in boiling lard.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

It will be some time, as yet, before the first note of preparation for the spring styles is sounded. Meanwhile the novelties in fashions are mainly in the line of evening-dress and of accessories to the toilette.

There are a good many new forms of corsage to note. The long Louis XIV coat is now adopted, not only for street-wear, but for evening-dress—that is to say, for dinner and reception toilettes. The low-necked waist continues in vogue for ball-room wear, but even in those instances long sleeves, either in lace or gauze, are worn.

The Louis XIV coat is made reaching half-way down the skirt and opening over a long waistcoat which may be of the same material as the coat itself, but more frequently is in some contrasting stuff and color. The skirt may be

in an entirely different material. For instance, at a recent dinner-party in the American colony, one of the guests wore a toilette composed of a coat in black-grounded brocade figured with small pink roses, and having a vest in bias folds of pink gauze veiled in black lace. The skirt was in black silk, in alternate stripes of satin and faille.

Another dress of the same kind had the coat in scarlet bengaline, with revers and cuffs of scarlet watered silk. This was made without a vent and opened slightly at the throat, where it was finished with a quilling of black tulle edged with a double row of jet beads. The skirt was in black taffetas, entirely covered with flat plaitings of black lace, over which fell rows of wide jet fringes in small cut beads.

Then I was recently shown a dress in dahlia velvet, intended for an American lady residing in Paris. The skirt was perfectly plain, the back widths cut bias and forming a half-long train. The corsage was a Louis XIV coat of the velvet, and had a vest of velvet, over which was laid an over-vest in very superb point lace. The high-puffed bias sleeves were finished at the wrist with deep cuffs of lace matching that composing the waistcoat.

Lace is very profusely used on evening-dresses and wedding-dresses, but fine real laces are less in favor than the imitations. Worth frankly declares that he prefers the latter to trim his creations with, as he can cut it and twist it around so as to carry out his ideas, while the costly lengths of old Venetian guipure and of point d'Alençon demand more considerate treatment. He once sent back a set of superb flounces in point à l'aiguille to their owner, as he could not carry out his design for her dress without cutting the lace into short lengths, and that he had too great an appreciation of the valuable and artistic lace to do. In that he was different from one of his rivals, who, on being entrusted with an overdress in point d'Alençon for which \$12,000 had just been paid, for the purpose of arranging it on a court-dress for its owner, coolly cut the costly fabric into four pieces, so as to compose with it panels for the skirt.

Another style of corsage is made with a deep basque cut in a separate piece and set on at the waist. The basque leaves a space in front, which is filled in with a full ruffle of wide black lace. Then the corsage may be cut coat-fashion, meeting over the waistcoat at the bust and sloping away at the sides, the whole being bordered with wide bead fringe.

Still another style is to have the corsage made with an immensely deep point and edged all round with a deep fall of black lace, the front of the corsage being covered from throat to waist with flat folds of lace.

The shallow basques that were in fashion last season, and in fact for several seasons before,

may be altered to the latest style by setting on a deep separate basque, or, in the case of a stout figure, by the addition of deep draped paniers.

A very elegant evening-toilette has the skirt of white satin, made with a half-train and entirely covered with real black lace put on perfectly flat and following closely the lines of the satin underskirt. The corsage was in black satin, with paniers of black lace lined with white Florence silk, high-puffed sleeves in black lace and white silk to correspond, and a very wide fichu in black lace, lined with white silk and laid in flat folds down the front of the corsage, its long ends being turned back so as to blend with the front edges of the paniers, which were finished at the back with a deep fan-shaped plaiting of black lace over white silk.

The gored or Princesse-cut dresses—cut all in one—continue very fashionable for house-dresses and evening-wear. The introduction of high-cut dresses and long sleeves, for all evening entertainments less elaborate than a grand ball, renders a costume of this kind in light materials very appropriate for a variety of occasions. It may be made with a deep pointed yoke and high-puffed sleeves in velvet, or it may have the back and sides in some white material, and the corsage-front and skirt-front and sleeves in some delicate contrasting color. Thus I have seen one of these dresses in white watered silk, with skirt-front, corsage-front, and sleeves all in faille of a pale shade of lilac.

There is a good deal of fantasy displayed now in the short dressy wraps which are worn to afternoon receptions and for driving. The favorite shade is a bright light-blue, which is usually worn with a skirt in pale-gray cloth edged with chinchilla fur.

The most fashionable trimming for silk or velvet costumes is an embroidery in small beads matching the material, or a very novel and pretty style of *passementerie*, composed of small flat spangles in colored mother-of-pearl, arranged in a daisy pattern.

The glazed kid glove has returned to favor and has almost wholly displaced the glove in undressed kid. Long gloves—that is to say, those reaching to the elbow—are only to be seen at grand balls. To wear with the long sleeves of the present fashion, two—or, at the most, three—button gloves are alone practicable. The white or very pale straw-colored glazed kid glove is the height of the fashion now for evening-wear, and so too is the same article in the palest possible shade of pearl-color.

LUCY H. HOOVER.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLUE STRIPED WOOLEN. The skirt is slashed at the bottom, and opens over a piece of dark-blue velvet. The

deep jacket basque is also slashed, and worn with a waistcoat of cream-colored cloth, braided with silver and fastened with silver buttons. The collar is formed of blue silk, pinked at the edges and put on in jabot style. Silver buttons on the sleeves. Hat of blue felt, trimmed with blue ribbon, silver buckles, and braid.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS, OF OLIVE-GREEN CLOTH. The skirt is trimmed with a row of white cloth braided in gold, rows of mink fur, and fur buttons. The bodice has a basque formed of tabs of the cloth edged with fur. It has a fur collar, and opens over a waistcoat of white cloth braided in gold. Cuffs to correspond with the trimming on the skirt. Collar of braided cloth. Hat of green felt, trimmed with ribbon, a bunch of green feathers, with a gold-colored one standing up.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF PALE SAGE-GREEN INDIA SILK. The skirt is quite plain. The bodice is made with a deep basque ornamented with green braid put on "bow-knot" pattern down the front. The same trimming is on the sleeves. The waistcoat is of rose-pink silk, trimmed with silver braid and worn with a jabot of batiste edged with lace.

FIG. IV.—TEA-GOWN, OF VIOLET PLUSH, made Princesse style and with a short train. The front is of silk of a mauve color, gathered at the neck and waist. The sleeves have nun's cuffs.

FIG. V.—VISITING OR HOUSE DRESS, OF TERRA-COTTA COLORED SILK, brocaded in black. A deep flounce ornaments the bottom. The pointed bodice is trimmed with black lace put on quite full and forming epaulettes on the shoulders. A pointed piece ornaments the front, set on under a band of black batiste. Full black lace ruffles about the hands. Black velvet hat, trimmed with black ostrich-plumes.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BEIGE-COLORED CAMEL'S-HAIR. The deep Russian coat is of brown and beige-colored cloth, double-breasted; it has an Alaska sable collar, crossed shawl-shape. Deep cuffs of Alaska sable. Hat of beige-colored felt, trimmed with dark-brown feathers.

FIG. VII.—COAT, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH, made close-fitting, with high collar and pieces down the front, of seal-skin. Large seal-skin sleeves. Bonnet of dark-green felt, trimmed with dull terra-cotta ribbon and stiff jet ornament.

FIG. VIII.—GRAY CLOTH DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL. The skirt is trimmed with three very narrow rows of black Astrakhan-cloth. The full round bodice is ornamented in the same way, and is worn with a leather belt and buckle. The jacket, which is cut away in front, is of black Astrakhan-cloth. Gray felt hat.

FIG. IX.—CARRIAGE-DRESS, OF BROWN SILK. The wrap is of striped cloth, slightly rough, of two shades of brown. It opens at the back, over the silk skirt. The bodice is tight-fitting and

has close sleeves, over which fall large square ones lined with brown silk. Bonnet of brown velvet, studded with gold beads.

FIG. X.—WRAP, OF STRIPED CLOTH, of two shades of gray. It is cut bias, so that the stripes form points, and is ornamented with feather-trimming. It is double-breasted and fastens with large bone buttons. The large cape has a smaller full one at the top, which falls in jabot fashion in front. Feather collar. Small pointed hat of black velvet.

FIG. XI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE BEDFORD CLOTH. The skirt has a row of cord above the top of the hem. The deep jacket has a basque set on to the bodice-part, opens over a waistcoat of cream-colored brocade. The pockets, sleeves, collar, and edges of the jacket are edged with cord. Black velvet hat, trimmed with lace.

FIG. XII.—HAT, OF BLACK FELT, trimmed with ribbon studded with jet "nail-heads" and black feathers.

FIG. XIII.—SLEEVE, OF SILK, gathered lengthwise and put into a velvet cuff.

FIG. XIV.—CASHMERE SLEEVE, striped diagonally with velvet ribbon, and buttoning up to the elbow on the inside of the arm.

FIG. XV.—DRESS, OF WHITE MUSLIN, FOR A YOUNG LADY. The bretelles, bows, and sleeve-trimmings are of rose-colored ribbon, and the wide sash is of rose-colored surah silk.

FIG. XVI.—BODICE, OF BLACK CRÊPE, FOR MOURNING. It opens over an armure silk waistcoat, which fastens with two rows of dull jet buttons. It is made with a coat-basque at the back, has a rolling collar, and is ornamented with the jet buttons. A row of the buttons is placed the entire length of the inside of the arm.

FIG. XVII.—BONNET, OF BLACK LACE, studded with steel beads. Two rows of beads ornament the brim. Black velvet bow at the back. Velvet strings.

FIG. XVIII.—NEW-STYLE COAT JACKET. It is of chocolate-brown cloth, lined and faced with a satin of a lighter shade. The basque is laid in plaits at the back, and turns over in front. The jacket opens over a plain plastron in front, and has a ruffle cape of the cloth, lined and edged with satin. A sash of the satin is worn around the waist, with a large bow. Brown felt bonnet, faced with the satin and trimmed with brown feathers and a piping of the satin.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The winter styles have been so long established that there is but little new to chronicle about them. More light dresses are seen on the street than were formerly, but the material is warm, such as heavy cloth and camel's-hair.

Figured silks are very popular, combined with plain materials. They are usually in small detached flowers—bow-knots, leaves, etc.—but do not seem as suitable for the present cut of

skirt and bodice as when more drapery was worn.

Brocades with gold or silver threads are much used for trains or bodices, or frequently for bodices alone; the skirt being of quite a different material, but usually of the same color.

Woolens of all kinds are popular, and may be made quite dressy by combining them with silk or satin.

Skirts for street-wear continue too long for cleanliness or comfort; they are full at the back, but rather close-fitting about the hips. For evening-wear, they either have long trains or demi-trains.

Bodices are cut usually coat-shaped, or made to appear so by the arrangement of the trimming.

Sleeves are made in all styles, some quite large at the top; but there is a decided sign of decrease in height, most of the new ones being quite moderate in size.

Long jackets are worn, sometimes reaching to the knees; these are not so becoming to the figure as the shorter ones which reach a little below the hips. Many are double-breasted, and have fur lappels and collars.

The half-long cloak is so convenient that it holds its own very firmly; the shoulders are high, as well as the collars. These, in light materials, will be much worn in the spring.

Fur is profusely used for trimming. *Skirts* as well as jackets are ornamented with it.

Tea-jackets are often worn in place of tea-gowns, but are not so dressy nor so elegant; they have the advantage, however, of being less expensive, and serve to wear with a pretty skirt of some other material. They are made of silk, trimmed with lace, brocade, velvet, etc.

Bonnets are small, and, for full-dress occasions, are usually made or combined with light colors.

Hats are of medium size.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-RED FLANNEL. The skirt is scalloped at the edge, and embroidered in sprays of flowers in black silk. The bretelles, cuffs, and pointed waistband are finished to correspond with the bottom of the skirt.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt has two rows of machine-stitching. The large double collar, cuffs, and waistband are of black Astrakhan-cloth.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COAT, OF PLAID CLOTH, in two shades of brown. The under-front is full and confined at the waist. The double capes are slightly full, and a fur collar is worn shawl-shape. Brown felt hat.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S SCOTCH CAP, OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH, with stiff feather and silver thistle on the right side.



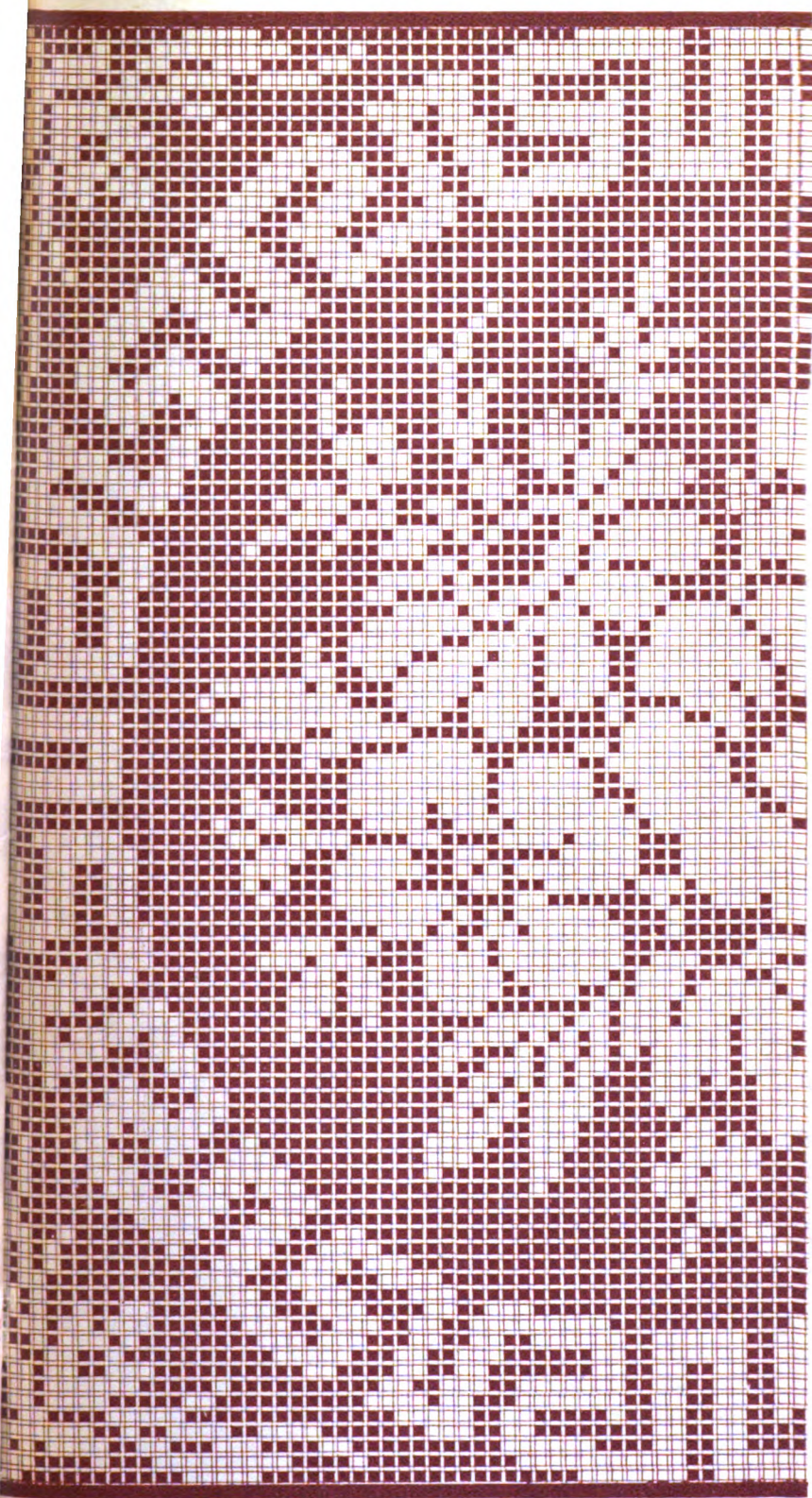
POSED FOR HER PICTURE.



H. 1892.

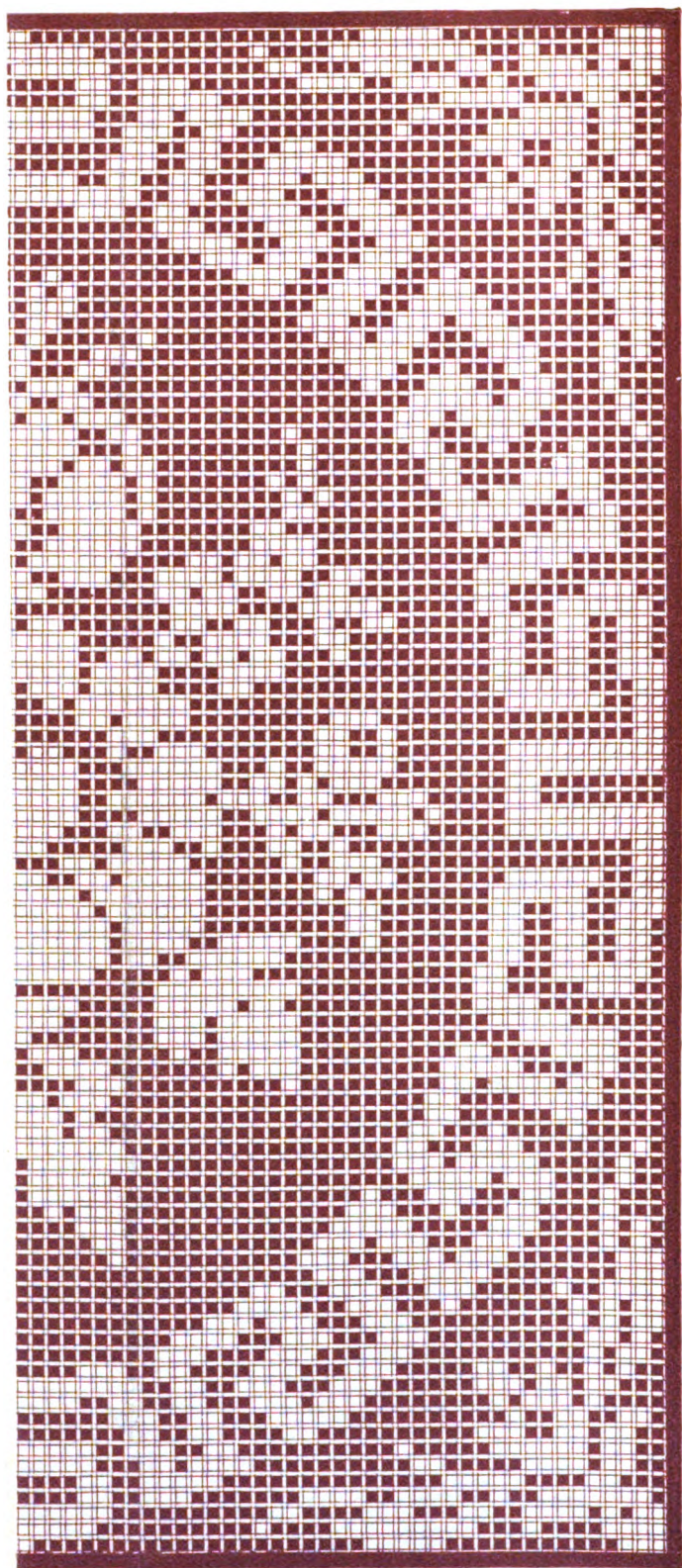


PETERSON'S MAGAZIN



PILLOW-SHAM IN

E—MARCH, 1892



CROCHET



A WINDY DAY.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

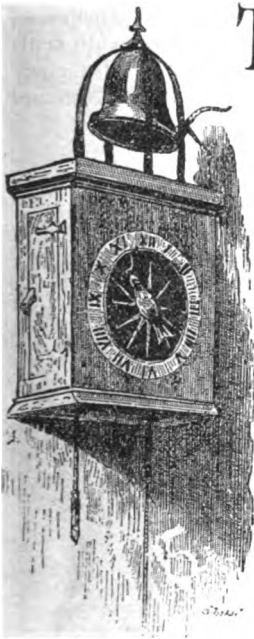
VOL. CI.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1892.

No. 3.

A CHAPTER ON CLOCKS.

BY MEREDITH JACKSON.



FIFTEENTH CENTURY CLOCK
Belonging to French National
Library.

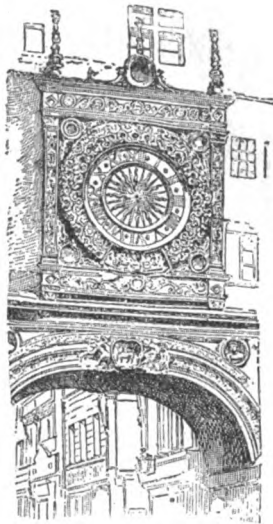
wood that mounted as the vessel filled, and marked the hours. A still more ornamental clepsydra was produced at Alexandria 135 B.C., in which the movement of the wheels caused the gradual rise of a little figure which pointed out the hours on an index attached to the machine.

The gnomon or sun-dial was invented in Egypt 556 B.C., and the hour-glass also owes its origin to the same country. In Rome, the day was divided into hours 256 B.C., at which epoch a sun-dial was erected in the temple of Quirinus, and public criers called the hours through the various streets.

The clepsydra was introduced from Egypt about 158 B.C., and toothed wheels were added some eighteen years later.

During the course of the centuries, the water-clock changed almost unrecognizably from the simplicity of the original model, as is proved by the description of one which the Eastern caliph Haroun El Raschid sent to the Emperor Charlemagne.

"It was of bronze," says the chronicler, "inlaid with gold, and the hours were marked on a dial. At the end of each hour,



ROUEN CLOCK.

a proportionate number of gold balls fell successively on a bell, which resounded at their touch, while twelve cavaliers, springing from twelve windows, engaged in picturesque evolutions, and at the last stroke returned to their domiciles."

No more ornamental time-piece has ever been produced than that, and doubtless

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Charlemagne and his courtiers considered it perfection ; but the cheapest American watch of to-day would far surpass the ornate affair in regularity and trustworthiness.



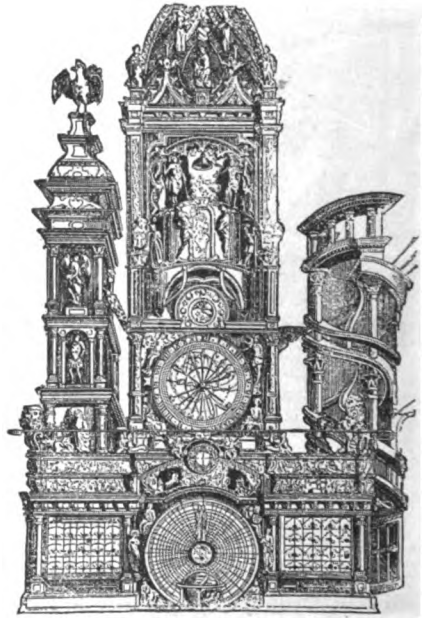
LYONS CLOCK.

The hour-glass was in common use nearly to the close of the last century, and was always employed to serve the purpose of ship chronometers. The clock in the modern sense only dates back to the tenth century, and was invented by a French monk named Gerbert, who had studied mathematics among the Moors, and who in the later years of his life became Pope Sylvester II. This learned friar is credited with what was really one of the most important among inventions—an escapement attachment; but nevertheless his clocks and those made for a long while afterward were exceedingly rudimentary.

In the thirteenth century, a Saracen mechanic constructed a clock so superior to any before produced that it became famous

throughout Europe. About 1326, an abbot of St. Albans, in England, invented a noteworthy clock, and some forty years later a clock that struck the hours was set up in Westminster Abbey. But in many ways these timepieces were very defective, and evolution had to go on, developing here, suppressing there, till before the end of the fourteenth century a Paris workman named Vick invented a clock which cast even that of the Saracen genius into the shade.

From this period, France rapidly took the lead, and long sustained her absolute supremacy in clock-manufacture; but, in spite of numerous improvements, the system remained far from perfect, even in the fifteenth century. One of the best examples of a clock of that period is preserved in the National Library of Paris.



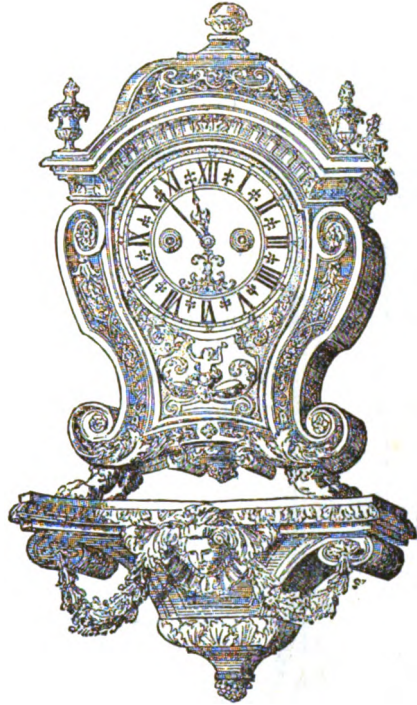
STRASBOURG CLOCK.

Clock-making did not become a distinct profession until the following century; before that, the locksmith, and even the blacksmith, had a good deal to do with the most skillfully made specimens. The public clocks, which during the latter half of the fourteenth century became the pride of great cities, were for a long while so clumsily constructed that, as some writer says, a modern French turnspit for roasting meat moves with more accuracy. They must have been

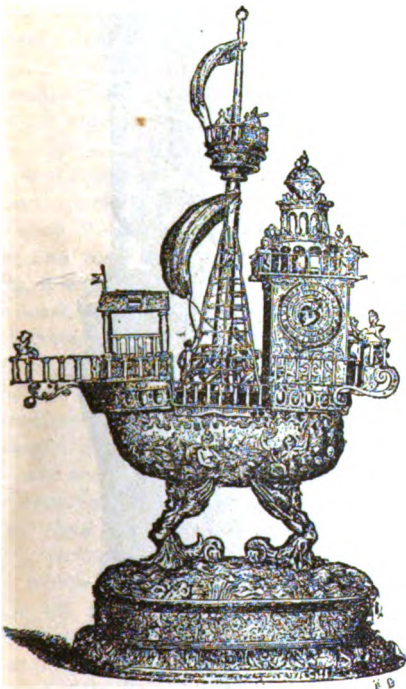
troublesome also to take care of, as it was necessary to wind them several times during the course of twentyfour hours ; but, all the same, kings and municipal authorities and citizens were alike proud of their possession. Before the sixteenth century ended, the prominent cities of France vied with each other in the production of wonderful clocks, of which those of Rouen and of Lyons are still to be seen among the curiosities of those cities. These timepieces were the admiration of Europe, and only Venice and Strasbourg could venture to hold up their heads in rivalry.

The Strasbourg clock, which ranked among the seven wonders of mediæval Germany, although constructed in 1352, had to wait

tropical revolution of each of the planets visible to the naked eye, the phases of the moon, eclipses of the sun and moon, apparent and sidereal time, a celestial sphere which



SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BRACKET CLOCK.

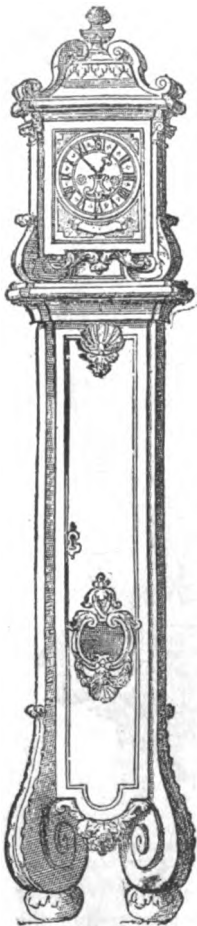


CLOCK OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

until 1573 before it was altered to the complex structure which still remains a marvel, having in our own century been once again repaired—or, more correctly speaking, made over—by a native of the town, who devoted four years to the task.

"It comprises," says a good description, "a church calendar, the movable feasts, the ordinary calendar, a planetary on the Copernican system, representing the mean

marks the precession of the equinoxes, solar and lunar equations for the reduction of the mean movements of the sun and moon at fixed times and places. The hours and minutes, the days of the week, with the corresponding signs of the planets, are marked both outside and inside. An inner dial, not less than nine yards in circumference, gives the days of the month, the dominical letter, and the saint or saints of the day. Two winged figures are seated at either side of the small dial. At each quarter, the right-hand figure strikes on a bell, which is instantly repeated on the other dials by figures from above, representing the four ages. Infancy strikes the first quarter, Youth the second, Manhood the third, and Old Age the last. Death, placed on a pedestal beside Age, strikes the hours, and at the end of each hour the second winged figure turns an hour-glass, the contents of which are exhausted in that space of time.



TALL
PENDULUM CLOCK.

"As noon strikes, a procession of the twelve Apostles appears, and each inclines in turn and after his own peculiar manner before a figure of Christ, which, placed on a pedestal, extends its hands above them in an attitude of benediction. At the same time, the cock perched on the left tower stretches his wings and crows victoriously three times. Cars containing little figures emerge alternately from a mass of clouds above the hour-dial, to indicate the days of the week, which are ingeniously represented by heathen divinities."

During the sixteenth century, clocks, although many beautiful ones were made, remained such valuable possessions that they were considered fit for gifts to royalty, and, in their descriptions of contemporaneous life, gossiping old chroniclers never mention them outside of the palaces of the wealthiest nobles.

Some of the most graceful clocks ever fashioned belong, however, to that age, and it can lay claim to the invention of watches, which were at first portable clocks on a very small scale.

Timepieces were made in all sorts of odd shapes, of which those in the form of ships were among the quaintest as well as the most complicated in their workmanship. The first mention that we find of alarm-clocks is likewise in that century, and there is a record of one which, when it struck, is said to have lighted a candle and kindled a fire.

"In the seventeenth century," writes an excellent authority, "a great change took place in the use made of clocks, and a corresponding revolution occurred in their outward appearance. Watches, which began to be quite numerous, were regarded as

ornaments and were ostentatiously hung from the belt."

Clock-makers became regularly attached officers to the French court, and, in the reign of Louis XIV, enjoyed the privilege of having their workshops in the royal palace, and—greatest favor of all—free admission to the king's apartments.

The great Louis appears to have had a passion for clocks, and spent large sums on them; but one is rather surprised that so stately a personage should so often have found pleasure in timepieces that were really



ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

childish in their odd contrivances. The king's favorite clock is described by a memoir-writer. He says: "Whenever the clock strikes, two cocks crow three times each and flap their wings; at the same time, doors open on both sides and figures emerge, each carrying a bell after the manner of a shield, on which two Cupids alternately strike the quarters with hammers."

In 1647, a distinguished mathematician of Holland, named Huyghens, astonished the world by producing a clock with a pendulum, a conception which speedily revolutionized the whole theory of clock construction. "Up to that time," wrote Diderot the famous Frenchman, "clock-making may be regarded as a mechanical art, requiring only skilled handiwork; but the application made by Huyghens of geometry and mechanism raised this art to the dignity of a science in which hand-work was a mere accessory, and whose principal feature embodied the theory of the laws of motion, which includes all that is most sublime in geometry, mathematics, mechanism, and physics."

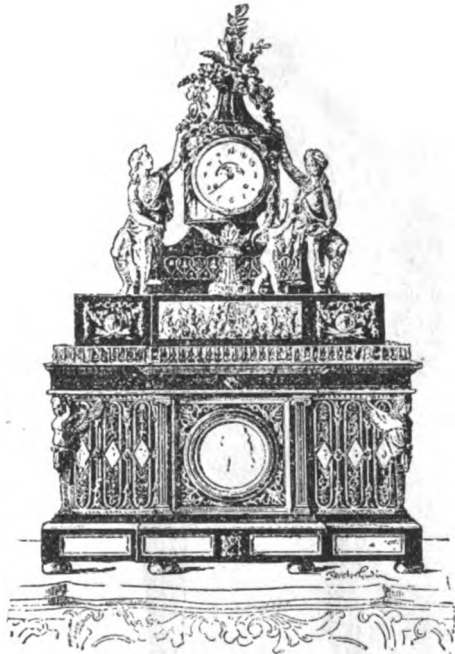
In the seventeenth century, pendulum clocks were the rule, not the exception; and, as they were now set on mantels or brackets, the backs were no longer ornamented, as had been the case when they were kept as the principal ornaments for tables.

In the eighteenth century, the most gorgeous clocks ever seen were manufactured for royal palaces, especially for those of France. A clock in one of the rooms in the palace of Versailles was made entirely of silver and cased in silver gilt, chased with leaves, flowers, and masks, and adorned with open-work ornamentation, surmounted by a royal crown and standing on a square pedestal of silver. There was another in the shape of a scent-box, wonderfully ornamented and surmounted by three Cupids holding a globe topped by a crown. Louis XV gave one of his daughters a clock which some letter-writer thus describes: "In front of the clock are a shepherd with his dog, and a parrot perched on a golden twig from which hang clusters of cherries; this stands on an irregular base composed of leaves mounted on golden bronze. The hours are enameled on the dial, which is crowned by a porcelain Bacchus."

Louis XV appears to have inherited his great ancestor's mania, and those noisy abominations, chime clocks, were his special favorite. The chime clocks speedily became a national passion. One such noisy time-measurer is described as having an organ accompaniment and playing twenty-eight airs. Another played ten different melodies at the expiration of each hour, besides several at the end of each half and even each quarter.

Tall pendulum clocks came into use, and at intervals the taste has been revived, as we see in our own era.

Scientific clocks of marvelously intricate mechanism were fabricated at that period for the royal palaces of France. In the chateau of Fontainebleau, there is a marvel of workmanship in the form of an astronomical clock constructed near the commencement of the eighteenth century. It is in marquetry, decorated with chiseled and gilded bronzes.



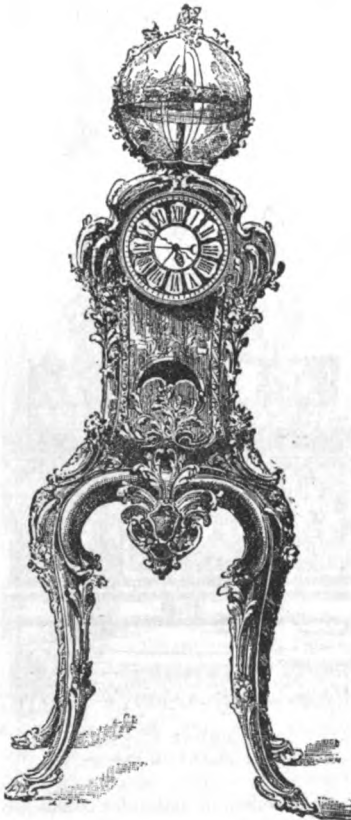
CALENDAR CLOCK,
End of Eighteenth Century.

A very handsome calendar clock, made toward the close of the same century, is to be seen in Versailles. At that period, the manufacture of clocks had become so flourishing an industry in France that Paris alone numbered over two hundred manufacturers, many of whom left descendants whose reputations in our own century have rendered such names as Breguet, Lepini, Wagner, and others as celebrated as they were in the days of the original founders of these dynasties of talent.

The most illustrious clock-maker in the time of Louis XV was the court engineer Passemant. The two most wonderful among his inventions still stand in the palace of

Versailles. The first was described in these words by the Duke de Luynes, in a letter to a friend: "The clock not only marks the day and month of our globe, but gives the phases of the moon and the relative positions of the planets. The sides and back are of glass, and there is a globe above, in the centre of which the sun is represented as a ball of gold, and all the planets circle

Later, Passement invented an even more remarkable clock, which he called "The Creation of the World." It represented the different stages of creation. "First, Order seems to clear up Chaos; the upper part of the globe is formed, rocks and waterfalls complete the rest. Several clouds arise and are followed by a sun two feet in diameter, in the centre of which the dial shows against a golden background. In the clouds, a planisphere is visible in which are the eccentric orbits of the planets, whose movements are accelerated in perihelion and retarded aphelion. There is also a moon which waxes and wanes. The globe representing the earth is of bronze, forty inches in diameter, and turns on its own axis. All the countries of the world are represented.



PASSEMENT'S ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK.

round it with such precision that the workman says they could not get out of order in ten thousand years. The revolution of Saturn, which is accomplished in thirty years, will be the first test for those who are alive to see it. Besides this, it marks meantime the revolution of the moon and the days of the month, accommodating itself to the length of the day, be it greater or less, and even marks leap-year. Passement was engaged twelve years in thinking out this conception and making his calculations, and eight years in completing the work."



THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.

A ray of sun falls on the globe. While the sun rises on the towns which touch the eastern border of the circle by which the lighted portion of the earth is separated from that in shadow, it sets on those which touch

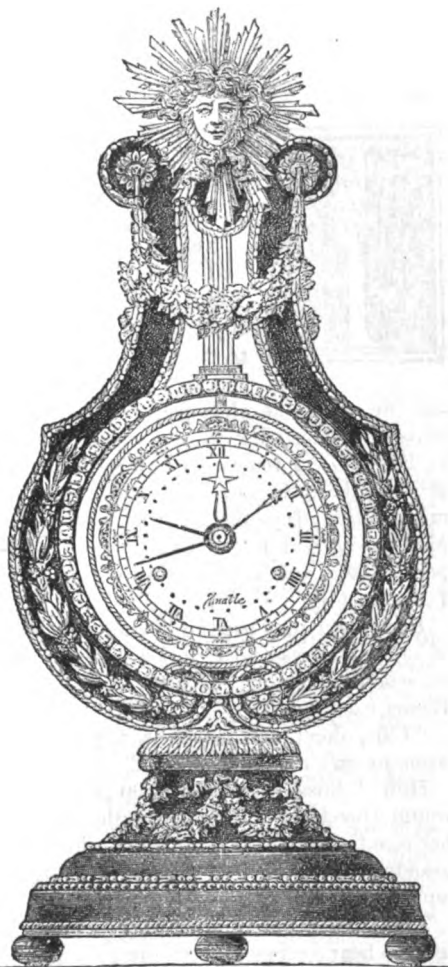
the western border. The places which pass directly under the solar ray are at noon. The poles of the globe alternately rise and fall twentythree and a half degrees during the year, above and below the lighted portion. In this way, the days increase and decrease with regularity. This clock is entirely of golden bronze, and is four and a half feet high by three feet wide."

This scientific curiosity was constructed for the King of Golconda, but for some reason was never forwarded to him: perhaps the diamond crop failed that year, and his majesty could not pay the price.

Repeating clocks and watches, which were the delight of our great-grandfathers, are said to have owed their origin to the imagination of a confirmed invalid who disliked having a light in his room at night, but wanted to know how the long hours passed. He had a clock with a very large dial set close to the side of his bed. The numbers on the dial were hollow and filled with different sorts of spices, so that, by running his finger along the hand which pointed to the hour or its nearest division, he encountered the spice, and, by putting his finger on his tongue, could tell the hour by the aid of taste and memory.

Among the most beautiful modern reproductions of famous clocks is one manufactured some years since for the Philadelphia jewelers—Bailey, Banks and Biddle—after a model that belonged to Marie Antoinette. The case was of pink Cashmere marble, surmounted by a golden sun and decorated with a swinging circle of brilliants. It would be difficult to conceive anything more elegant than this timepiece, which was as reliable

for accuracy as it was exquisite in appearance and finish.



MODERN CALENDAR CLOCK,
After one belonging to Marie Antoinette.

DESPONDENCY.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

WHY is it we gather our sorrows
And nurse them until we are sad?
Forgetting the sunny to-morrows,
The past that was peaceful and glad.

Why add to the cloud that hangs o'er us,
The vapors that round us may cling?
Why tread the hot desert before us,
Unheeding the oasis' spring?

Oh, more than our years or our losses,
Ay, more than our labor or care,

It adds to the weight of our crosses
And sprinkles the snow on our hair.

The web of our life may be broken,
Its texture be darkened or thin—
We may long for a word that's unspoken,
Or shrink from the path we are in:

But is it not wiser and better
To stand where the sunshine can fall,
Than to tighten the band or the fetter
That holds us while shadows enthrall?

THE WITCH'S CONFESSION.

BY PLEASANT E. TODD.



TOMORROW I am to die.

They sentenced me to-day in court, and not one voice said nay!

Yes, I am a witch, and through the bars I see them preparing the gallows, but I seem to heed it not; rather, the sighing of the wind

and the fall of the white petals of the thorn-blossoms bring back to me my maiden life in England. I remember how we wreathed the hawthorn in our hair, and twined it around the May-pole. I was always the May-queen, and Roger Kemp would whisper: "Effie, you must be my queen," and I was happy.

Even then they used to laugh at the flash of my dark eyes and I gloried in my power of commanding my friends. Little Rose Evans used to say:

"Effie, don't look at me so; your eyes seem to cast a spell over me."

How I loved the dark deep woods! I would spend days in them, gathering the herbs, mint and rue and aconite which my grandmother needed in making her lotions and drinks.

That was before the terrible war. We used to hear strange tales of the New World where no heavy taxes drained purse and quenched hope, where hills, streams, and plains were like Paradise. Our neighbors went over the seas, and, before brave Hampden and Pym resisted the law's tyranny, Roger too went to make ready a domain for me. I pleaded to go with him, but it could not be.

"Wait, Effie; wait a little, then you must come out to me," he said.

How dreary the days were, after that. In the desolation of home, with Rupert's legions bringing wailing and a dull stubborn anger, all the music went out of my life.

There was no laughter in England. The king was slain, and, instead of song, there was the drone of the psalm—instead of the

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yule-tide, the caring for the wounded. All the wealth of the woods was Granny's, and, as I helped her make possets and simples for the soldiers, I too grew to know the secrets of the herbs, of their power for healing or for spells. Often, too, when Granny's word would be unheeded by the poor sick lads, I would go to them, and, as I spake, they would obey and be as humble as children, and yet I knew not why.

Oh, how I longed for tidings of Roger! Once I had a letter from him, telling of the hard winters and the cruel straits of the New World. He said he longed for me as the dove craves his mate, that he had never seen brighter eyes or fairer face than mine. But my heart sank, for I knew that my beauty was gone, as were the May sports and the dance.

When I heard that the good ship "Commonwealth" was going out to America, I resolved to go and seek Roger. On the vessel was Henry Williams—aye, but he was a good man; and, when he asked me to be his wife, only the memory of Roger kept me from answering him yea. Why was it that, as I looked the sailors in the face, they would tremble and fall, then grow to fear me, all but Henry Williams? Because they feared me, I loved to use my power, to feel that I controlled their wills and could make them obey. Sometimes I almost feared myself, for I could not tell the secret of this influence I had; but I was glad, for I felt that I would be a fitting mate for Roger. I would bring all men under my power, and then he would be king. When the storm came and we were in fear of death, the sailors believed it was because I was on board. They came to cast me off, but, when I spake, they dared not.

It was a weary journey to the place in which Roger was—the New Oxford on the river banks, the walled town in the woods. How beautiful it was, with the falling scarlet and yellow of the trees, the hazy molten glory of the atmosphere!

"His home thou shalt find beyond yon

great elm," said a grave man, of whom I asked the way. "A godly man is Roger Kemp."

I stopped a moment at the door, to quiet my throbbing heart ere I should meet him. A boy came to the door—a boy who looked so much like Roger that I said "Roger!" and forgot that twenty years had passed.

"Dost seek my father?" said the boy; "he is even now at the council chamber."

"Who art thou, that seekest him?" asked a stately woman beside the boy. "My husband is sore pressed with the business of the town."

It was for this that I had been faithful! I closed the door, and, heaping curses on Roger's head, vowed to have revenge. The air was heavy with fog, and there was a chill on all nature as the light of hope went out and I stood in the darkness.

Roger never knew me—never dreamed that the wrinkled woman who lived alone in the cottage in the forest, waiting to find vengeance, was the Effie Lane of his boyhood troth.

I was the leech of the place. I gathered the new herbs and tried them on the animals I tamed and kept around me. I knew the neighbors said strange and fearsome things of me, all but Mary Moore. She came to me one night in sore trouble.

"Have pity on me," she cried; "they have cast me out from home."

She staid with me till her babe was born. She would not tell its father's name, but I knew that the brown eyes and the inset chin were Roger's. I think, if she had lived, I would have been happier, for I never felt such peace as when the babe was folded next my heart. But the poor lass drooped, and one day I found her drowned, with her child in her arms. Then again I cursed Roger, as I saw him sit with his stately wife and fair lad's and lasses in the church.

One day, as I came in from gathering some boneset and fennel, standing in my chamber was a little maiden—little Peace Kemp.

"I've got losted," she said; "can you bring me home?"

Then Satan whispered to me that I could have vengeance, for oftentimes now he seemed to come to me, bringing suggestions of bitter evil.

I made a friend of her, showing her the snake I had tamed and which loved me,

bidding her play with the grinning monkey that Jack the sailor had given me because I had cured him in sore sickness.

Then in great haste I mixed a sweetmeat which I knew would bring death, and none should ever know. Verily, I would make proud hearts ache.

All the while, little Peace kept chattering: "Wilt thou not tell me aught about wites? My farder has told me thou art one. Are witches all winkled as thou art?"

I handed her the sweetmeat and she took it, saying:

"Thou art so good to me, I will tell them not to hang thee."

As she raised it to her lips, with a sudden revulsion I seized and threw it away. Before I could think, Jocko took the sweet and crunched it, Peace looking on with wondering eyes, for in that instant he died in great agony. I led her back to her own gate, feeling with heavy pain that I, Goody Hart, the withered faded woman, still loved Roger Kemp too well to hurt aught of his.

After that, little Peace clung to me. I knew not why; but, when I wished her to come, I would soon see the little figure among the trees. Oftentimes at night I would long for her, and she would come, clad in her night-clothes.

Then Roger Kemp would say: "Thou hast bewitched the child."

About this time, there came a strange sickness among the cattle. I knew they died because of the poisoned herbs, but the people said I had bewitched them. They would fasten the animals in till they were nigh smothered, and, when they found them trembling and white with foam, they said I had ridden them.

One day, the townsfolk came, and, wearing charms that I might not hurt them, bore me to the prison. I was tried. Well, death is sweeter than life, so I made no defense. But they told of my simples, of my snake, and the owl which I found with a broken leg—for a lone woman must make some friends, if they be but the fowls of the air. Little Peace was bidden to tell of Jocko's death; but, as I looked at her, she faltered and could speak no word, then she cried: "Oh, Goody, let me come to thee." At that, all said: "'Tis the power of Satan." And I knew no more till I heard Roger's voice condemning me to death.

RECLAIMING AN OGRE.

BY M. E. MCCLURE.

CHAPTER I.



ALLAN MURRAY was cynical and morose; nobody denied that. Even Aunt Nancy, his father's sister, who found one thousand and one virtues in this her favorite nephew, that the remainder of the world pretended not to see, could but acknowledge his acerbity.

Nell, his pretty sister of fifteen summers, stood somewhat in awe of him; while Fred, grown mas-

terful with the dignity of twenty years, still preferred that rumors of his flirtations and faults should be kept from the ears of the older brother. But the person most greatly annoyed by his peculiarities was his mother—an active anxious little woman, with the blood of five generations of an old Virginia family coursing through her veins; proud herself, and desirous that her oldest son in particular should sustain the family pride by an influential matrimonial alliance—of all things, she dreaded a misalliance.

She did not fear for Fred. True, he was very impressionable, and found any agreeable woman under forty a fitting shrine for his devotion; but he was approachable, and she fancied her skill and earnestness could manage him. Allan was different; he had ideas of his own, and very peculiar some of them seemed to Mrs. Murray, and she demonstrated her own want of judgment in permitting no opportunity to pass when she could remind him of his perverseness. Now, Aunt Nancy was different; she understood her nephew better, and never roused his resentment by portraying his imperfections, yet she could do more to redeem him from his bearishness than anyone else.

In truth, Allan Murray was no ogre; on the contrary, he was an upright honorable gentleman of high principle and deep sincerity, but he wore pessimistic eye-glasses

and would persist in looking straight through them. Now, when he went into the fields to study nature, he left these objectionable glasses at home; when he contemplated youth, love, and beauty in the abstract, he discarded them; but, when he inspected motives and acts, he brought them into requisition. His cynicism reached its perfection in his two-edged comments on the vanity and inconstancy of woman; for, be it known, he had been the victim of the inconstancy of one woman.

At four-and-twenty, Allan Murray, though thoughtful and sedate, had not escaped a taste of the grand passion; and loving, he loved sincerely. The object of his affection was a girl of great personal beauty and rare intellectual attainments, one skillful enough to cover any moral infirmity by her artless wiles; finally, her ambition outvied the pretense of integrity, and she ruthlessly cast him aside after playing with his deepest affections for several months. Then the iron entered his soul, and he had since doubted all womanhood except the tried friends of a lifetime. He loved his mother and was tenderly attentive to her, but Aunt Nancy was his ideal; indeed, he was closely akin to her in character, their deep sincerity and inflexible principles being the gift of their Scottish ancestry.

Aunt Nancy had buried her lover in her youth, and was still loyal to his memory; Fred very irreverently remarked that Aunt Nancy was Allan's "spare monument" of woman's constancy. Be that as it may, the two were very congenial, never failing to understand each other's motives.

Mrs. Murray could not sympathize with his fixed ideas, for she was a Southern woman, impulsive, warm-hearted, worldly, adapting her conscience to the reigning code.

She looked very comely and attractive, despite her fifty years, as she sat in the full glow of the firelight this crisp October evening, deftly stitching some intricate pattern in embroidery; the raven hair was but

sparsely threaded with silver, the eyes bespoke just a shade of anxiety, but the lines of the mouth were drawn in fixed determination. She evidently had some purpose in view, the execution of which might demand skill or even strategy, for she glanced now and then at the tall handsome figure reclining in a great easy-chair on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if about to speak, but would as often resume her meditations; for Allan was engrossed with his book, so she bided her time. Allan was a great student, and loved his books with a love almost human in its intensity; his library contained only the choicest, among which he reveled, eschewing all society except that of a few intimates.

Mrs. Murray had a horror of book-worms, her own education being of a superficial type, but affording her all advantages that were deemed a social necessity; she could not conceive why anyone should desire more. Allan was like his dead father in that respect, though the latter was a cheerful man, not permitting his books to interfere with the social duties incumbent upon his position.

At last, Mrs. Murray laid aside her work, and, drawing nearer the fire, said: "Allan, do put down your book awhile, for I wish to have a talk."

"Well, mother," said he, "I am at your service," at the same time shutting the book and smiling.

"I want to say," continued she, "that Nell is now fifteen, and she must have a governess this winter—someone that can be a kind of companion as well as teacher, and can give the finish and polish to her education; of course, I could think of employing no one except a lady of gentle birth. I know many such girls are to be found who really belong to the best families, but, being involved in financial misfortune, are compelled to seek positions of this kind. I want a lady who is accomplished as well as learned, who has tact as well as talent, who can make herself agreeable as well as useful."

"Whew!" ejaculated Allan "Mother, I am afraid we will have to take a telescope and lure her from celestial heights, this prodigy that must combine the grace of Diana, the wisdom of Minerva, and the fascination of Circe," continued he, mockingly.

"Don't scoff, Allan; I am sure she would enliven the whole household, and it might be she could make life appear less bookish to you."

"Nay, mother mine, I beg that you leave me out of your plans altogether, for I shall betake myself and my books to my own room and issue a quarantine immediately after her arrival."

"How provoking you are, Allan! I do hope you will be civil to her, for I cannot fail in my duty to Nell out of deference to your peculiarities," sighed she, "and just to think what a brilliant figure you could make in your social sphere! Ethel Stanhope admires you, I am certain, in spite of your stubborn reserve; and that means that the most beautiful and aristocratic girl in the whole county might be had for the asking."

A cynical smile played about Allan Murray's mouth as he replied:

"So, mother, you would only have me hold out my hand for the brightest bird in the county to alight in my outstretched palm? Nay, I much prefer an exciting chase, and would be best pleased to see my game captured by my prowess."

"Oh, fudge! all dream and sentiment! The Stanhopes are a proud Virginia family, and Ethel would grace any establishment in the State."

"Yes, little mother, but you could rattle her brains in a chincapin shell," rejoined the son, impressively.

"What an ungallant speech! Really, it is of no use talking to you; but tell me: how shall I find one? Must I advertise?"

"For what, mother?" queried Allan, with a twinkle of the eye; "a governess or a daughter-in-law?"

"Oh, you stupid! I want a governess now, and I have no wish that the one shall be converted into the other," added she, as the thought of Fred's tender susceptibilities made her pause a moment.

"But seriously, mother, why don't you continue sending her to Dr. Vane's school? I am sure she makes good progress there."

"Oh, pshaw! how like a man!" exclaimed she, impatiently. "Dr. Vane does very well for Greek and Latin roots, but is as ignorant as you are in regard to social demands."

"Thanks," returned he; "I see I need not apply, but could not Aunt Nancy fill

this place? She is accomplished, a fine musician and a good artist. To be sure, it would prey considerably upon her leisure time; but I believe she would be willing to make the sacrifice, if only to save me from bore and martyrdom, as the presence of such a divinity as you propose would surely inflict."

"Martyrdom, indeed! How shocking, Allan, for a handsome young man of thirty to make himself a veritable recluse! As for Aunt Nancy, that is absurd to think of; amiable and lovely woman that she is, she possesses the same hard-baked crusty ideas that you have engrafted into your nature—ideas that were living principles away back in the annals of Scotch Presbyterianism, but have become fossilized long, long ago. Now, my son, do be reasonable and help me to secure a proper young person. Would it not be best to advertise?"

"Advertise?" exclaimed Allan. "And have the house besieged for a week by females of all ages and sizes, from the simpering girl-graduate to the ancient dame in goggles? Not to be thought of, I tell you. If you are determined to try this experiment, I will write Fred Brown; he is acquainted with a score or two of literary ladies, and I know he will adjust all the details of the business much more satisfactorily than I could do."

At this moment, Fred and Nell entered, accompanied by Aunt Nancy, a tall fair woman of some forty years, her features bearing the impress of intelligence and refinement, but in whose clear gray eyes there shone a depth of sadness only mellowed by the genial glow that lighted the face. She had a strong affection for her grave cynical nephew, for she knew he possessed great depth of character, that needed only the warmth of some all-absorbing interest to make it subservient to the noblest ends. He had once loved an ideal, thinking he had found its impersonation; but, being roughly awakened from his disillusion, his pride sustained a shock from which he had never quite recovered. Being morbidly sensitive, he had sought to cover it with a veil of cynicism; so well had he succeeded, that the world pronounced him sour, selfish, and cross. Aunt Nancy was able to see through this veil and discover his real feelings, but was sagacious enough not to wound him by saying so. Not that he was heart-broken—

far from it; but his great affection had been given, and, being unable longer to fix its centre, was thrown into space.

"What do you think, Aunt Nancy, of the plan?" said Fred, when the result of the preceding conversation was made known to the new-comers.

"I hope," said she, "it will be of great benefit to Helen, and of no disadvantage to you."

Mrs. Murray looked somewhat anxious; but Fred, not deigning to respond to this reflection, continued: "I do hope she will be pretty, for I vow I will not play the gallant to any woman in false hair and paint."

"Frederick, have you no idea of the fitness of things? Pretty or ugly, you are not expected to play the gallant at all, except when I see proper for you to drive her and your sister to church, or perform some like duty. Just be agreeable and polite in the family circle, my son, and nothing more, if you please," concluded Mrs. Murray.

Aunt Nancy could not help smiling; Allan sneered, but Nell whispered in Fred's ear: "Ah, Freddie, my lad, you will think her pretty, for remember she is a woman."

"Oh, bother!" rejoined he. "I do not need to have someone to teach me to drop my eyelids and turn out my toes."

"No, no, Fred, you only need someone to train the mustache that is coming," remarked Allan, as he left the room, stroking his own dark glossy one.

"How bearish!" muttered Fred, whose mustache was the one vulnerable point in his composition; after weeks of anxious coaxing, it had made a "first appearance," and never was prima donna welcomed with more cordial delight than was this facial appurtenance.

"Why, Frederick, I see nothing like Bruin in that; Allan was only parrying thrusts with Helen and you," said Aunt Nancy. She always said "Frederick" and "Helen," not because of any severity in her nature, but from a natural love of propriety; she herself had been loyal to the homely "Nancy Jane" inflicted upon her at the baptismal font, always signing the name in full, when Jeannie, Nannette, and Janie had arrayed themselves temptingly before her. "You must not be unjust to him because he is often bitter in his opinions."

Mrs. Murray always acknowledged the justice of Aunt Nancy's ideas after they were advanced, retaining their impression for full five minutes afterward.

"But I do hope he will be civil, Nancy, to this prospective young woman," sighed the anxious little woman.

"Be sure, sister, he will be polite, though it prove an icy politeness; he always pretends to be a great deal worse than he is," responded Aunt Nancy.

CHAPTER II.

IT was New Year's Eve; Jeannette Campbell sat at her window, looking out upon the wide stretch of landscape before her. The tall trees that skirted the carriage-drive tossed their heads in proud defiance as the wind soughed and whistled through their branches. The moon, playing hide-and-seek with portentous snow-clouds, ever and anon would dart a thread of silver through the distant meadow, as its rays fell upon the singing rivulet whose treble had grown shriller since the leafy June-time. The trees that crowned the mountain-tops looked grim and bare against the western horizon.

For two months, Jeannette Campbell, governess and companion, had been an inmate of the Murray household. A penniless orphan, she gladly accepted the goodwill of her employer and endeavored to reciprocate her kindness in every possible way. Sensitive, proud, and independent, she was not a girl to make many friends; but, once made, they were friends forever, and those loved her best who knew her best. Nell had completely won her heart at the outset. Mrs. Murray could be kind without being patronizing; Aunt Nancy invited the utmost confidence; and Fred—she smiled that night as she thought of merry gallant Fred, whom more than once she had almost alighted to keep him outside the line dangerous to true friendship. The morning after her arrival, Allan had greeted her with an icy "Good-morning, madam," without looking at her, that froze all gracious thoughts of himself; and thereafter both seemed perfectly content with the general frigidity. If any topic at table presented itself for discussion, they would always advocate opposite theories, though seldom addressing each other directly. It was all Allan's fault, of course, and very uncouth

of him, to say the least. Mrs. Murray was mortified, and daily attacked him with opprobrious word missiles that fell with the weight of so many feathers upon his stubborn head. It was with some difficulty that Aunt Nancy refrained from scolding him, as Miss Campbell was a favorite of hers; but Fred, indignant at the want of chivalry displayed, gave the young lady a few leading ideas of his brother's peculiarities, and, feeling quite indifferent anyhow, she was able to pass unheeded what she had felt to be just cause for resentment.

Allan had been from home for a month, and was not expected back until the middle of January; the remainder of the family were absent at a brilliant reception given at Judge Stanhope's, some two miles distant. Mrs. Murray was much chagrined at Jeannette's refusal to accompany them, but she had insisted that she would not be at all afraid, with old Aunt Chloe, the colored housekeeper, in the house. She sat down in the early evening, with her beloved Goethe for company; but Goethe had become dull, and she had turned out the gas and sat down by the window to think—it might be, to dream of her future. Her future! The thought brought bitterness to-night. She was twentyfour years of age, all alone in the world; she might die, even to-night, and would scarcely be missed, and the isolated heart shrunk from the thought. She had dreamed of a future—a golden future, where affluence, luxury, and love awaited her; its fulfillment always seemed vague and far away, yet her faith clung to the idea. She had no lover; she might have had, if she had deemed it worth the while to endure their soft speeches and their tiresome attentions simply to make a conquest, for she felt they could never touch her heart; but deep in that heart she had enthroned an ideal whom she had never found.

She made an attractive picture as she sat there looking out into the darkness. She was not pretty—indeed, the casual observer would have pronounced her rather plain; but the flicker of the firelight revealed a stately form crowned with a mass of golden hair. The eyes were sincere and hopeful in expression, and the whole face wore a look of eager expectancy.

The clouds had thickened, and a light snow began to fall. The lights in the little

cottage across the meadow seemed so far away; she really wished Aunt Nancy had remained at home, as she had been inclined to do. She loved Aunt Nancy, but wondered why such a sensible woman could admire Allan so much; yet she mused: "I think there must be something noble about him, for I am sure he loves his books; and one who makes Schiller and Richter his daily companions cannot be altogether ignoble."

The firelight danced less gayly on the wall; the snowflakes fell more softly, while ever and anon the twinkling lights appeared again, so far away, like two fiery eyes in the distance, glaring feebly from their sockets; then their feeble gleam would be lost in a blinding fall of snow.

The clock chimed twelve—one—yet Jeannette slept. The firelight cast weird shadows on the wall, then, smoldered low again; the snow-cloud passed, and the moon in its clear pale beauty threw over the snow-crowned trees a halo of phantom-like beauty. Clear and sharp rang the hoofs of an approaching horse far down the drive, when the girl awoke with a start, wondering if the family could be returning. Peering through the trees, she saw a single rider going in the direction of the stables: one of the neighbors, of course—very foolish of her to feel afraid anyhow, for the house was securely fastened below; but she felt that she ought to retire—it was of no use for her to await the return of the family. Her own room-door was not locked; she wished it were, but she felt a vague fear in leaving the window. And she did wish the fire would brighten, for— Oh! what could it be? Yes, surely that was a man's footstep coming up the stairs! Oh, to be able to lock the door! But she could not move; her body seemed deprived of the power of locomotion, so she sat there gazing into the shadowed room in that dazed semi-conscious state that intense fear sometimes produces.

Nearer, nearer, came the dreadful footsteps, unmuffled in their fearless tread, pausing at her own door for one moment, while her heart ceased beating. Oh, that the door were locked! She could hear him turn the knob of Aunt Nancy's door next to her own, and enter the room; she flew across the room, thinking to gain the stairway and waken Aunt Chloe, that they might summon

help from the cottage before he could get away with any of the valuables. These were kept in a closet which opened into Allan's room; but the door was generally locked, and it would take him some little time to force his entrance. These thoughts flew like lightning through her brain, and she had reached her door when she heard the footsteps returning; she had shaken off her stupor, and noiselessly drew the bolt, fastened herself inside, then, hastily climbing upon a chair, she prepared to take observations through the transom overhead.

Yes, she could see it was a man, as revealed by the moonlight—a big burly-looking man in a slouch hat and a great-coat; a very bold burglar he seemed, for he walked down the hall, and, divesting himself of his outer coat, walked into Allan Murray's room at the very head of the stairway.

Why didn't Aunt Chloe wake? Or perhaps he had killed her, or at least given her a dose of chloroform! The very thought added terror to her fright, and, unbolting her door, she gave her feet wings as she flew down the long hall, gaining the dreaded door just as the intruder lighted the gas, which fell full upon her white set face; she crouched low in the shadow, for she dared not move.

From her position, she could see the closet-door, and—yes, he was fitting a key in it! Strange to say, the lock readily yields, and he steps inside, leaving the key in the door. If she could only succeed in locking him in! But her heart shrunk within her at the bare idea; yet she rallied her courage, and, without pausing to think longer, ran across the floor, throwing herself against the door and locking it before her prisoner could realize the situation; then turning, she sprang into the hall, running into the arms of old Aunt Chloe, who had been aroused by the heavy tread of the visitor.

"Oh, Aunt Chloe! a burglar! A burglar in the closet!" exclaimed the ashen-faced girl, as she sunk to the floor.

If Aunt Chloe had any doubts concerning the verity of the statement, they were soon put to flight by the banging and kicking within.

"Sakes alive, honey, yo done cotch him, sho nuff!" said the old negro, rubbing Jeannette's face to restore her animation;

"doan yo be skeered no mo', case he safe behin' dat do'."

By this time, the protestations of the prisoner had become very violent, and Aunt Chloe was half dragging Jeannette along, while her eye fell upon the coat carelessly thrown across the balustrade, when she threw up her hands, exclaiming: "Sakes alive, honey, he dun murdered Mars' Allan an' tuk his coat! Oh! oh! oh!"

"What, Aunt Chloe? What do you say? That this is Mr. Murray's coat?" asked Jeannette, wildly, as a new idea flashed into her head; an idea at once so plausible and so overpowering that she turned sick at heart.

"Yes, honey chile," gravely remarked Aunt Chloe, whose one thought was that "Mars' Allan" had been killed; "dat's de one he wore 'way frum home."

"Aunt Chloe, what if it were he I locked in there, instead of a burglar?" asked Jeannette, breathlessly.

Just at this moment, the prisoner, doubtless recognizing Aunt Chloe's voice, called loudly: "Aunt Chloe! Aunt Chloe! It is I—Allan! Come open the door!"

"Law, honey," said the old woman, "it is his sperit; you's bin playin' wid a sperit, honey chile," added she, in an awe-struck whisper, as she dragged Jeannette down the stairs.

"Oh, Aunt Chloe, it is Mr. Murray himself! We must go back and open the door. How silly of me not to think it might be Allan Murray returned before the set time! How can I face him?"

"It's his sperit, honey chile, his sperit!" groaned the poor old woman, who was reasonably brave as long as she thought it was a real burglar behind lock and key, but whose superstitious nature quailed before the prospective ghost who required nothing larger than a key-hole for entrance.

"I should prefer facing a score of spirits to Allan Murray in flesh and blood, after this 'predicament,'" sighed Jeannette. It, however, required much coaxing to persuade Aunt Chloe to return to the upper story, and she would only consent to stand in the hall while Jeannette should unlock the door, provided he could clearly prove his identity. She stopped on the threshold, calling: "Mars' Allan!"

"Let me out, will you? I am nearly
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suffocated in this place!" he exclaimed, in a voice so entirely his own that Jeannette tremblingly opened the door; and Allan walked out, and, bowing to her, said: "Your prisoner."

Jeannette looked up in surprise, and the white ashen face and terror-haunted eyes told their own story of fear and mortification.

"Land sakes, Mars' Allan, honey, but she did cotch you cute, sho nuff," said Aunt Chloe, whose delight was unbounded to find him alive.

"You have won the honors of war, Miss Campbell, and I was justly your prisoner; I thank you for my freedom," said he, with such a kind smile that Jeannette, looking into his face, wondered if the fairies had transformed him.

"Oh, I am so sorry, Mr. Murray; do pray forgive my stupidity. I had been asleep when your footsteps woke me, and was almost paralyzed with fright while yet half asleep; then I never thought of your returning for two weeks yet. What must you think of my foolishness?" said she, appealingly, forgetful in her earnestness of his sarcastic bent.

Allan, too, it appeared, had forgotten to play the usual rôle, for he actually looked into her eyes quite tenderly and sympathetically, and was in turn astonished to find in them a wonderful depth and beauty.

"I think, Miss Campbell, you are quite brave, and deserve a cross of honor for your skill and strategy. Pray do not think of my taking offense at your very natural mistake; but I should beg pardon for frightening you, although it was quite unintentional," added he, courteously.

A low chuckle from Aunt Chloe, and, turning, they found the old woman nodding and smiling, while she said: "She did cotch you sho nuff, Mars' Allan," and for some reason Allan Murray blushed.

After entering his room that night, he entered the closet to put his watch away; he supposed there was no one in the house at all, but quickly realized the situation when he found himself locked in. Now, Allan's nature was no stranger to the finer traits of character, though he kept them closely veiled; his perception was delicate enough to appreciate the young lady's mortification, and he resolved to be kind,

especially as his mother and Fred were not there; had they been, rather than disappoint their expectations of him as a cynic and an ogre, he would most probably have been gruff and severe. As it was, his sympathy was aroused, and the clear light of the troubled eyes awoke something like admiration for the bravery of the girl; then all the latent chivalry in his nature asserted itself, and no courtier could have been more deferential.

When the family arrived, an hour after the excitement, Allan was sound asleep; but Aunt Chloe unfolded the story in all its details before they were well indoors, then Jeannette was petted, caressed, and questioned until her small amount of nerve-force remaining was spent, and she was unable to leave her room during the whole day.

Fred was convulsed with merriment whenever he thought of his dignified brother's predicament; Nell, who had been reading novels, straightway made Jeannette a heroine; Mrs. Murray overwhelmed her with attention.

Allan left, the following day, for a short stay at Lowe, a few miles distant, and Jeannette breathed a sigh of relief when she found he had gone. After his consideration for her fright and weakness the night before, he might grow more sarcastic than ever. Poor Jeannette! she had such an exaggerated opinion of the stupidity of the mistake, and such vivid recollections of its ridiculous features, that it was difficult to reconcile herself to it, though she assumed a cheery air.

"What did the ogre say, anyhow, Miss Jeannette?" queried Fred, two or three days after, when they were gathered round the breakfast-table.

"Let me assure you he did not act the ogre at all," said she, somewhat stiffly, then added playfully: "Can you expect a heroine in distress to give a faithful account?"

"What a splendid time for one to have played the gallant knight," observed Fred; "but Allan never has an eye single to his opportunities."

"Perhaps he did play knight, Freddie," said Nell. "Aunt Chloe says: 'He ac' des like a Crisyun, honey chile.'"

CHAPTER III.

APRIL had come in all its springtime beauty and freshness; the air was redolent with sweet odors, and the blossom-laden

boughs and budding flowers spoke all of promise, nothing of decay. The birds swelled their tiny throats to vent their joyousness, and the little brook sparkled and danced in the sunlight.

Jeannette Campbell had wandered from the house, book in hand, and, sitting at the foot of a grand old oak, listened to the gurgle of the waters while she indulged in dreamy thought. Her feelings had suffered strange perturbations of late; she had grown restless under the glance of Allan Murray's dark eyes—eyes that could be so tender or so stern. Since that fateful New Year's Eve, he had been just as cynical and ungracious as ever, except upon a few occasions when he accidentally met her in the library or hall alone, when he was quite pleasant, even placing his choice collection of books at her service; for he had discovered she knew much of them and loved many of his favorites. A few times she had found books left at her door with marked passages, yet she always dreaded to meet him, for his disposition took such unexpected turns at these times that she felt extremely uncomfortable; yet, once or twice, while she dreaded his appearance, she found an eager expectancy mixed with it, much to her own consternation: it really frightened her, and she had conceived some half-formed plans of leaving Mrs. Murray, as much as she liked all of them. Her few short conversations with Allan had completely revolutionized her opinion of him, and secretly she pronounced him a man of very superior gifts and of great personal magnetism; few felt its power, because his iron will held his gentleness and fascination in thrall.

She was sure he was sorry for her, hence his special kindness; and her own proud spirit rebelled at the thought. Perhaps his sense of duty constrained him to treat her with politeness; but would Mrs. Murray understand it so? Might she not grow fearful with the absurd thought that her governess was angling for her son? For mothers often wear very crooked glasses to take observations in these matters. She felt that Aunt Nancy knew her better than to suppose she could stoop to such a thing. She herself did not have the least idea that he was of more interest to her than Fred, but there had been such a change in him that she thought more of it.

Footsteps fell softly on the grassy sward, and Jeannette looked up to see Allan Murray standing before her.

"A fine morning, Miss Campbell; from your expression as I came up, I fear your thoughts are not in harmony with this scene of cheer and life before us."

"Sometimes a face is dark only by contrast; perhaps nature is unusually bright to-day," replied she, quickly, at the same time feeling the crimson mount to her cheeks, and being very much provoked that he should take her at such disadvantage.

"True, and a barren life seems much darker in contrast with a bright hopeful one," he replied, seriously. "Miss Campbell, do you believe in a blind unchangeable fate?"

"I do not, except when one surrenders to circumstances and makes no effort to break one's environment," answered she, frightened at her own temerity.

"You have never had your best ideals of life shattered, Miss Campbell, with one's pride fatally wounded, and one's hope crushed as mine has been; the effort must be a superhuman one that restores its fair proportions."

"Pardon me, I could not know you had reference to yourself; but you acknowledge you had ideals of life, and there is a superhuman Hand that can rebuild them."

"Yes," returned he, slowly, "but I had lost faith in their impersonations until—"

"Until when, Mr. Murray? I am glad your skepticism has reached a limit," said she, in a half-playful tone.

"Until I permitted myself to look into your eyes, Jeannette Campbell, and discover your soul—nay, do not turn away; you must listen. I need an inspiration to raise me above myself; for, Jeannette," said he, passionately clasping her hand, "I love you!"

Had the sky suddenly fallen, Jeannette could not have been more astonished; she could not utter one word, but, turning away, tried vainly to release her hand, while deep in her heart a new joy had birth.

But, quickly regaining her composure, she protested: "Mr. Murray, you must not; let me go. I am your mother's governess, and she must not think me guilty of a breach of faith in permitting you to say these things."

"Yes, Miss Campbell, but you are too sensible to think that your being a governess

makes any real difference; all that concerns me is to know if you can ever care for me."

Jeannette, struggling between hope and fear, could not prevent his reading the truth in her eyes, though as yet it was only half confessed to herself. Another half-hour beneath the shade of the oak sufficed to show them each other's hearts, and both beat high as they returned to the house.

Jeannette had begged that he should keep silent till she had gone away, as she would do in a few weeks, and he had reluctantly consented.

The weeks sped quickly for the lovers, though they were very successful in keeping their secret, Allan's changed disposition being the only pretext for suspicion; but, the week before Miss Campbell was to leave for her summer vacation, Mrs. Murray spied the couple walking together, and her maternal interest was at once aroused. She attacked Allan as soon as she could find him alone, warning him not to turn Miss Campbell's head by such attentions. "Attentions that would mean nothing," she added, "from Fred; but, my son, you are older, and, one would suppose, beyond the folly of flirtation."

"I assure you, mother, I had no idea of flirting; but suppose I should tell you I am really in love with Miss Campbell?"

"I should think it one of your sarcastic jests."

He replied so warmly that his mother divined the truth and immediately succumbed to hysteria.

Aunt Nancy was summoned, and their efforts soon restored her, Allan explaining to her briefly the cause. This gracious woman looked pleased, and promised to use her influence to keep all this ado from Jeannette's ears. So successful was she that, the next morning, his mother declared she would rather see him married to Miss Campbell than to remain the cross cynic he had been; and he was too happy even to wince under her criticism. She promised him to welcome his choice, and she was good enough to tell Jeannette she had always loved her. Aunt Nancy expressed her joy in many ways; Fred turned a series of somersaults when informed, and Nell sobbed; not that she was sorry, but she was romantic. But Aunt Chloe gave the grand climax by saying: "I know yo done cotch him, honey chile, when yo locked him in de closet."

AT HILLBURY.

BY L. ROBBINS.



CURTIS FIELDING was half-way up the stairs leading to his room, when he paused to hear what Mrs. Macomber had to communicate.

"There's a gentleman in your room," said his landlady, coming close to him and speaking in a low tone. "I don't know who he is; he wouldn't give his name, but he said he was a friend of yours and would wait for you."

The young man went on up with a feeling of annoyance. He knew of no one on sufficient terms of intimacy to warrant such an intrusion. On opening the door, he saw that the lamp was lighted and a bright fire burning in the open fireplace. Standing before the fire, back toward him, was a tall man with broad shoulders.

The annoyance Curtis felt had hardly time to change to anger, when the man, hearing the door open, turned and silently confronted him.

Curtis gave a little start and drew his hand across his eyes; then, as the grave expression on the face of the stranger gave place to a half-humorous smile, he sprang forward with a joyful cry of recognition, exclaiming as the two grasped hands:

"Why, Dave, old boy, is it possible?"

"Seems so, doesn't it?" said the other, with a pleasant gleam in his eyes. "How well you're looking, Curt!"

"I don't suppose there's any need of my saying I'm glad you've come. Why, old fellow, I thought you were a thousand miles away! How did it happen? How could you get away?"

"I could because I would! The fact is, I have been hankering for a sight of you this good while. Ten years is a long time for brothers to be apart."

"The ten years haven't made much difference in you, Dave," said the younger, turning him by the shoulders to the light. "Have you had supper? Yes? Well, then, have a cigar. Here's a box of prime ones.

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I have given up smoking, but I had these left when I swore off. Here's a match. No, not that chair—this is easier." He went to a closet and brought out a pair of slippers. "Take off your boots and put these on. How did you leave the family?"

"All well."

"How long can you stay?"

"A week."

"Now put your feet on this foot-rest, and there you are. Is it warm enough for you here?"

"Yes, yes! For heaven's sake, Curt, stop fussing over me. I am as comfortable as man can be. Sit down and tell me what you have been doing with yourself and how you are getting along," said David, looking at his junior with an expression of affectionate pride.

It was the last evening of David's stay. Curtis had a business letter to write. While he was attending to it, David occupied himself in wandering about the room; now taking up the violin on the table to play a few notes, or turning over the leaves of a magazine; now examining the backs of the books in the book-case, or taking out a volume to look into carelessly; now standing before the fire, whistling softly. As the letter was being sealed, he took a cigar from the box.

"You have a mighty pleasant little den here, Curt," he said, as he lit it; "but, after all, it is a miserable substitute for a home—a home with wife and children in it."

"Think so?" said his brother, putting away the writing-materials, and coming to stand by him at the fire.

"Why haven't you ever married?" pursued the elder, taking the first puff at his cigar. "A clever good-looking fellow like you—it can't be the fault of the girls. What is the trouble?"

"Well, I suppose it is owing to the contrariness of my disposition as much as anything."

"How is that?"

"Oh, I want what I can't have. The

women I could marry I don't care anything for, and the others are as far out of my reach as the stars. That is to say," he added, a little bitterly, "they wouldn't care anything about me."

"You have been hit, Curt," said David, half inquiringly.

Curtis rested his arm on the mantelpiece and looked thoughtfully down into the fire. After a pause, he answered slowly:

"No, I don't think you would call it being hit; I don't know what you would call it. I never spoke to her or heard her voice, and she was unaware of my existence. I don't even know her name."

"Tell me about it," said David, gently, laying a hand on his shoulder.

"There isn't much to tell; but, if you want to hear it— *Hullo!* what's the matter with that lamp? Confound Mrs. Macomber! the oil is out."

"Never mind; let it go. The fire gives light enough," said David, drawing up a chair.

"So be it, then," said Curtis; and, after throwing more wood on the fire, he resumed his leaning position by the mantel and began:

"It was before my promotion, four years ago. I was brakeman on an accommodation train running between Whiteville and East Whitney. It was a long run. We started at a little after four in the morning, and didn't get back till nearly six. A little beyond the Hillbury station, we had to wait in the morning, a few minutes before seven, for a freight train to pass, and at three in the afternoon for the express.

"The town was mostly on the west side of the road, while on the east there wasn't much except hills. There was a little open space on the town side just opposite where we stopped, and, one morning in the autumn, I noticed some workmen with picks and shovels beginning to dig there. When we came back in the afternoon, I saw they were making a cellar. Before it was finished, several loads of lumber had come, and a gang of carpenters soon after began building a dwelling-house. The head carpenter was a young man whom the others called George.

"He was a splendid-looking fellow, strong and well knit. There seemed to be the most work in him of anybody I ever saw. He

was never idle, and he never appeared to be in a hurry; but he made every motion tell, and accomplished half as much again as any of the others. He was good-natured. I sometimes heard his companions chaffing him, but he always gave as good as he received, and had the laugh on his side.

"I gathered from their talk that the house was his, and that he intended to be married and move into it as soon as it was finished.

"The work progressed rapidly. While the plasterers were at work inside, the painters had their ladders against the outside. Stoves were carried in and fires made, and in the latter part of December the furniture came, and everything was in readiness for house-keeping soon after.

"On the morning of the New Year, I saw a light there, and there were shadows on the kitchen window-shades. I had speculated a good deal about the life that would go on there in the new house, and so it was with considerable interest that I looked forward to the afternoon, when I thought I should perhaps see George's wife.

"The sitting-room, I fancy it was, had a large low east window overlooking the track; it was toward this I directed my gaze. I was not disappointed. She was there. She stood with arms hanging and hands loosely clasped, looking dreamily out at the distant hills. She made me think of a saint as she stood there. She had beautiful eyes, large and thoughtful. Her brown hair was a little wavy. She had a delicate refined face and a slight figure. Only for an instant did I see her so. A bright happy expression came into her face. She took some work from a stand near, and, sitting down in a willow rocker at the window, began to sew; the saint was transformed into a busy little woman.

"The express whizzed by, and we steamed on. Somehow that face went with me. I called myself foolish and tried to forget it, but I couldn't. I endeavored to persuade myself that I had overrated her; 'I shall be disenchanted to-morrow,' I said.

"But no! There she was, sitting by the window, looking even lovelier than before.

"To make a long story short, my happiness grew to depend on seeing her for a few minutes each day. I seldom missed her. In the afternoon, she was nearly always sitting by the window; sometimes sewing,

sometimes reading a book or magazine, sometimes crocheting—always busy and happy-looking. As spring came on, I occasionally saw her watering the plants in the south window in the morning, or feeding the canary which hung over the willow rocker, or sweeping; always so cheerful, so quick, so busy.

"I had almost dreaded to see her in the morning, there are so many women who go about then looking like frights; but I needn't have been afraid. I never saw her when she was not neat and tidy—hair smooth, dress clean and trim, with something white in the neck, and always becoming.

"I cannot make you understand the influence she had over me. It was a good influence. I was, and am, a better man because of her. She seemed to me the embodiment of pure noble womanhood. If she had seemed less pure and good, she would not have been so much to me.

"I came to several conclusions regarding her. I was sure she had lived near a railroad before, she was so unobservant of the trains, hardly ever looking up when they passed. I imagined that her present happiness was in strong contrast to her previous history; that she had been brought up amid uncongenial surroundings, and that hard necessity had compelled her to work beyond her strength; that those eyes had looked sad and hopeless, and that her new life was like heaven, full of love and enjoyable work.

"I noticed that George was thoughtful of her in little ways. One morning, when the freight was late or we were early, I saw him carrying a hod of coal up the outside back stairs. She was feeding the bird. A minute later, as she stepped back from the cage, George came up behind and put his arm about her. Then I think she saw me, for she tried to disengage herself, and, I imagined, told him someone was looking. He glanced up quickly, caught my eye, and apparently said: 'Who cares?' and, laughingly drawing her closer, raised her face to his and kissed it deliberately, and then, still laughing, released her. An instant later, he was going gayly down the side steps, with his hat pushed back, whistling.

"Well, a thing like that doesn't make a fellow any more contented with his single blessedness. It made me feel like a lone

forsaken devil, and only half a man. I was grouty all the rest of the day.

"When summer came, I thought George's wife appeared more thoughtful, or different somehow. Oftentimes as she sat at the window, her work, which seemed always now to be of some dainty white material, would lie idle in her lap, and she would be leaning a little forward, looking dreamily toward the hills. Then she would give a little start, a smile would come to her face, and the work would be resumed.

"So the summer passed, and autumn came. I seldom caught sight of her in the morning now. When I saw George going to his work, he had a preoccupied air; he no longer went gayly down the steps or whistled. Many afternoons I missed her from the usual place.

"One day in the latter part of October, I saw a gray-haired woman standing at the window, looking at the train. She resembled George, and I supposed her to be his mother.

"A few days more, and in the willow rocker, with the stand drawn to him, sat a little bald-headed man, making up powders and mixing something in a cup, whom I took to be a doctor. At the same time, I heard the wailing of a baby.

"The next day, and for many days afterward, I saw only the gray-haired woman, and once in a while the baby, which seemed to be always crying.

"Three weeks passed. I had begun to feel anxious, when one afternoon my eyes were gladdened by the sight of the baby's mother. She was sitting in a large easy-chair, with a pillow at her back, in her old place. But oh, she looked so white and her eyes so large! She had on something blue, and a white shawl, soft and fluffy. She looked happier than I had ever seen her.

"Every day after that, for two or three weeks, she sat there just the same; and I grew quite uneasy about the shawl and the pillow, and hoped every day they would be missing.

"One afternoon, I was gratified by seeing her as of old, in a dress of some dark-red stuff, with lace at the neck. She was sitting in the little rocker, and had some crochet-work in her hands. I think she had become impatient and made up her mind she would be better, for the next day she was missing; and, the day after that, she was in the great chair again, with the shawl and the pillow.

"The poor little baby didn't appear to thrive, either; and often and often I heard it wailing, and often and often saw the gray-haired woman walking about the room with it. Sometimes the weak little mother would hold out her arms for the child, and, as she looked down at it lovingly and pityingly, I thought of the Madonna.

"One morning, there was an air of silence about the house. A streamer of white crape fluttered at the door. The poor little baby was dead.

"After this, the mother had a sad far-away look. Only when the gray-haired woman was by, I fancied she made an effort to be cheerful. Every day I hoped to see her stronger, and every day I was disappointed.

"One afternoon—it was New Year's—she sat leaning back against the pillow, when the old lady came and said something to her and then helped her to her feet. She was apparently going to assist her away, when the younger woman turned and looked longingly out of the window, first up at the blue sky, then out toward the distant hills,

and then nearer, until her eyes rested on the train, and at last on me. Of course, I know she didn't see me or think of me; but at that moment the old bright look came back, and I even thought she smiled. Then she turned slowly away, and—that was the last time I ever saw her.

"For days I hoped against hope. I saw George and the doctor and George's mother, but her I never saw again.

"When I saw George now going to his work, he went slowly down the steps, his hat pulled down, his head bent. I hardly dared lift my eyes as the train approached the house.

"But we cannot change the inexorable decrees of fate. One afternoon—it was a holiday, and the cars were crowded with merry-makers—I looked up at the window. George was there in her chair. His arms were on the stand, and his face was hidden in them. His mother came and laid her hand on his shoulder, but he did not move. I glanced toward the side door. Two men were there—carrying in—a coffin."

THE OLD TURNPIKE ROAD.

BY ARTHUR E. SMITH.

THROUGH sand and clay, the old road brings
One straight unto the sloping hills,
By meadow where the fountain springs,
By grove where sweet the wild bird trills!
The strong-limbed wind, that herds the storms,
Sweeps down across the rutted way,
Hurling the dust in cloud-like forms
On high, as doth a child at play.

Light trembling shades sweep o'er the grain;
Afar the dip of higher leaves;
Then lower dips; then level plain,
Through which its course the old road weaves;
Then farther, 'neath the haze's woof
Spun from the sunlight and the green,
The old inn's slanting shingled roof
And gables show the trees between.

O'er gravel, stones, and sharp-horned rocks,
The streamlet foams in swift cascade,
Tossing its long and whitened locks
Against the pines that clothe the glade.
And there the mill stands by the road,
With faded sign above the door;
The waiting teams with heavy load
Within its yard are seen no more.

Beside the bridge, the toll-gate stands;
And there within his dingy room
The toll-man sits with folded hands,
Awaiting what few teams yet come.
With sunken eyes and furrowed brow,
Bent form and length'ning hair and gray,
From out his chair he rises slow,
And at the window claims his pay.

Though men desert thee, ancient road,
The birds and fair-eyed flowers do not!
For thou art fringed by golden-rod,
A wondrous fringe by fairies wrought!
Though thou art vanquished, yet I pray
That my last days may be like thine,
That o'er my sunset's golden way
Eternal love and goodness shine!

Sweet nature lays her choicest gifts
Upon the altar of the heart;
And she the veil of doubting lifts,
And shows to us life's better part!
Farewell, farewell, thou ancient road!
Thou landmark of the time that's gone!
We are remembered by the good
Alone, that we through life have done!

THIS MAN AND THIS WOMAN.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.



I.
HEN at nineteen his father told him it might be well for him to think of theology as a profession, Jim Arbury made no dissent. It is possible that, had Dr. Arbury suggested organ-grinding as a means of livelihood for his son and heir, Jim's uprearing would have compelled him to regard cylindrical music favorably and caused him to be interested in monkeys, such dominant force had his father always exerted.

As it was theology, and not hand-organs, Jim at once saw the plausibility of his going as missionary to India, reconstructing temples of Buddhism there, and evangelizing intellects whose occult mysticism relegated him and his teachings to the outer rim of ignorance.

An hour later, he was on his way to Celia Winship, feeling that he should more seriously apprehend the stupendous character of the life that lay before him. Jim liked to think that he had hardships and overcame them. Celia was one of them.

"Why, Jim," said Celia, "what is the matter? You look bilious; have you eaten too much candy?"

Bilious! Too much candy! Though, to be sure, Jim owned to a predilection for sweets, and Celia had many pretty empty boxes which had held the bonbons Jim had brought her during vacations. She kept laces and ribbons in them now, and could recall the incident which had brought each luscious box her way, especially those which represented some hardship more flagrant than usual. For Celia cheerfully coerced Jim in the idea that the world was a heartless thing, and that her widowed mother and Jim's widowed father would do all in their power to break the bond of affection that chained the two young hearts that tried to beat as one.

The truth is, Jim's heart beat as one,
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while Celia's beat as several, though neither thought it worth while to mention this difference of pulsation. Both knew one thing, though, and that was that Jim's father was hard on him. Yet Doctor Arbury meant for the best; he knew Jim to be a sensitive affectionate boy, outreaching after intangibilities; and the practical doctor wished no "lusus" in his family. Thus he had battled with this sensibility in Jim, and only succeeded in alienating the affection of the boy, who was so like his dear dead mother. Yet the virtues that make a woman lovable may make a man the weakest of his sex.

Yea, and alas! the doctor, after two years of intermittent cogitation, came to the conclusion that Jim was unfit to compete with the world of men with any degree of success, and that there seemed no avenue of usefulness open to him unless it were the Church—the Church would scarcely make Jim's impracticability patent, as the boy would be brought into contact with softened minds, or with hard minds afflicted to the degree of appreciation for softness.

Now, nothing would have given the doctor more pleasure and gratification than to see his son succeed him in a branch of science that more than any other was helpful to physical humanity—the humanity which, the doctor argued, was responsible for healthy or unhealthy souls. But Jim had shrunk from the evidences of suffering in others, and openly rebelled when his father insisted upon his attending lectures on anatomy with realistic demonstrations. So, said the doctor, with somewhat of contempt for Jim, it should be theology, with all its poetry and sentiment, for the boy. Yet one thing he would stop at once, and that was Jim's nonsensical intimacy with Celia Winship, who was a good two years older than the boy, and as arrant a coquette, according to the doctor, as had been her mother, who had years ago declined the addresses of a certain medical student named Arbury, to marry a consumptive banker with one lung and a fortune in corner lots. For what,

again according to the doctor's reasoning, could a society woman of twentyone see in a silly boy of nineteen, whose only boast was a handsome face and a snuggling-up manner toward all femininity?

Jim should away to college and avoid the temptation of splendid eyes, a fine epidermis, and ingenious thoracic respiration, all inherited from a mother who had preferred to be the wife of a bank-account instead of brains.

"Jim would marry that girl out of hand," said the doctor; "and she would have him just because I oppose him. I know her: exactly like her mother. If he keep away from her for a few years, he'll forget there ever was such a person in existence, and she will marry that Dawson fellow her mother is trying to hook for her. If people would only wait five years for those they think they love, there would be fewer marriages and less unhappiness in the world."

So the doctor issued his edict, and Jim went to Celia, and she accused his liver.

"No, Celia," said Jim, gravely, "it is not candy. What should you say if I were a missionary?"

Celia laughed.

"They don't roast 'em any more," said she, "so that's a comfort."

Roast 'em, mind you!

"If you're going to make fun of me," returned Jim, "I might as well go home again. Am I never to be understood?"

"Bother!" yawned Celia. "I am tired of misunderstood people. Mamma is beginning to be misunderstood every time she advises with me. You are all alike, you kindly intentioned people—all selfish together."

This was new to Jim; before to-day, Celia had agreed with him that, of all places in the solar economy, the worst nook for being understood was this earth. He feared that that preposterous Ethelbert Dawson—touching name! Jim had said—whom she met a few months ago, might be held responsible for her present perversion.

"Celia," he said, with dignity, "I mean what I say. You do not understand me."

"Then, for pity's sake, make me understand. Your father is doing something, I suppose?"

"My father?"

"Something for your good, you know. I know fathers and mothers. Well, what is

the matter, Jim? There! now I'm good-humored."

Jim told her what was in store for him.

"I suppose you will give up dancing," she said, with a sparkle in her eye; "and you really do lead a German as well as—well, as well as an older man."

She meant to say "as well as Ethelbert Dawson," but she found she could not.

"As for mere dancing," said Jim, scarcely liking that reference to his youth, "you know dancing is mentioned in the Bible."

"So are a good many other things, Jim—frivolousness, for instance. You'll be solemn and all that, of course, as a clergyman?"

"I may; I may regard the earth as a place where there is something of more account than trifling—a world where—"

"Bother the world!"

"Celia!"

"Well, Jim, you are not licensed to preach yet; and I have enough of lay sermons from mamma."

"If this is the way Ethelbert Dawson—" he began.

"What has he to do with it?" she interrupted. "You are silly."

"I am indeed," said Jim, and caught up his hat and walked toward the door, looking manly after all.

"Jim!" she called. "Jim!"

But he went on, unheeding.

"Jim!"

She ran and closed the door before he reached it, and turned her gaze upon him. Jim had the eye of an artist. Down the front of Celia's gown, there twittered a long row of bright buttons—which buttons, as they repeated their process across her chest and along her sleeves, as she held her arms extended against the jambs of the door, were in shape like a cross.

"Oh, Jim! I would rather see you captain of a college team; but, whatever you are, I— Jim!"

Jim took the cross to him. A man is a hero on the day when he engages himself to marry a loving woman!

When Jim left Celia that evening, his head was up with the stars of heaven. And what would the doctor have said, had he known? As for Celia's mother, that was not so important.

A few days remained before Jim took up his studies. Celia listened to his exposition

concerning the duties of a clergyman's wife, which, as he had no very clear idea of them himself, may have included some awfulnesses unique in their way.

"Dear old Jim," said Celia, "I'll love beggars henceforth; and not only will I see in every criminal a man and a brother, but a woman and a sister as well. And I'll do my hair more plainly, too."

Jim looked at her; was she jesting again?

"It's only my way, Jim," she said. "I'll be all right when I'm a clergyman's wife, you'll see."

Jim gave her a little turquoise ring, which she strung on a narrow ribbon and tied around her neck under her gown.

"It is quite romantic, Jim dear," she said, "isn't it? How I do like romance."

"I hope it is more than that," he said, simply.

"I think you love me, Jim," she said, smiling, with tears in her eyes, "and the sensation is new to me. Now, let us be happy for a day or two, there's a dear old fellow, and not be frumps."

So the time of parting came. There were to be no vacations for Jim; Dr. Arbury, seeing in Celia a new jesting manner of late, which strongly contrasted with Jim's new sombreness, announced that it would conduce to his son's interests to have no vacations for the next twentyfour months at least, he himself in all likelihood spending the summers abroad; while it was silly to think of those childish holidays—Christmas, Easter, and the like.

"I understand the dear doctor," said Celia.

Celia managed to be near the station, the day Jim started for college.

Dr. Arbury frowned; for he prided himself on an understanding of Lavater, and he read in Celia's countenance that she read him like a book, and that it was very foolish in him to pit himself against her mother's daughter.

Therefore, the doctor in his cheeriest mood kept near the two, and told Celia she was kind to come and see his boy off just now when she had so many social duties.

"I am noted for my kindness," said Celia. "It shows how little you know me, not to be acquainted with that fact, doctor. Doesn't it, Jim?"

Jim nodded. It ploughed up his heart to have his father think so misunderstandingly,

for what joy it would have given him to tell the doctor the truth! But he had never had the courage to oppose his father in one of his softer moods, and to-day, for all his cheerfulness, Dr. Arbury was not gentle, and plainly disliked Celia as much as ever.

But Celia had a will of her own, and all the Jims' papas in the world could not keep her from doing what she was bent on doing now.

Thus, when the train was ready, "Hurry, Jim," said the doctor, "you have only a minute," and edged between the two. Jim was on the platform of the car, when Celia, pushing past the doctor, stepped upon the platform too.

"God bless you, Jim!" she said, holding his hand in a tight pressure. "Whether you become a clergyman or not, be a good man. Kiss me."

And Jim did so, and Celia jumped away, the car moved, and Jim saw her no more. But the doctor did. Glowering over her boldness, he marched out of the station. There in the sunny street he saw Celia approached by young Dawson, who walked beside her, she smiling like the happiest of young women.

"She's her mother to the backbone," grinned the doctor. "She'll marry that man, and Jim will not have a twinge because of it. And thank heaven! the boy needs no looking after now; he is no longer dawdling about town."

II.

JIM had a hard pull of it with the fresh curriculum. He knew none of the fellows, either, and few of the professors were old enough to be subjects for original research. He was glad there was a little wood not very far from college, where he might go in spare hours and think of Celia.

He had a good enough lodging-house, though, preferring this mode of living to having a room in the college building. Mrs. Rosa was his landlady, and ordinarily impressed her lodgers with her admiration for learning and learned young men, which admiration usually rounded itself off with a weekly inquiry as to the health of the mother of each young man under her roof. The insuperable objection which Jim might advance in her disfavor was that the cord of her eye-glasses had a habit of entangling

itself with her teeth at the most inopportune times, as when she descanted upon the cares of a widow who had undertaken the protection of a young sister to whom she had determined to be a mother.

Jim, deep in Butler and Paley, often heard sounds from the kitchen, where Mrs. Rosa was being a mother to her sister. He did not see this sister for several weeks after his arrival—did not hear her voice; he came to the conclusion that Tilly May must be either a deaf-mute or a disembodied spirit. Still, Jim had little thought for anything around him, when, early of evenings, if the kitchen were particularly active with Mrs. Rosa's voice, he would off to the little wood to think of Celia—what she was doing at that precise moment, what saying, and where. He wrote once a week to her, but he thought of her all the time, much to the detriment of his studies. And the little wood was the greatest boon to him, especially as, after a few weeks' stay, Mrs. Rosa seemed not to mind his presence in the house, and held motherly lectures in the kitchen nearly every evening.

One evening, after the kitchen had been a little more noisy than usual, he sped toward the trees for communion with Celia's thought: was she grieving for him at this calm gray hour, looking wistfully up to the dulling sky, her eyes bright with thoughts that were too deep for tears?

Far up in a tree whose crest waved a little in the soft evening breeze, a bird flung out its beautiful notes all rimmed round with echoes, and Jim's loneliness seemed greater than he could bear; and he threw himself upon the ground, mastered by longing for the one he loved.

Could he have seen Celia then! She was preparing for a musicale where Ethelbert Dawson was to sing a tenor solo of his own composition, to Tennyson's words, "Too late! too late!" and Celia was to give him one of the roses she wore, in applause for his performance!

But Jim had it out with himself, there beneath that bird-song, and contact with mother earth seemed to make him stronger, as it had done to Antinous of old, for he rose with a clearer head and some shame for his weakness. To deserve Celia, he must be a man and do good.

Do good? Where should he begin? Like

the best charity—at home? He thought of Mrs. Rosa and her sister Tilly May, to whom she had made up her mind to be a mother. Poor Tilly! might he not make the child's lot happier? It would be a small beginning of what he might yet do in the world, but at least it might be the "cup of cold water."

The next day, he had sore throat from lying on the damp ground in the wood, so he did not leave his room. Mrs. Rosa came and insisted upon prescribing.

"You gentlemen of depth often run down," she said, sympathetically, inferring that gentlemen of height ran up, "and herb tea never fails to fetch—bring you round. Give me depth before everything, as I often say to Tilly, who, I am sorry to say, neglects her opportunities. By the way, Mr. Arbury, do you object to music—melodeon music? Tilly practices every day; but, as you are in your room to-day, I feared maybe—"

Jim peevishly interrupted her, and said he objected to nothing on earth. He knew the herb tea had been broached as an excuse for mentioning the interrupted melodeon practice. And the sounds he heard a little later on were scarcely calculated to disturb anyone, for all Mrs. Rosa's fears—faint tones, full of the subtle sense of music. Surely, Tilly must be a most imaginative child and a trial to her sister.

For an hour, the tones struggled up to him from the gritty parlor where were the horsehair sofa and six spine-breaking horsehair chairs arranged round the walls, with a claw-footed table in a drab cover in the centre, supporting a basket of wax impossibilities which Mrs. Rosa called "callow" lilies, though Jim called them "tallow."

Jim, strangely stirred, listened for an hour—his old romanticism, which made him so small in his father's eyes, full upon him. He made pictures of dramatic intensity out of those tones, and Celia went through every phase of heroineship. He did not know when the sounds ended, the pictures kept unfaded so long afterward.

There came a knock on his door.

"Mr. Arbury!"

When had his name sounded thus? He thought of the women by the waters of Babylon, commanded by their captors to sing songs of home. Then the door opened. Tilly May was not a child, but a small deep-

eyed young woman with a profusion of brightish-brown hair carelessly worn about a beautifully modeled head. This girl the sister of Mrs. Rosa? The anachronism of it!

She bore a steaming bowl in her hands, and went and placed it upon the table; then she turned and glided toward the door, so noiselessly that her passage was like that of a mote in a sunbeam.

What possessed Jim to do what next he did, unless it were last night's determination to do good to somebody for Celia's sake? Or was he swayed by the music he had heard for an hour?

"Tilly!" he said.

She looked clearly at him. Her eyes on his, he had no further word to say; nor did she seem to expect him to say anything. She had left the room before he recovered from the sensation occasioned by her looking at him.

Ah, Jim! you did not know how well Tilly was acquainted with you—you would not know that for some time yet; you did not know how your sorrowful face had been studied by the little creature when you least expected such a thing—when you were at meals, it might be, through the key-hole of the kitchen door, when the motherly sister was not too nigh; you did not know how never before, in the long list of student lodgers, had Tilly been thrilled as she was thrilled now. Indeed, Mrs. Rosa's declaration that Jim was a clam may have roused in Tilly a desire for the study of mollusks; but, be that as it might, she took to dark holes from which she might watch the new lodger whenever she could. There was something about him, whatever it was, that made him different from anybody she had hitherto come across. Maybe it was his walks to the wood in the evenings—for Tilly had watched him there too, lurking in the underbrush as he leaned against a tree or sat in the moss, filled with his dream of love.

Mrs. Rosa knew Tilly as a silly inconsequential girl, whom she designed for an indifferent music-teacher, on the same grounds that actuated Dr. Arbury in selecting the Church for his son—unfitness for any practical life. Tilly, a girl who read poetry with exasperating fervor; who liked animals as much as, or more than, she liked human beings; who cared for flowers with

greater tenderness than she cared for cooking; who watched the sky and smiled like an idiot at atmospheric phenomena; and who, instead of attending to the necessary drudgery of musical technique which might enable her to earn her living, sat for hours at a time before the melodeon, running through "chords and things" meant to express her thoughts and sensations, while her poor sister scolded at her and did the best by her that she could.

And daily before this girl was handsome boyish Jim, sad from an undiscovered cause! For Tilly recollected, though Mrs. Rosa never did, that Jim had early said he had no mother. And Tilly knew of small cause for grief outside the possession of a mother. Jim having no vicarious mother, what made him sad?

Tilly thought of him while she improvised on the melodeon; she followed him about to gain a further knowledge of him which might be transmitted to the white and black keys in little wisps of melody. For how could she keep from music? as how could she keep at those bewildering melodeon exercises, which required so few and uninteresting combinations, when the whole row of keys spread before her with tantalizing harmony back of them, waiting for her to lead it forth?

She likened the seven notes of music to the seven days of the week—clean C for Monday, laughing A for Saturday, with open B for the day of rest that seemed anxious to hurry on for the next note to clasp the octave and keep Sunday from quite eluding its meaning. It was very dear to her, was her music, and only to-day when Jim was ill had her sister called her from her harmonizing with something like a shock, for she had not known that Jim was in the house.

"Do leave off that jingle in there," said Mrs. Rosa, "and try to be of some use. The Lord only knows what would become of you if you were thrown on your own resources. I don't know how much more I can stand, and then you'll have to face the world alone. Then you'll know what a sister I've been."

Tilly flew to her; the threat of being turned upon the world alone had much effect upon her at all times, the world having been depicted to her by her sister with peculiar vividness.

Mrs. Rosa had the bowl of tea in her hand.

"Here," she said, "take this up to that grumpy soul in the second front. Tell him it must be drank—no, drunk—immejetly: hot, burning hot! And I hope it may scald him."

Tilly shrunk for the moment. Then her sister looked menacing.

"Are you going?" calmly asked Mrs. Rosa.

Then Tilly was hurrying up the stairs with the unsavory jorum—had knocked on Jim's door and spoken his name for the first time in her life. Her heart throbbing tumultuously, she had passed into his room, put down the bowl, and he had said "Tilly."

Tilly!

She went down the stairs, her face pink, till Mrs. Rosa told her the exercise had done her good, and it was a pity she hadn't more of it; which, considering that Tilly worked assiduously about the house from morning till night, except for the time allotted to her music, was rather a paradoxical remark to make.

That evening, Jim's throat was better, and he made ready for his now customary walk to the wood. On his way out, he glanced into the parlor, and was conscious of a shrinking form at the melodeon. Should he go in and apologize for frightening her in the morning? For surely he had startled her by calling her by her Christian name, if he had not been ungentlemanly.

She did not hear him enter the room. She was playing a bewildering strain—a wild shivering tune without beginning or end, a discordant note weaving and interweaving through from octave to octave, till that note seemed almost like a soul left out of celestial harmony, vainly seeking a place to enter in.

He moved farther into the room, that he might behold the face of the player in the subdued purple light of the early evening. Her eyes were directed toward the ribbon-like western sky flushing through the window, her chin raised, the contour of the face atoning for the lack of color in it. She went on playing, a word half sung, half spoken by her—a word that was like the lost note wandering through the music—his name, "Jim."

Jim would have resented the idea of Celia slipping for a second from his thought. And yet this was a new feeling for him—to have his name spoken in positive awe. Nobody had ever had awe of him; even Celia, whom he loved so, patronized him—save the mark!—and treated him as though he were very, very young indeed, and she his senior by more years than the actual two.

The west darkened, and a star melted through here and there. Still Jim lingered, and still the music went on, with that lost note and that murmured word. Then a crash came from the entry outside.

"Matilda May!" cried Mrs. Rosa, "if you've been over your exercises, stop and go and see if there is any honey for breakfast; you know what a baby that Jim Arbury is for sweets. After that, go and set the sponge. I'm going to the Girls' Friendly, and afterward to the Christian Endeavor. Do you hear me, I say?"

Tilly closed the melodeon and went out to her sister.

Mrs. Rosa peered in at the parlor door, solicitous as to the fastenings on the windows. Jim's fear was that he might be discovered; he crouched behind the table upon which reposed the basket of wax flowers. He crouched too close up against the table, and away went the callas, do what he might to save them.

The only thing saved was discovery, for by this time Mrs. Rosa had turned away to follow Tilly to the kitchen. What had he done? He knew that Tilly must bear the brunt of the disaster, and what could he do to shield her?—he who had it in his mind to be of service to her, to present the "cup of cold water."

Finding the coast clear, he hurried to his room—no going to the wood that evening, angry as he was for what he had done. He resolved to keep away from college in the morning until the ruined work of art had received due attention.

In the morning, he had not long to wait. He was nervously eating his breakfast in the dining-room, alone, when there came a dismal shriek from the parlor. It had come!

"Tilly!" screamed Mrs. Rosa, "come here! Tilly!"

From the kitchen ran Tilly, not noticing Jim, but looking straight before her, mindful only of that importunate voice in the parlor.

Jim put out a detaining hand.

"Tilly," he whispered, rapidly, "don't mind what she says. I broke it. I dare not tell her, but I was in the parlor last evening, in the dark, when you played your music. She would only blame you if she knew I was there, wouldn't she? Don't mind what she says. I—"

She gently disengaged her sleeve from his grasp. Such a look in her eyes—such a beauty there! All the sisters in Christendom, all the threats of turning her adrift upon the world, could never take away the grace of that look.

Jim, frowning at his coffee-cup, listened.

"Don't dare to shut that door," commanded Mrs. Rosa. "I don't care who hears. Everybody shall know what I have to bear. Here I am, day in and day out, slaving for you, doing the best I can for you, and here you are breaking the prettiest thing I owned and the one thing that brightened up the parlor."

Tilly did not assert that she was guiltless, her one desire seeming to be to close the door that the lodger might not hear.

At last, there were some matters to lay before her which a third party was not to know, for suddenly the parlor door closed with a bang, and only the indistinct clamor of a strident voice could be heard from the dining-room.

But Jim waited. He waited fully ten minutes. Then Tilly passed through the dining-room—calm, unruffled—and on to the kitchen, where she shut herself in. She had not noticed him at all. Then tearful Mrs. Rosa presented herself to him, apologizing for this scene, assuring him that it annoyed her as much as it must have annoyed him, if not more.

She handed him a letter which she had taken from the letter-box. The letter was from Celia. Jim broke it open as he rose from the table. It spoke of dinners and drives and Ethelbert Dawson. At any other time, he might have wondered why Celia seemed to wish to make Dawson so prominent in her communication, and if she did not write rather as an elder sister than as a fiancée. But at this moment he passed over a good deal, in his sympathy for Tilly May and his desire to be of service to her.

The only way he could be of service was to hurry into town and purchase a mass

of the least ghastly waxen flowers he could find, and take them guiltily back to Mrs. Rosa, and, guiltier yet, listen to her profuse thanks and compliments for his understanding of what she continually suffered at the hands of her sister Tilly.

III.

THREE days passed, and Jim saw nothing of Tilly. He might hear her at the melodeon, doing double service at her exercises there, but that was before he left his room in the morning. At the first ring of the breakfast-bell, the instrument became mute and the musician disappeared. She was never in the parlor when he passed out on his way to college. Nor was she there in the evenings, though he staid at home one rainy night to find out if she played when she thought he was away; but there was no music that night.

Did she think him a coward for failing to shield her from blame, as he might have done had he told her sister the truth? It worried Jim, the opinion she must have formed of him.

But, the fourth evening, the music began again; and shortly afterward Mrs. Rosa left the house, to attend a meeting of the Girls' Friendly.

Jim went down to the parlor. The western glow lighted up Tilly's face as she sat before the melodeon, but it was a face more wan than Jim had seen before. She seemed to think that he understood the position of matters without any explanation from her, maybe arguing that her sister had made Jim her confidant; for, as he went into the room, she turned to him, letting her hands fall wearily in her lap.

"I don't mind," she said, in her musical voice; "it ends to-morrow."

"What ends to-morrow?" he asked.

"I'm paying for the broken lilies," she answered, "in one way or another. Oh!" she cried then, "why did I say that? I never meant to say that. It was a pleasure to do it; I liked to do it. You know it is pleasant to do something for someone we care for."

What did she mean by those words? That she cared for her sister, or for—someone else?

Jim sat there silent and preoccupied.

Someone else! Who was the someone

else? Did Jim know? Could he fail to know?

Well might he be silent and find it difficult to frame audible words. He could only look at the girl—even a little guiltily—and say never a word. Though Tilly said enough, in all conscience. She spoke to him of himself—only of himself—the glory of the life that lay before him as the viceroy of the Master, how she had thought of him, and how the thought of all that he must have given up in the world, it seemed to her, only made his calling all the more sure and blessed. Altogether, it was a new way in which he was viewed, and a new feeling of respect for her came to him.

But even then he said little; yet his very

silence may have been a grateful relief to her, used as she was to Mrs. Rosa's gift of tongues. And then she left him, with a smile and a bright word, her little rough hands clasped together in front of her in a species of awkwardness not displeasing to his fastidious youthfulness; for what is more fastidious than youth—what more prone to carp and criticise?

After that, she ceased looking at him from places of hiding. And he often found her in the little wood when he went there, and she would walk along beside him, solemnly chattering—if such an expression be allowable—about his glorious life-work and her music, that meant to her all that she was certain the saving of souls must mean to him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NIGHT, HIGH NIGHT.

BY WALTER M. HAZELTINE.

NIGHT, high night!

Yet another day shall come and go,
But not this hour may come again,
And not this love—ah, no!
But once can a day come,
But once can an hour be,
Birth and love and death,
These are eternity.

The sun rose red,
And the heavens reflected a crimson hue,
And the earth grew glad; the day sped on,
Yet never a thing was new.
The even came, and a starry web
Was spread in the depths of space,
Over the meadows the night-flies
Wove golden lace.

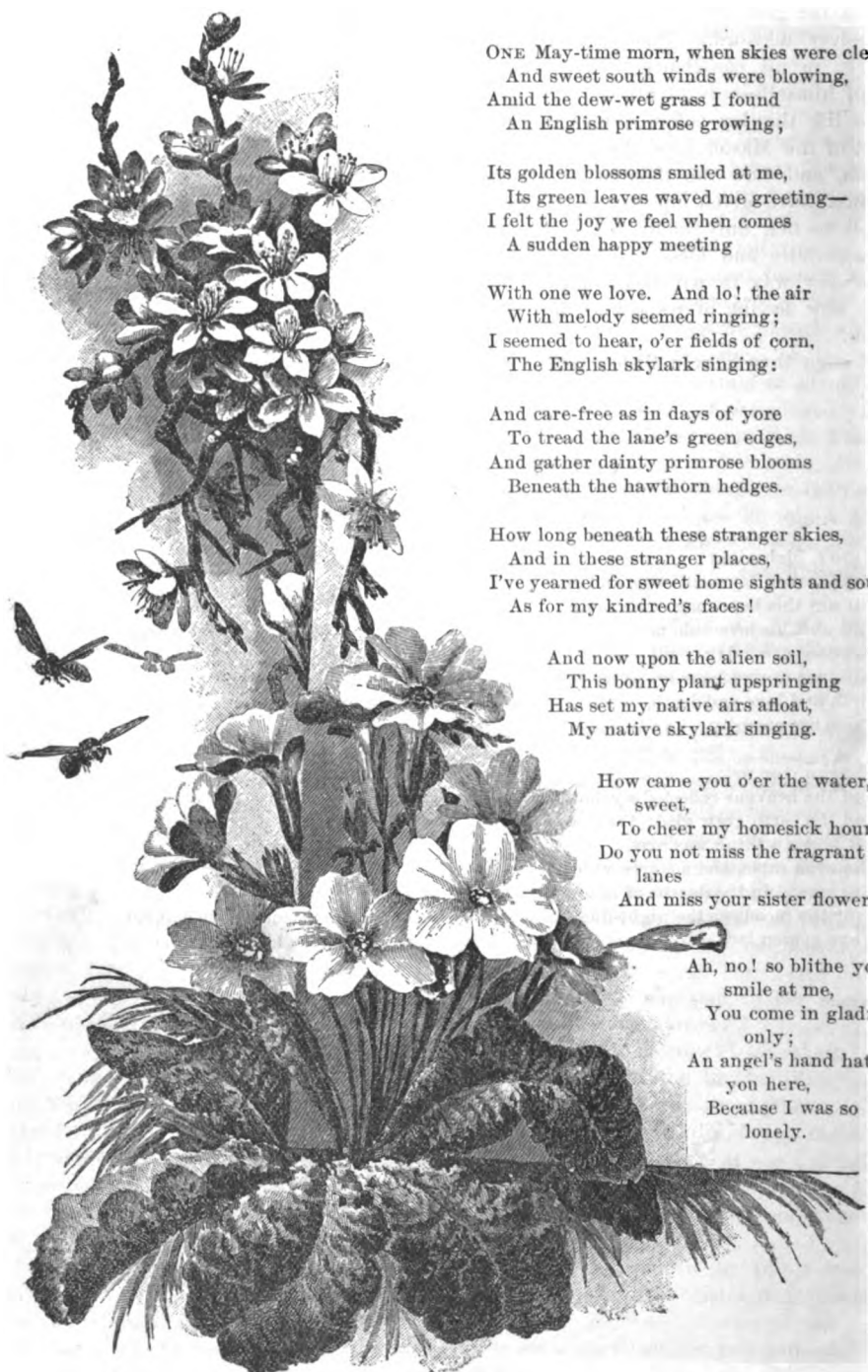
Under the blue I walked;
No word was heard,
No breath from the upper air
Or the deep black mould where
Countless ages sleep,
From the barren wold,
From mountain steep or glen,
Or city street,
Or deep black forest,
Told me the life of men.

Only the whispering gale
Told of a bubble world,
Told of a babble pride,
And I knew, and laughed aloud
In the night—high night!



AN ENGLISH PRIMROSE.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.



ONE May-time morn, when skies were clear,
And sweet south winds were blowing,
Amid the dew-wet grass I found
An English primrose growing;

Its golden blossoms smiled at me,
Its green leaves waved me greeting—
I felt the joy we feel when comes
A sudden happy meeting

With one we love. And lo! the air
With melody seemed ringing;
I seemed to hear, o'er fields of corn,
The English skylark singing:

And care-free as in days of yore
To tread the lane's green edges,
And gather dainty primrose blooms
Beneath the hawthorn hedges.

How long beneath these stranger skies,
And in these stranger places,
I've yearned for sweet home sights and sounds,
As for my kindred's faces!

And now upon the alien soil,
This bonny plant upspringing
Has set my native airs afloat,
My native skylark singing.

How came you o'er the water,
sweet,
To cheer my homesick hours?
Do you not miss the fragrant
lanes
And miss your sister flowers?

Ah, no! so blithe you
smile at me,
You come in gladness
only;
An angel's hand hath set
you here,
Because I was so
lonely.

NEWS FROM OTHER WORLDS.

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.



ABOUT fifty years ago, the astronomer J. von Littrow, director of the Observatory of Vienna, originated the idea of attempting an optical communication with the inhabitants of the moon.

A triangle traced on lunar soil by means of three luminous lines from twelve to fifteen kilometres in extent would be visible to us by the aid of our telescopes.

We can observe even the smallest details of those singular topographical designs which have been remarked in the lunar circle, and to which astronomers have given the name of Plato.

Therefore a triangle, a square, or a circle of similar dimensions, traced by us on a vast plain in luminous lines, could be perceived in the daytime by the light of the sun, and could be made visible during the night by the aid of electric light to the astronomers in the moon, providing that they exist and are in possession of optical instruments equal in power to our own.

This process of reasoning is very simple. If we should one night notice on the face of the moon a triangle correctly drawn, we would be very much puzzled at first, and most likely would come to the conclusion that our eyes deceived us. And then we would ask ourselves if it were possible that some chance geological movement could have given rise to figures geometrically correct. Doubtless we would end by admitting this possibility. But if suddenly we saw the triangle changed to a square, then if some months later that should be replaced by a circle, we should be compelled by every rule of logic to admit that an intelligent effect proves an intelligent cause, and we would justly conclude that such figures revealed beyond the possibility of a doubt the presence of mathematicians in this neighboring planet.

From thence we would naturally inquire into the meaning of such geometrical figures on the moon's surface, and puzzle over the

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motive of our fellow-astronomers in tracing them.

Could they have done it with a view to opening communication with the earth?

This hypothesis is by no means absurd. It is hazarded, discussed, denied as most improbable by some, defended as an ingenious theory by others.

And, after all, why should not the inhabitants of the moon be more curious than we?—more intelligent, more lofty in their aspirations, and less sunk in the slough of material needs? Why may they not suppose that this earth is inhabited, like their own planet? And to what end these geometrical appeals, if not to inquire whether we exist?

Besides, it is not difficult for us to answer them. They have showed us a triangle; reproduce it on the surface of our own planet. They have traced a circle; imitate it. Thus we might see communication established between the heavens and the earth for the first time since the beginning of the world.

Geometry being the same among the inhabitants of every world, two and two making four throughout the regions of the infinite, and the three angles of a triangle being everywhere equal to two right angles, the signals thus exchanged between the earth and the moon would be less obscure than the hieroglyphics deciphered by Champollion, and the communication thus established might become regular and frequent.

Besides, it is really but a step from us to the moon. The distance between us is only ninety-six thousand leagues, equivalent to only thirty times the diameter of the earth; and many a postman has trudged that distance during the term of his natural life. A telegraphic dispatch would reach the moon in a second and a quarter, and light travels as swiftly. The moon is a celestial province annexed by nature herself to our destinies.

Now, up to the present time, we have never been able to discover anything about the moon which could lead us to suspect the

existence of a thinking humanity inhabiting this small celestial island. Nevertheless, the astronomers who specially observe our satellite, and who have studied its singular aspects attentively and perseveringly, have generally come to the conclusion that this planet is not so dead as it appears to be.

We must not forget that, in the present actual condition of optical science, it is difficult to apply practically, to the study of the moon, over two thousand magnifying power. To bring this planet two thousand times nearer to us than it actually is in the heavens still leaves it fortyeight leagues distant. Now, what object could we distinguish at such a distance? An army on the march? A great city possibly, but it is extremely doubtful.

But of one thing we are certain—namely, that enigmatical variations are actually accomplished on the moon's surface, notably in the arena of the circle of Plato, of which we have already spoken. It is equally certain that this lunar globe, fortynine times smaller than the earth and weighing fortyone times less, must possess an atmosphere of only one-sixth of the density of that which exists on our planet; consequently, an atmosphere analogous to that in which we live and breathe would be six times more rarefied, and very difficult to perceive from the earth. Therefore it is not at all surprising that this moon should differ so materially from our planet. Seen from a balloon at twelve or fifteen thousand feet above its surface, the earth appears deserted, uninhabited, silent, like a vast cemetery, and a traveler arriving in a balloon from the moon might be quite uncertain at this insignificant distance whether there were any people in France or any sound in Paris.

The cold dead aspect of our pale satellite offered little encouragement for the realization of the original idea of the astronomer J. von Littrow, and, soon forgetting our nearest neighbor in the heavens, the imaginations of several astronomers soared to the planet Mars which is about fourteen millions of leagues from us, but which is, notwithstanding, the best known of all the heavenly worlds, and which also so closely resembles the earth that, if by some miracle we could be transported thither, we might really feel quite at home.

The aspect of Mars is indeed much more

encouraging than that of the moon. As it appears through a telescope, one might almost fancy oneself in a familiar celestial country. Continents, islands, peninsulas, capes, gulfs, craters, clouds, rain, inundations, snows, seasons, winter, spring, summer, autumn, days and nights, mornings and evenings, all occur there as here. But the years are longer, as they last six hundred and eightyseven days. But the intensity of the seasons is absolutely like our own, the inclination of its axis being just the same. The days are also longer, for the diurnal rotation of Mars requires twentyfour hours thirtyseven minutes and twentythree seconds; but this difference is slight, and—mark!—all this is known with absolute precision. The diurnal rotation, for example, has been definitely ascertained to the tenth of a second.

When during the beautiful starlit nights we examine the world of Mars through a telescope, when we see the polar snows breaking up in spring, the continents clearly defined, the inland seas and gulfs, that configuration so geographically eloquent and varied, we cannot help asking ourselves if the same sun which warms and animates that world, so like our own, shines on no living creature; if those rains fertilize nothing; if that atmosphere is breathed by no sentient being; if the world of Mars, which revolves so rapidly in space, can be like an empty railroad-train hurrying along with neither passengers nor freight?

The idea that the world which we inhabit could thus revolve around the sun without a living creature on its surface appears so improbable that we can scarcely grasp it. Then by what permanent miracle of sterilization could the forces of nature, which act there as well as here, remain eternally unproductive?

Let us then suppose that astronomers had applied to the planet Mars the idea originally proposed for the moon. Now the distance between us and Mars is so great that, although that planet is greatly superior to the moon in volume, it appears even through our strongest telescopes sixtythree times smaller. Hence it is evident that, through a telescope magnifying sixtythree times, Mars would only appear the size of the moon as seen by the naked eye, and one magnifying six hundred and thirty times

would give Mars a diameter ten times greater than that of the moon as seen by the naked eye.

But, if one ever attempted to put into practice any method of communication between this earth and the world of Mars, the signals would have to be on a much vaster scale. We would be compelled to make our squares, triangles, and circles hundreds of kilometres in extent, and then they would be drawn on the hypothesis: first, that Mars is inhabited; second, that among its inhabitants there are many who devote themselves to the study of astronomy; third, that they have optical instruments of equal magnifying power with our own; fourth, that they watch with great attention our planet, which must appear to them as a star of the first magnitude, the morning and evening star, the most brilliant in their heavens.

But is this quadruple hypothesis to be accepted? If the question were submitted to the universal suffrage of the denizens of our world, there could be little doubt as to the response. Without asking the opinion of the aborigines of Central Africa or the Pacific islands, and addressing ourselves only to a numerical majority of the population of Europe, one might safely affirm that they would not even understand the question; for the majority of men do not even know that the earth is a planet, and that other planets are worlds like our own.

Moreover, there is the mass of excellent common sense, of good strong every-day sense, that reasons so justly, thanks to its excellent education: We are, without the shadow of doubt, the most intelligent beings throughout creation; why should other planets enjoy the distinguished honor of being inhabited by such intellectual giants as ourselves? Is it credible that in any other world there can exist men who are our equals?

To be sure, one might reply that the most intelligent nations on our planet do not altogether understand how to conduct themselves; that their lofty intelligence often finds its principal exercise in destroying one another or in ruining themselves; that they discount the future like madmen and fools; that among them thieves are by no means rare, nor indeed are assassins.

But, in spite of all this, we are incontrovertibly very superior beings; nor is it

probable that, in the myriads of worlds which revolve in the immensity of space, nature could possibly have produced beings on an intellectual plane with us

"Why, then," these excellent superior common-sense people would say, "should we try to begin an optical correspondence with the planet Mars? Even if it is inhabited, its inhabitants must be vastly inferior to us, and it would be time and trouble thrown away. For, granting that they saw our signals, they would not have the slightest idea that they were addressed to themselves."

But have not the inhabitants of Mars already begun this optical communication? And suppose, after all, it is we who fail to understand?

Astronomical instruments were only invented two hundred and seventynine years ago. Mars has been an object of close astronomical observation, in its principal geographical details, since the year 1858. The complete observations of the whole of this geography date from 1862. The first detailed triangulation of this planet, the first geographical map, including the smallest objects visible through the telescope and micrometrically measured, was only begun in 1877; continued in 1879, it was finished in 1882. Consequently, it is only within the last few years that the planet Mars has entered into the sphere of our complete observation. We might even go so far as to assert that there is only one man in the world who has really seen all these details—the astronomer Signor Schiaparelli, director of the Observatory of Milan.

According to the most probable cosmographic theory, Mars is anterior to our world by several millions of years, and much more advanced in its destiny. The inhabitants of Mars may have been making signals to us for the last hundred thousand years, and not a soul on our planet has understood them. Only in the last two hundred and seventy-seven years would our astronomers have been able—not to discover them, for their instruments were not sufficiently powerful for that—but to dream of the possibility of seeing more clearly, some day, what was going on in this neighboring world. In fact, it has been but a few years since we could cherish any reasonable hope of distinguishing these minute details, much less dare to explain them.

The geographical map of the planet Mars has just been completed with infinite care by the able astronomer of Milan. Examine this map. You will observe in several places on it small dots, by which the astronomer notes the presence of luminous spots which shine like snow under the rays of the sun. It is not at all probable that these luminous spots are due to the presence of snow, for they are visible near the equator, beneath the tropics, as well as in high latitudes. Nor can they be mountain-peaks, for they are close to the seas and are symmetrically disposed relatively to certain rectilinear canals. Moreover, several among them seem to mark parallels of latitude and meridians, and, in examining them, one is involuntarily reminded of geodetical signs. You can distinctly trace triangles, squares, and rectangles.

I do not assert that these luminous spots are drawn by engineers and astronomers in the world of Mars, nor that these sixty rectilinear canals, parallel and double, putting in communication all the seas, are the work of the inhabitants of this neighboring world; it would be presumption on my part so to conclude. Nature is so rich in resources, so varied in her manifestations, so multiple and complex in her results, and often so original in her eccentricities, that we have no right to limit her modes of acting. Still it is no less true that, if the inhabitants of Mars did wish to communicate with us, this manner of doing so would be the most simple, and, up to the present moment, the only one to be imagined. They could not do better than thus to dispose luminous spots in the form of geometrical figures at equal distances. We can see, for example, at the intersection of the two hundred and sixtyseventh meridian with the fourteenth degree of boreal latitude, a region bounded by these spots, which are placed at the respective distances of Amiens, Le Mans, and Bourges. Had the inhabitants of Mars wished to address us through these signs, they could not have chosen a better method of arranging them. I repeat that I am far from asserting that such is the case; but if it were, it is we, the inhabitants of the earth, who have failed to understand.

And really there is nothing so surprising in that fact. The inhabitants of the earth

do not trouble themselves much about celestial matters. They busy themselves in eating, drinking, and heaping up goods of all kinds, in periodically killing one another, and in dying; but, as to inquiring where they are and what the universe really is, that does not concern them.

The inhabitants of Mars, on the contrary, being so much older than we, ought to be proportionately advanced in the path of progress, and live a more intellectual and spiritual life. We may safely conclude that they are better instructed than ourselves in the mysteries of nature, and understand our world better than we do theirs.

If, then, the dwellers in Mars, having lived much longer in the harmony of a pacific and intelligent life, have thought of essaying to communicate with the earth by means of signals, on the supposition that our planet was inhabited by an intelligent race, and never having received any response from us, might they not naturally infer therefrom that we are greatly their inferiors, that we are not much interested in celestial things, that perhaps the science of astronomy is not very far advanced among us, and that in all probability we have not yet emerged from the grosser instincts of materialism?

Perhaps, too, the Martian academicians might pronounce our world uninhabited and uninhabitable: first, because in many respects it is unlike their own; second, because we have but one moon, while they have two; third, because our years are too short; fourth, because our sky is very often clouded, while theirs is almost always quite clear; fifth and sixth, for a thousand other reasons equally conclusive as the above.

There has just been completed in the United States the most powerful telescope ever constructed; it measures nearly three feet in diameter and sixty feet in length. One of the first uses that will be made of it will be to direct it toward this hitherto enigmatical neighbor of ours, and, with its powerful aid, endeavor to understand the singular features presented by its geography. After steam, telegraphy, the electric light, and the telephone, would not the discovery of unmistakable signs of the existence of a humanity inhabiting another region in our solar archipelago prove the most marvelous apotheosis of scientific glory in the nineteenth century?

MARGIE: A CINDERELLA.

BY ALMA VIRGINIA MCCRACKEN.



MARGIE DEAN had reached her eighteenth year, and not a soul in Louville had discovered she was a beauty. People were so accustomed to the graceful little figure, that they would have laughed outright had anyone mentioned to them that it was more than ordinarily comely.

Her father had been killed in the war. His widow had moved to the village with her little daughter years ago, for economy's sake; she was a frail delicate woman, refined and wonderfully skillful with her needle, with which she supported the little household. Margie had kept the house neat since she was a tiny thing. Mrs. Dean, bending over her own work, would cast proud fond glances at the wee housekeeper as she flitted from one common piece of furniture to another, removing every particle of dust with her feather brush—the beautiful little face wistful in its earnestness, a fluffy golden curl escaping here and there beneath the handkerchief she tied on her small shapely head. She was not gifted in the sewing line, and both agreed that her forte was house-keeping and housework.

There came a time when illness stilled the mother's busy fingers; then death put their work aside forever, and little Margie Dean was left alone. Kind neighbors did much to lighten the girl's burden in her great sorrow, but they were all poor friends and she soon felt the necessity of doing something for herself.

There was Mrs. Blackwell, a very old lady and an invalid: she needed someone to wait on her, and readily took the young girl. Many moments of the old lady's were made happy and peaceful by Margie's amiability. When the invalid was querulous, she was ever patient and cheerful. The draught of medicine seemed less bitter from those youthful hands, and the nourishment more strengthening—her brightness filling the sick-room with something like sunshine the while. But the best of care could not prolong a life wasted by disease and weakened

by age. Three years after her mother's death, Margie was again homeless.

Just at this period, a picturesque villa in Louville was offered for sale—a quaint dwelling, all gables, turrets, and bay-windows rising out of a labyrinth of clinging ivy. A romantic place, with summer-houses and arbors all covered with trailing sprays of rose-vines and scarlet creepers, with the green velvety lawn here and there dotted with gay flower-beds. Mrs. Harriet Bervie, a noted authoress, fell in love with the beautiful place and bought it for a country residence. She wanted some quiet nook wherein she might work, "far from the madding crowd," and this was the spot exactly adapted to fill her imagination with sunny fancies.

When Margie heard of her coming, she thought possibly there might be a place for her in this household; at any rate, she would see.

It was a bright warm day in the autumn, and, as the carpets were being laid in the house, Mrs. Bervie had a rug, writing-table, and chair placed under a large linden-tree on the lawn, and was deep in a manuscript when Margie stood before her, the sweet face suffused with a warm glow.

With her pen suspended in mid-air, the authoress took in the details of this apparition in blue print—the graceful figure, the faultless features, the dark lustrous eyes, the golden hair, the rosebud mouth, the pink cheeks—a vision as fair indeed as her imagination had ever painted.

"But you see, my child, my type-writing—" she began.

"I want to do housework, if you please," Margie interrupted.

"You? Why, my dear, you astonish me!" Here was a romance in real life. She looked at the lovely girl in amazement; the fairest creature she had ever seen seeking so lowly a position! She must hear this child's history.

Right willingly Margie opened her heart. To Mrs. Bervie, it seemed a very sad life;

but the girl did not realize this, and was very happy indeed to have so much interest taken in her.

"Well, child, I will take you as my companion; you can do many things for me."

Very much attached Margie soon became to Mrs. Bervie, for that lady was kind and lovable; silver had touched the hair, but the heart was as young as ever. She had taken a great fancy to the girl, and on better acquaintance was even more pleased.

"Why, the child has the most delicate innate refinement," she soliloquized; "correct grammar is intuitive. She has the sweetest of voices in speaking, too—that is such a charm. I have a fancy to try a little experiment."

Sometimes Mrs. Bervie liked to do eccentric things. When Margie came in, she electrified her with:

"How would you like to go to a ball, my dear?"

"Very much indeed, but I never expect to do so."

"Can you dance?"

"Oh, yes."

"Let me see you."

Margie went through various steps gracefully and correctly.

"So you can. Well, Margie, what would you say to my chaperoning you to a ball in the city on the twentyfifth?"

"You are jesting, Mrs. Bervie."

"Not at all; I was never more serious in all my life. Several of my friends will be there. I think we would have a charming evening."

The young face flushed with delight; she embraced Mrs. Bervie rapturously.

"Oh, you are too good to me."

"You must not call it goodness; it is a little eccentric experiment of mine, Margie."

The morning of the ball, they went up to the city, the girl's eyes dilating with wonder and delight at the marvelous sights. They took rooms in a great hotel; everything seemed so new, strange, and lovely to Margie, that she was not quite sure she was not dreaming it all. But, when Mrs. Bervie opened a large box which was brought up to their apartments, her astonishment knew no bounds; there was revealed to her such a vision of artistic millinery!

When she was arrayed for the ball, in the dress of gauzy gossamer texture in a delicate

shade, trimmed with filmy lace and flowing ribbons, she could not recognize her own reflection in the mirror. The long gloves covered her arms, but the exquisitely moulded shoulders shone pink and dimpled; the tiny slender slippers displayed a little of the silk hose which matched the dress. With an ostrich-feather fan and bouquet of choice roses, Margie's costume was complete.

"Dear Mrs. Bervie, I feel as if I were Cinderella and you my fairy god-mother."

In all her ball grandeur, she did indeed look as if some magic wand had been at work.

"But the envious sisters are missing. Well, enjoy yourself and you will please your fairy god-mother!"

And she did; with youth's exuberance of vitality, she entered into the spirit of the dance.

Numerous admirers crowded around Miss Dean, as she was called, and one who constituted her shadow almost the whole evening was a young gentleman blessed with as much wealth as good looks, and with qualities to match. Mrs. Bervie knew Harold Osgood well, and she looked approvingly on his admiration of Margie.

Everyone praised her young friend's loveliness, and she smiled a little sarcastically when some votary of the world worldly offered incense at the unknown beauty's shrine. General Vance, who was always gallant in his appreciation of feminine fairness, extolled the girl's grace in enthusiastic terms.

"Yes, general, you should take an interest in her; she is the daughter of a soldier—Kingman Dean."

"Is it possible? Kingman Dean fought under my command, and died a hero. There was a volunteer called for in a difficult action; Dean unhesitatingly offered himself, and was killed in the performance of his duty. He had been made a lieutenant for his gallantry only a few days before. He was ambitious and courageous; but for his untimely death, he would have won countless laurels."

Just then Margie approached, but Harold Osgood claimed her at once for the next dance. Taking his arm with a happy smile, she was about to move off, when General Vance stood before them.

"My child," said the old gentleman, "I

knew your father, and right proud you should be of him—he was a hero! I am pleased indeed to meet his daughter; you must always consider me your friend.”

The dew gathered in Margie’s eyes; she looked him her best thanks. She had never heard her father spoken of except by her mother, and these words of praise were very sweet to her.

“This child ought to have a pension,” continued the general, coming back to Mrs. Bervie. “I shall interest myself in obtaining it for her.”

The brightest evening in Margie’s recollection was over too soon, and next day found the friends again in the peaceful little villa at Louville.

Not many days passed before there was a guest at the door of Mrs. Bervie’s house, in the person of Harold Osgood. She smiled as she saw the tall figure, with his handsome face a little perplexed, making his way up the gravel path.

“To what am I indebted for this visit, Harold?” laughed Mrs. Bervie.

“Why—well, you see, I suppose I might as well say I called to ask Miss Dean’s address. You have such a way of reading people, there is no use in my making polite subterfuges to you; I may as well own right up.”

“Well, Miss Dean is in Louville—I’ll tell you that much; consequently, you are ‘warm’ in your search. Have you found the glass slipper which will fit no foot but hers?”

“Is that necessary in order to find her? I think, when I am in Mrs. Bervie’s house, I am safe to be ‘hot’ in my search. I won’t need the glass slipper. Miss Dean is not a Cinderella.”

“What if she were?”

“That would not make a particle of difference to me. I would go to every kitchen in town until I found her. But come—don’t tease me any longer: tell me where I may see Miss Dean.”

“Well, I cannot allow you to return to town without offering you my hospitality; I hope you will remain to lunch and meet Miss Dean, my adopted daughter.”

Margie looked very charming in a simple morning-dress, and Harold viewed her with unfeigned admiration.

It was astonishing how many excuses he found for running down to Louville, until a day came when he put his hopes and fears in words to Margie.

“But have you the moral courage to wed a sort of Cinderella? What would people say? Why, the aristocracy here consider it extremely eccentric of Mrs. Bervie to adopt me. What—”

“Spare me, please. With all due respect to the aristocracy of Louville, I do not value their opinion one thousandth part so much as I do yours, my darling. What do you say? Let it be ‘yes,’ and I shall be the happiest, proudest man alive, to have won the fairest girl in all the world.”

When the wedding was announced and Louville realized Margie was to marry the wealthy Harold Osgood, the fact changed entirely their opinion of her. It was wonderful how all the high and mighty of the little place flocked to Mrs. Bervie’s villa to congratulate and pay court to Margaret Dean.

So there was a pretty wedding in the quaint old church. There were three bridesmaids from the most exclusive families of Louville; General Vance gave the bride away, and Mrs. Bervie smiled complacently at the happy denouement to this little experimental romance of hers.

THE BIRD OF THE DAWNING.

BY MINNIE C. BALLARD.

OH, I would be like to that bird of the dawning
That sings on his nest that the daybreak is near,
The herald of light and the hope of the morning,
First to perceive that the new day is here.

A Dryad asleep in the heart of the forest,
Is not more secluded, more hidden in gloom,
For the leaves wrap him over a mantle of blackness,
Though green be their color in morning’s clear bloom.

The hush of the night is unbroken—the sleeper
Scarce turns on his pillow that faint voice to hear;
But all bird companions, the flyer and creeper
Awake at the sound of that clarion dear.

It may be the robin, it may be the swallow,
It matters but little to listening ear;
Soon all the choir of sweet voices will follow.
Awake then, O dreamer, for morning is here!



PAYING HER DEBT.

BY E. C. CREIGHTON.

"IT is almost time for service, my child."

"Yes, mamma."

As she spoke, Averon Breen rose and put away her embroidery. Then she went into the other room, to make a change in her dress. Ten minutes later, she came back equipped for a walk in the crisp winter air, muff and prayer-book in hand. She

was such a pretty sight to look at, that her mother might have been excused for devouring her with her eyes as she said good-bye. After the parting kiss had been exchanged and Averon had gone, Mrs. Breen, leaning back in her invalid's chair, fell to thinking as usual about her only child—thoughts of whom filled most of the long hours of her inactive life—and wondered whether this regularity at Lenten services had any connection with the presence of the handsome young assistant at St. Ambrose's. She might have been spared her wondering, could she have followed her daughter in her walk to church.

Averon hurried along, for it was rather late, quite unconscious that the keen February air had lent a becoming color to her cheeks, her mind full of rather solemn thoughts until she was almost at the door, when these were interrupted by the appearance of a tall good-looking man who came to her side.

"How do you do, Miss Breen?"

"Good-afternoon, Dr. Hearn."

The glow of exercise kindly hid the little blush which came to Averon's cheek as she

greeted the new-comer, but her pious meditations were put to flight when he said:

"May I have a seat in your pew for this afternoon's service?"

Of course she answered "yes," and a moment later they were sitting side by side in the quiet church. Before Averon's vagrant thoughts could be recalled, she told herself, not without a sensation of pleasure, that Dr. Hearn's attention to his Lenten duties had increased of late. He walked home with her, talking of all sorts of things. In the course of their stroll, for they went very slowly, he asked after Mrs. Breen.

"Mamma is not so well as usual this week," answered Averon; "and I am sorry, for Mr. Denman, her New York lawyer, is coming for a couple of days, and attending to business upsets her at best."

"Excuse me, but did you say Mr. Denman, a New York lawyer? I used to know a gentleman of that name," Dr. Hearn remarked. "Has he a daughter Emily?"

"I believe he has," responded Miss Breen. "Very likely it is the same. He is a widower with but one child."

"She is exceedingly plain, but a nice girl," the young man went on.

Averon smiled. No man would speak that way about a woman he cared anything about, and she felt an unaccountable sense of relief.

"I have never seen Miss Denman," she replied, still smiling; "but her father has showed us her picture, and I should think she might answer to your description."

"They were very kind to me while I was at Columbia College—I always go to see them when I am in New York; in fact, Mr. Denman was very anxious for me to settle there instead of here—he offered me every inducement."

By this time, they had reached the house; and, as it was almost time for tea, the evening meal in the little town where they lived, the doctor would not come in. As she went upstairs and removed her wraps, Averon

physicians put together. Her health has not been good this winter at all; I sometimes fear she may go into decline."

The old gentleman's voice trembled as he spoke, for his daughter was the apple of his



could not refrain from wondering about those inducements. "Could one have been—" And here she stopped, pronouncing her reflections unprofitable; but she had always been curious why Dr. Hearn had chosen a small place like Thornbury to build up a practice in.

Mr. Denman came the following morning in the noon train, and proved, as the conversation at the dinner-table elicited, to be Dr. Hearn's friend. He expressed great pleasure at hearing his name, and declared his intention of going to see him before he left for home.

"Although he had not yet graduated when he was with us," the lawyer said, "he did my daughter more good than all the other

eye. Both women were very sorry for him, especially Averon, because of the intuitions that had shaped themselves into convictions which she could not banish.

Most of the afternoon and evening was spent by Mrs. Breen in talking business to

her lawyer, and she went to bed very much fatigued. She was still sleeping the next morning when Averon, having given their guest his breakfast, started out to attend to some household errands in the village. A little before noon, she came home, and would have gone straight to her mother's room had not Mr. Denman met her in the hall.

"May I speak to you a moment?" he said.

"Certainly," she responded, following him into the library.

He closed the door after her, and then she noticed that his usually solemn manner was more impressive than ever. Looking questioningly at him, she perceived that he looked particularly grave, and she wondered, still in perfect unconsciousness, what he wished to say to her.

"Will you not sit down, my dear young lady?" he asked.

Averon's impulse was to remain standing; but, instead of yielding to it, she took the chair offered her and waited for him to speak. A few moments of silence ensued, during which the young girl began to feel uncomfortable, yet scarcely anxious, so dull are our perceptions sometimes. At length, Mr. Denman spoke.

"You are a brave woman, I think, Averon; can you bear a great blow?"

"What do you mean?" she cried, springing to her feet. "Is it my mother? Is anything wrong with her?"

The old lawyer, who had been standing by the window all this time, came toward Averon and took both her hands tenderly in his.

"Yes, my child," he began; but she interrupted him with:

"Is she ill?"

"Very ill," he answered, gently.

"Where is she? Let me go to her—quick," cried Averon, wrenching her hands from his hold and turning to fly upstairs.

Mr. Denman laid a detaining grasp on her arm.

"Wait," he said. "It is worse than that."

"Worse than that? Not dead?"

He had no need to answer, only to catch in his arms the unconscious form of the poor motherless girl.

The weeks that followed were a blank to Averon Breen. Mr. Denman was as kind as a father could have been. His daughter

came and took charge of the house, while he attended to everything else. As soon as possible, they removed Averon to their own home, and she submitted with the meekness of utter lassitude, asking no questions and really not caring what was done with her. She had seen no one since the terrible shock, not even the young doctor—who had been very kind, they told her. She remembered him only in a vague sort of way, as one who had been an agreeable companion in her old life, which was separated from her present existence by an impassable gap—impassable as death.

It was months before Averon regained her usual health; but she did regain it at last, for she was young and strong. Then she began to realize the devoted kindness of Mr. Denman and his daughter, and to feel overwhelming gratitude toward them. She began to think of money-matters too, and, one day, spoke to him on the subject. He assured that he had attended to all business affairs, and begged her not to trouble herself about these. She was very glad not to have to do so at first, for she hardly felt strong enough.

One day, she learned from Emily that Dr. Hearn had come to the city to practice, and was to call on them that evening. For the first time, a faint stir of old feelings made themselves felt; and, when she dressed for dinner, she looked in the glass with something like human interest. She had seen no old friends at all—to gather up the links of her former life had seemed more than she could bear; but, now that she was better, she told herself this was wrong, and so had promised Emily that she would come into the drawing-room that evening. When Dr. Hearn arrived, the two young ladies were seated there, and, as she rose to greet him, Averon felt almost a shock of surprise that he was not more changed; it seemed to her as if everything in the world must have altered, and it gave her a sharp pang to realize her mistake. The visitor did not stay long, and Miss Breen was very glad thereof, for it was a trying hour to her. A faint sense of joy in living began to break the monotony of her pain, and she rather resented it.

Dr. Hearn was a frequent visitor after this, and each visit brought less of a pang and more of a pleasure to Averon. With

the return of her old self, she began to lose some of the selfish unreflecting abstraction of grief, and a trivial speech of Miss Denman's recalled to her mind her last Lenten conversation with the young physician and the suspicions it had roused at the time. Trifling circumstances and little occurrences strengthened this suspicion into positive conviction. She struggled against it as much as possible, tried to banish it, to laugh it away, but in vain. At last, she gave up battling and faced the unpleasant truth squarely.

What should she do? Ah, that was the question! Was it her duty to sacrifice her life because they had been kind to her? Why had they not let her die when dying would have been easy, when it was only living that seemed hard? Would Emily go into decline if she were not granted her heart's desire? It seemed possible; for, as Averon had grown stronger and brighter and more like her old self, Emily had grown paler, thinner, less cheerful.

One day, when going over these questions in her mind for the hundredth time, it occurred to Averon that it might help to banish her dreary communings if she would put her mind to business matters and find out from Mr. Denman just what her financial position was. A writing-desk filled with papers which she had never examined, because the lawyer had told her they were all legal documents, stood in her room. The thought of connecting her mother with tire-some money-matters had all along been very distasteful to her, but now it served to steady her storm-tossed soul to deal with hard dry facts. With some difficulty, she found the key of the desk, and, opening it, sat down to explore its contents. These were just what Mr. Denman had said, and Averon was not sufficient of a business woman to make much out of them. She was about to close the desk and give up her examination as unprofitable, when she suddenly received an electric shock. Pushing aside some papers, she saw a letter directed to her in the handwriting of the dead. She gazed at the envelope for an instant, and then took it up in her trembling fingers, her thoughts in a whirl. At last, one question shaped itself distinctly: "Did Mr. Denman know of this?" It was some moments before Averon recovered her-

self sufficiently to break the seal and read the few lines inclosed. When she had finished, she was deadly pale, but she did not faint. Summoning all her forces, she rose and hurried across the hall, letter in hand, to the library, where she knew Mr. Denman was to be found at that hour. In response to her hasty knock came the invitation to enter, and, a moment later, Averon, looking like the ghost of herself, was facing the astonished lawyer, holding the open letter in her outstretched hand.

"Is this true, Mr. Denman—what mamma says?" It was some instants—and they seemed hours to the girl—before the astonished man comprehended her question, and, when he did, he would have evaded it if he could; but he saw by the look in his questioner's eyes that the time had come for an explanation. In the meantime, the interrogatory was put still more insistently. "Is it true, what mamma says—that she put all her money in an unlucky speculation, and that there would be nothing left for me? Am I a pauper, living on your kindness? Was it the shock that killed my poor mother?"

Mr. Denman felt as if he were receiving an arraignment at the bar of justice.

"Sit down, my poor child, and I will tell you all about it," he said, gently, almost forcing Averon into a chair.

"But it is true—you cannot deny it?" she persisted; and he did not contradict her.

Even after he had finished his explanation, Averon did not fully comprehend the state of affairs. It took several interviews and a careful perusal of all her mother's papers before she arrived at a thorough understanding of her misfortunes. Against her lawyer's advice and even remonstrances, Mrs. Breen had invested almost everything she possessed, in an investment of a friend's, which had proved an utter failure. Subsequent small losses had brought on utter ruin, and it was no doubt the shock of learning that she and her daughter were almost penniless which had caused Mrs. Breen's death.

"And all this time I have been living on your kindness, Mr. Denman," said Averon, when she at last understood. "I would thank you, but I never can."

"Do not speak of it, Miss Averon; it was nothing," cried Mr. Denman.

In the chill hours of the night, when

Averon faced her future, one determination was uppermost—her course was quite clear. She owed everything to these people; she must not spoil their lives—so she would go away somewhere and earn her living. To secure Emily's happiness was the least she

father's or daughter's entreaties to remain. The latter were not as earnest as the former; for, though Emily was fond of her friend, she probably realized what it might mean to have her rival absent. At last, finding Averon immovable, the kind-hearted lawyer



could do, for all would come right when she was out of the road—Dr. Hearn would not be any more constant than the rest of the world.

She was very calm and quiet in those days, but as deaf as a stone wall to either

secured her a position as governess in a distant country-town. It was what she had stipulated for. "It will be easier to lead my changed life away from the past and all its associations, believe me," she had said to him.

Fortune favored her, for Dr. Hearn was obliged to go away on business just before it would have been necessary to inform him

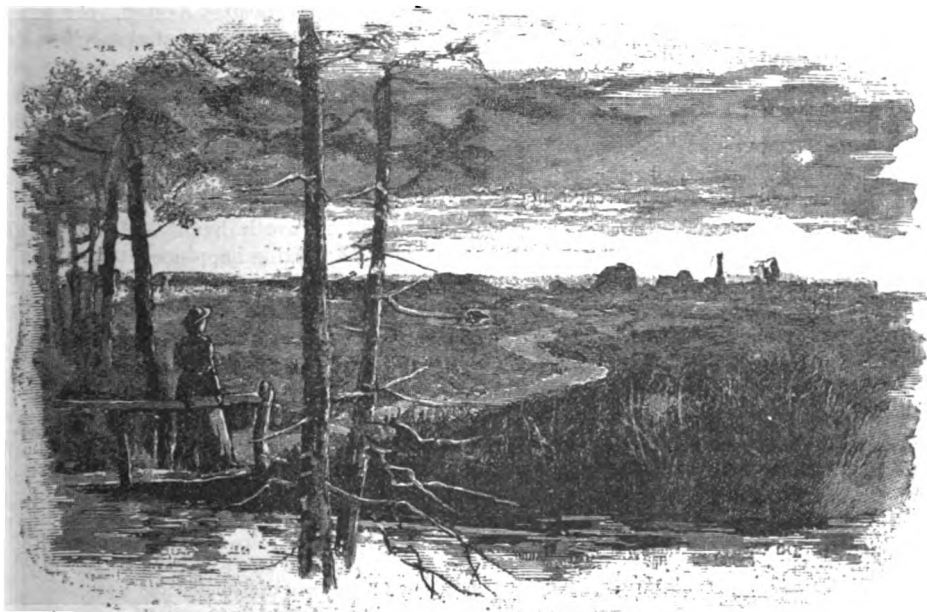
of her plans, and, by hurrying up her arrangements, she was enabled to leave before his return.

When she found herself alone in her new home, Averon drew a long sigh of relief which ended in a sob of despair. She had accomplished her will and completed her sacrifice, but she was so young to feel that all joy lay behind her, that the future had none to offer.

The days that followed were dreary ones for the poor girl. New duties and responsibilities alone kept her from utter hopelessness. She heard frequently from the Denmans. Dr. Hearn had come back, Emily

across the fields from the town. Her way led her across a little bridge into a wood; and there, far from any human being, she wrestled with herself, and at last conquered—at least, it was something that was the semblance of victory. After her marriage, Emily wrote but one letter, for which Averon was not sorry. It was easier to forget when there were no reminders of the past of any sort.

It was a windy March day, the kind of weather when even well people have the toothache, and the rich and cheerful are dispirited. It was months since Averon had accepted her fate with resignation, but to-day



wrote, and was sorry to find her gone so unexpectedly. Sorry? Was that all? It was what she had planned for—she did not want him to care. And yet—

Time dragged slowly on, till the news came that Emily and the doctor were to be married; and, though it was expected, the blow was not any easier to bear. They wanted her to come on and be bridesmaid, but of course she wrote them that was impossible.

Life was very hard to bear, but Averon tried to make the best of it. Sometimes, however, she felt that she must escape from it, and then she took long solitary walks

all the demons of unrest awoke within her the moment she finished her morning's teaching. Her employer, who was a kind woman, declared that it was neuralgia, and advised Miss Breen to go to bed with hot poultices. The young lady herself thought differently, and, after dinner, started out to face the elements. It was a struggle to keep on her feet, and, when she had walked for two hours steadily, she felt better. She was on her homeward way now, and she stood on the little bridge facing the town under the wind-tossed boughs of the trees. As she gazed across the bare meadows, she saw a man walking toward her. There was

something strangely familiar about the gait, and, as he approached, about the figure also. Averon's heart almost stood still—she could not move. A few moments later, Dr. Hearn was standing close beside her, but there was nothing dramatic about their meeting.

"How do you do, Dr. Hearn?" Averon managed to ask, and he took her hand in silence.

She found time to notice that there was a crape on his hat and to wonder whether he could really be a widower, before he spoke.

"Mr. Denman has sent for you; will you read his note?"

"Of course I will come," Averon answered, when she had finished reading the sorrowful request.

As they walked toward the town, the doctor explained that he had gone there first and waited a long time, until finally they suggested that he might find Miss Breen taking her usual walk.

The first thing Averon did on reaching the house was to explain matters to her employer. That kind-hearted lady, suspecting a romance, offered to release her governess at the end of a week, and so arrangements were made for Dr. Hearn to come for her at the expiration of that time.

Averon went through that week as in a dream, and, almost before she realized it, she was receiving an affectionate greeting from her old friend.

Poor Mr. Denman was terribly broken by his daughter's death, but the presence of Averon cheered him greatly. One of his cousins, an elderly widow, had taken charge of all household matters since Emily's death, and she of course remained, though she deferred in every way to Miss Breen's judgment. A year went quietly by. At the end of that time, Averon's tranquillity of soul was shaken by a letter Mr. Denman gave her. It was from the dead wife, written when she knew she was dying.

"Forgive me, dearest Averon," she wrote. "You have made the greatest sacrifice one human being could make for another, and I have accepted it. You will not grudge me my brief hour of happiness, I know; and, after all, it has not been such bliss as you will know some day when I am gone, for he never really loved me with the kind of love that is worth having. I have done wrong in accepting happiness at your hands, but I have had my punishment. When my husband asks you, do not refuse to make him happy; then I shall know I am forgiven."

FETTERED.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

AFAR o'er the fragrant meadows
The sun has sunk in the west,
And deep in the shadowy forest
The birds have gone to rest.
The last gold tint of the sunset
Still lingers athwart the sky,
And the silvery glow of a moonbeam
Lights the fleecy clouds on high.

The valleys reach out in the distance
To the hills, like a quiet dream;
Like a silver thread in the emerald,
Wanders the rippling stream.
The sky over all unbounded,
A limitless dome of blue,
With its starry canopy shelters
The green fields wet with dew.

In the midst of the waving grasses,
By the water clear and wide,
Stands a horse with his great eyes flashing,
But he is fettered and tied.
His noble head is uplifted,
The evening breeze flutters his mane,
His curved limbs are trembling with motion,
With haste that he cannot restrain:

And yet he is cruelly fettered
Underneath God's own freedom of sky.
The stars shine in pity upon him,
From their place in the azure on high;
The beautiful sweep of the meadows,
So free and unbounded and wide,
With the carelessly wandering water,
To the fettered one all are denied.

It was only a picture, yet sometimes
I feel all its truth and its pain.
There's many a soul that is fettered,
And will never know freedom again.
Underneath all of God's azure heaven,
In the world that is boundless and wide,
There is many a heart that is fettered,
To whom freedom and hope are denied.


Oh, saddest of all of God's creatures,
The soul to whose eyes has been given
The sight of such bounteous blessings,
And yet is shut out of their heaven.
It is sad to be chained in a prison,
Shut in by a dismal stone wall;
But sadder by far to be fettered
In sight of the freedom due all.

LINDSAY CAIRN.

BY SOPHIE EARL.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 155.

CHAPTER VII.

 LINDSAY turned so white that Hartley thought she would faint. Then she shrank away from him with terror. She forgot that she had begun to love him.

of the cupboard; moving quietly about, he spread them in the warmest corner, carried his sleeping wife to this couch and covered her without her waking, so tired was she. He lighted the longest candle, replenished the fire, and sat down to wait for morning, till, overcome by sleep, he folded his arms over the table, laid his head on them, and fell asleep.

Her one idea was that the dread of years had overtaken her, and this time she could not run away.

He understood something of her feeling, and soothed her kindly. "Do not imagine," he said, "that I mean to force my claim upon you in any way. I would not have told you until I felt sure of your caring a little for me; but we positively cannot get down the mountain in this howling hurricane, and I revealed my secret to ease your mind about the proprieties."

It really did not seem to her to make much difference. She was too stunned, for the moment, to have any clear ideas. She left her hand passively in his while he rapidly explained what she needed to know, and then, tired out and unnerved, she burst into tears.

He let her cry. He even moved away—went back to the window, and stared out on the shadowy torrent that was turning the plateau into a glistening lake.

She cried on softly, and, seeing that he did not notice her, laid her head on the table and presently wept herself to sleep.

The storm increased with the darkness, and the raging wind threatened to tear up the little hut by the foundations. A damp chill pervaded the place, in spite of the open fire, and the hours dragged on slowly until midnight. Still the weary girl slept on. Her husband sat beside her for a long time, lost in thought. He was very tired himself, discouraged and depressed; but he was not one who ever allowed his own miseries to make him forget another's comfort. He found a roll of rough blankets in the bottom

It was day when he awoke; but Lindsay still slept. The morning was dark, though the rain had stopped and there was a prospect of clearing. Mr. Hartley had everything ready for breakfast when his wife at last stirred; but her first movement was a sudden shrinking which cut the poor fellow to his very heart. He regretted now that he had told her; it was going to make his courtship harder.

"Madame," he said, cheerfully, "the fumes of my chicory à la Mocha doubtless awoke you. Approach and partake. Or what am I thinking of? I will withdraw for a space of ten minutes or so, to give you time for your toilette."

He set a tin basin full of fresh water on a chair, and left her. When he returned, she was fresh and neat and not sorry to accept a cup of coffee at his hands. It was without milk, but it was excellent—under the circumstances.

Mr. Hartley's manner was so easy and kind, so free from anything lover-like or authoritative, that a wild hope crossed her that he might not mean to claim her, that they might go on pursuing their separate lives just as they had before. But she kept throwing shy glances from under her eyelashes at her companion, viewing him with this new idea that he was her own. She was glad he was so nice-looking, so bright and strong and gentle. She admitted that accident had been kind in sending her such a manly ideal when it might have been so different, and a sudden remembrance of the drowned girl brought a most unpleasant sensation with it. She longed to ask him

if he had loved her very much, had mourned her long; but she did not dare.

"When can we start?" she asked, instead.

"I have been thinking of a plan," he replied, "which might save the talk you dreaded. If—if matters between us had been a little different, I could have announced our relation and ended all that; for the baroness and Mr. Carrol both know."

"They know?" Lindsay gasped, with horror and dismay.

"Of course. As an honorable man, I had to tell them. I could not avoid an explanation with Mr. Carrol, and I could not deceive Madame Strelina."

"Ah!"

"So, you see, Mrs. Cairn—" He stopped suddenly. "What on earth am I to call you?"

"I suppose my name must be—"

"Mrs. Hartley, undoubtedly; but, if you don't want to take my name immediately, you need not—though you ought to. I would prefer, also, to address you with less of ceremony; and besides, I positively cannot go on calling you 'Mrs. Cairn'—it is too absurd."

"Call me whatever you please," she said, graciously.

"I have heard the others—even Carrol—call you 'Lindsay.'"

"Why not?"

"And I may?"

"If you choose. But tell me about your wonderful plan."

"I thought of this," said Mr. Hartley: "It is still very early, only about half-past five. If we hurried, we could get back to the waterfall in less than an hour, and from there the path is straight. You could return to the valley, and, if you managed well, might reach your room and no one would ever know when you got there. I could turn back from the cascade and let them find me here, or I might even go to the upper plateau and simply say that you had decided to go home, and that I had spent the night in a shelter."

"Now, that is really the first sensible thing I have heard you say!" cried Lindsay. "Quick! Let us be off."

He helped her to get ready; then, as she was about to leave, he asked her to wait one minute.

She turned expectantly, supposing he had

found something more to put in order; but he was standing close beside her, pale and grave and almost sad.

"Lindsay," he said, calling her for the first time by her name, "we are about to part again—needlessly, I think. Won't you come to me, my dear—my wife!—and let me claim you before the world? Take a moment to think before you decide. In a little while, it may be too late for us both."

"Not yet," she said, faintly. "I cannot! Give me a little more time. You seem like a stranger to me. I am terrified at the thought of—of belonging to you."

"I am afraid you dislike me," he said.

"Oh, no, no! indeed, no!"

"That is at least something," he answered, bitterly. "Well, good-bye!"

"Why good-bye? Are you not going down with me to the waterfall?"

"Yes; but I had a fancy to get the parting over here."

"Well, then, good-bye," she said, laying her hand in his, "and thank you! You have been very kind and good."

He smiled, pressed the little hand, and let it fall. Then they hurried away. At the waterfall, she went on toward the valley, while he turned back to join the others.

The plan worked well. Although it was nearly noon when Lindsay slipped into the chalet by a back door, she gained her room without meeting anyone, and went to bed and instantly to sleep.

Mr. Hartley lost no time, and, keeping carefully to the mountain-side, reached the plateau just as the sleepy excursionists were beginning to clamor for their coffee. He was of course assailed with questions. Where was Mrs. Cairn? etc., etc. The baroness was very nervous, and Mr. Carrol looked gloomy and miserable.

"Mrs. Cairn," Mr. Hartley answered, "decided to go back to the valley; and, for my part, I expect to be lionized—I am a hero! I lost my way and spent the night in a little cabin which fortunately had a stock of dry fuel."

He went on talking as fast as he could, describing the storm, the lonely howling of the wind, and giving very little chance for penetrating questions.

The sun came out brightly and the mist faded from the mountain-top. A consultation followed about pursuing the original

plan, and it was decided to go on. But, for several of the party, the hours dragged. The baroness was impatient to get back to hear what Lindsay had to tell her. Mr. Carrol was distraught and rather cross, and Eliot Hartley, usually so light-hearted and devoted to the general amusement, seemed tired and out of spirits. The great feat was at last accomplished; a dangerous and useless piece of climbing, for what? There was no better view than from a safer point below, and, if they had all been willing to admit the truth, they would have agreed that it was not worth the violent exertion. Far from admitting anything of the sort, they enthusiastically toiled down as they had toiled up, voting the whole affair a huge success.

Lindsay, opera-glass in hand, was sitting on the "wooden lace" balcony, watching them as they came down the zigzag, and she saw them long before they answered her yodel. She looked very fresh and sweet in her dull-green gown of soft silky clinging stuff, with little bunches of greenish-white edelweiss lying against the delicate lace fichu on her bosom.

But why, when she had taken pains to make herself so fair for one man's eyes, did she deliberately turn away her own and avoid their meeting?

So it was. She had a gay jest for one, a playful congratulation for another, but not a word or glance for her liege lord. She gave no token of interest as Madame Strelna related the story of his early arrival that morning, of his night in a hut with Swiss Robinson supplies. She only said "Ah?" in a polite way and raised her green fan toward the light. The pale reflection fell over her face and effectually concealed her vivid blush.

Mr. Hartley looked eagerly for some sign of secret understanding, but received none whatever. He took in every detail of the pretty toilette and liked it, while half guessing at the coquettish feeling that made her wish to make him forget her sorry plight in the rain. He hurried away to change his rough and travel-stained attire.

He had had time to reflect, and approached her with self-possession and perfect calm.

"It is necessary for us to have a little conversation, Lindsay," he said, in a low tone.

"Is it worth while?" she asked, nervously. "I mean, is it anything new you have to say? Because, if it is the same thing—"

"It is something new—to you," he rejoined, quietly. "Go and ask the baroness if we may sit in her parlor—there's a good girl."

Lindsay stared at this cool tone of command, wondering whether to take it as a matter of course or to consider him presuming and call him to order; but he was looking over her head, and affected not to see her reluctance to obey.

So she went meekly and returned to say that the parlor was empty and at their service.

When they reached the room, he closed the door, placed a chair for her, and then said:

"I am going away."

"Why?"

"Well, to borrow a feminine phrase, because!"

"Give me a better reason."

"My dear Lindsay, I begin to see that you are a coquette. But I am not Carl Carrol, to be played with; and since you do not like me—"

"But I do like you!"

"Pardon me; I had not finished. I was going to say: Since you do not like me well enough to fulfill your wifely vows, I will leave you—not free, though; that, neither you nor I can ever be. And just here let me say one thing: it may please you sometime to know that I have kept my heart free for you through all these years—you, a wife I never had spoken to, and who now meets my advances with a shiver!"

"Did you care very much for—for that other girl?" demanded Lindsay, irrelevantly.

"Who?" he asked, turning his startled brown eyes upon her. "What other girl? Oh, you mean Elizabeth Kerne. As you yourself answered me about Mr. Carrol, I can truly say: I was very fond of Lizzie."

"How fond of her?"

"Measure my affection by yours for Mr. Carrol," he answered, icily.

"Then you did not really care much? Of course, it is nothing to me."

"Of course! But listen to what I have to say before I leave you. Has it occurred to you, I wonder, that I am obliged by law to support you? that you must consent, if not

to share my name, at least to share my fortune?"

"Never!"

"You must! Call yourself what you please; but understand, I object decidedly to my wife's remaining a professional singer and a dweller in Bohemia—I won't have it!"

She looked frightened, then annoyed.

"How will you prevent it?"

"By appealing to your better sense. You owe me some regard, and will defer to my wishes—you will be reasonable?"

"No, I will not! I don't want—"

"Make what plans you please," he went on, "keep your old Marthe, if you want to; consult Madame Strelna about a suitable apartment, and do, I beseech you, for my sake as well as your own, take the name that is yours by right."

"Let me think it over."

"Very well—think; but do it! I cannot stay on here in this way, now that you know my relation to you. We shall probably meet again after your return to the city."

"Where are you going?" He was silent. "Don't go away, Mr. Hartley," she said, coaxingly. "Let us be good friends again. Give me time. It is too soon—too sudden. Only stay! Everything will come out right somehow."

"How am I to believe you?" he said, half relenting. "What proof will you give me of your sincerity? Will you let me buy you a new mountain dress for the one you spoiled?"

"Oh!" She looked shocked.

"There, you see," he said, "you can't get it into your head that I am your own husband—that I have a right to buy you as many things as I choose."

"Well," she said, slowly, "you may get me the dress. Gray flannel, like the other one. I will mark down the directions. You can get the stuff at the next town." Her eyes began to dance with fun, as she pictured this elegant young man purchasing yards and yards of flannel.

"Who will make it?" he inquired, practically, delighted beyond measure at this triumph.

"I will; or I can give it to a little seamstress up on the hill-side, if you want to spend as much as possible on it."

"Certainly I do. Give me the instructions, and I will pay all the expenses."

"That is enough of concession for a very long time," she said. "Let us talk about something else. We can go back to the balcony, and you may tell me about the view at the top and all the perils surmounted."

He agreed. They went back to join the others, who were all secretly relieved to be safe and dry again, yet were rivaling each other in praising the delights of "the wild chamois track."

CHAPTER IX.

"COME in, come in here," said Madame Strelna; "we can open the door between our rooms and talk all night, if we want to. Oh, how I have waited for this moment!"

"Why, what for?" asked her friend, innocently.

"As if you did not know! I have been consumed with curiosity and frantic impatience all day, and this evening has been intolerably long. I want to know everything!"

"Did not Mr. Hartley tell you?"

"He told everybody a part of the truth, and they were not sufficiently keen to observe the inconsistencies. When I questioned him, he—well, he referred me to you."

Lindsay had taken off her pretty green gown, and, wrapped in a white peignoir, was brushing her hair preparatory to its nightly braiding.

"Mr. Hartley," she said, musingly, "is a thorough gentleman."

"He is! But tell me all your adventures and how you got on with him. Did he lose you on purpose, do you think?"

"Madame!"

"How indignant we are! He is incapable of anything so base, eh?"

"Indeed he is!"

"You are getting on, my dear! But you take too much questioning. Begin at the beginning and tell me all, all, all."

"Well," said Lindsay, sitting down in the arm-chair her friend pushed toward her, "we were talking and got interested, and, when the rain began, I don't know how it was, I am sure, but we took the short turn instead of keeping on the edge, and went a mile or more astray. There we came to a little chalet—"

"Oh, yes! I know all about the cupboard," interrupted the baroness; "Mr.

Hartley talked about it to keep the people interested, until I believe I could give you an inventory of its contents!"

"Then I wanted to start down the mountain again at once, and he would not let me, and we had a scene."

"You quarreled?"

"I insisted; he prevented—I am afraid he is one of those dreadful men with an iron will! I demanded to know by what right he assumed such authority, and—"

"And he told you! What did you say?"

"I cried, and let him see, I am afraid too plainly, that I was not enchanted to receive his revelation."

"Yet, Lindsay, you could scarcely find a better-looking or braver-hearted man."

"I am quite satisfied of that. The fact is, Fanny, I don't understand myself. When he spoke this evening of going away, my heart went down like lead; so I persuaded him to stay."

"Your husband is one to be proud of. Don't play fast and loose with him, Lindsay. Don't risk losing such a noble heart."

"No, I don't mean to; but I can't tell what possesses me. When he comes near me with those laughing eyes, I am overcome with what looks like terror or aversion, while I really believe it is a sort of shyness. But only think, Fanny—he wants me to share his fortune, to abandon my beloved Bohemia, give up my career! He says I must."

"Of course; he is quite right."

"And take his name!"

"What else did you expect?"

"And he is going to buy me a new mountain dress!"

"What?" Fanny gave a little shriek of laughter.

"Gray flannel—to be made by the Swiss girl on the hill; and he will pay for it. Fancy!"

"You are getting on very nicely, my dear Mrs. Hartley, and it won't be long before Herr Strich will be playing your wedding-march."

"I don't know. Perhaps. But you must be frightfully tired, and I could sleep cheerfully for a long week. Good-night!"

Carrol's light burned late, as well. He was miserable. He could not tear his affection for Lindsay out of his heart, and his jealousy fought with his friend-

ship for Hartley until he half believed he hated him. He never gave a thought to Fanny; her affection for him he took to be as cousinly as his own for her—nothing more. The window was open. He sat there staring stupidly before him, and did not hear a knock at his door until it had been thrice repeated.

"Come in!"

Eliot Hartley entered, saying:

"I would not have ventured in, but for your light. I thought you might expect me to come and give you fuller particulars than I cared to offer the others."

"I did not expect it," answered Carl, cordially; "but I am very much obliged. I wish I were half as unselfish and considerate as you, old fellow. Your nature is as sweet as a woman's, and yet there is nothing weak about you."

Hartley laughed, took a chair, selected a cigar from the case his friend held out, and gave a sketch of what had occurred.

"So now you know just how we stand toward each other, just where we are; what do you think? Ought I to go or stay?"

Carl reflected; threw himself honestly into the idea, and, after a moment's silence, said: "I am going up the mountain for a few days with my 'tools of trade.' I want to get a sketch of that wonderful view. Why not come with me? You would not be so far away as to lose ground gained, and a few days of separation and loneliness are very telling in a love-affair."

"I believe you are right. I must go to the nearest town in the morning, to make my purchase—the flannel, you know—and then, if you have started, I will follow; if not, we will go together."

"I will wait for you," said the artist, pleased to have his plan adopted.

Hartley shook hands and left him, and, with a heart eased by sympathy and liking for his rival, Carl's light was soon extinguished and his tired eyes closed in sleep.

CHAPTER X.

SEVERAL days passed.

The baroness had many letters to write, and remained a good deal in her own room; while Lindsay, feeling a little piqued over Mr. Hartley's desertion—as he meant her to do—practiced conscientiously and deter-

mined not to give a thought to her absent lord; after that—thought of nothing else.

Mr. Hartley had sent the parcel of flannel with a little note saying that he was going off to camp and sketch with Mr. Carrol for a week or ten days. Inside the roll of flannel, Lindsay found a pretty purse with the initials "L. H." in tiny silver letters, and within a goodly sum of gold.

She blushed scarlet as she held this first evidence that another had a right to care for her requirements, and, if she had not been afraid of wounding him, she would have returned his gift.

New arrivals in the hotel made a stir and change. There was to be a concert and a play, with all the amateurs brought forward and the professionals suppressed, after the usual fashion of summer resorts.

The valley was not so pleasant to Lindsay and the baroness as it had been. They had both declined to take any part in the comedy, and their own chalet gave them some degree of quiet and repose; but the unrest and commotion in their neighborhood made itself felt, as any agitation will do.

At the end of a week, the baroness said:

"I am tired of this! Suppose we run away."

"Where?"

"Oh, we might join your husband," the little lady answered, demurely.

"Never! I don't want to throw myself at him in that fashion. No! Besides, I am afraid of him."

"I declare, I do not understand you. He is as gentle as he is strong and brave."

"Yes; but it is a sort of moral fear—mental, or something."

"You are in love with the man," said her friend, bluntly, "and haven't sense enough to know it. If I were in his place, I should elope with you and end this nonsense."

"He is much too nice for that."

"You are an ice-maiden, and don't deserve that embodiment of sunshine for a husband."

"He seems satisfied with me."

"He would be hard to please if he weren't, for you are as good as you are modest and pretty, my dear," said Madame Strelna, rushing at her and embracing her warmly; "and that is saying a great deal. But what shall we do?"

"Anything would be a relief, after a week

of these terrific rehearsals and a prospect of being kept behind the scenes on the night of the performance," sighed Lindsay; "but perhaps we ought to sacrifice ourselves for their pleasure. After all, it is great fun for these people who have never tried the thing seriously."

"Well, that is kind of you, and like you. I was afraid you might be really annoyed with it all. But, if you don't mind, we will remain and endure our woe."

CHAPTER XI.

THE great day arrived.

A large barn belonging to the hotel had been turned into a theatre, with stage and curtain and creditable decorations of green boughs, flowers, and flags. There was even an orchestra, composed of a violin, a zither, and a parlor organ, with Herr Strich as conductor. The sides of the stage were screened off for dressing-rooms. Madame Strelna and Lindsay were busy giving last touches to the costumes, last words of praise, advice, or warning. Then the orchestra struck up a gay waltz. The signal was given; the curtain rose; the play began.

It was rather an ambitious attempt for a party of inexperienced amateurs, but they had the sublime confidence in their own talent that belongs to youth, and the audience was not disposed to be critical. The peasant-folk, who had not only been admitted but generously awarded the very best places, came in gala dress with their families.

Madame Strelna and Lindsay escaped to the front when they could, but even there they found opportunities for bestowing kindness. An entranced but hopelessly perplexed urchin beside Lindsay had reason to be grateful for her rapid explanations of the scenes and situations; and the baroness found another who was eager to accept the same favor.

The excitement in the valley had wafted up the mountain-side. A party of boys commissioned to get wild flowers for the decorations had encountered the artists, and, being invited to partake of their midday meal and skillfully examined, had paid well for their entertainment in retailing all the news and gossip of the vale. The gentlemen never doubted but that Madame Strelna and Lindsay would appear in the comedy, and, as they were growing tired of the wilderness,

they left their traps packed up, to be sent for by a guide; and, taking only their portfolios, they reached the hotel in time to dress and appear before the curtain fell.

After the play, which was vehemently applauded, a dance was proposed. The chairs and benches were quickly removed, the musicians installed on the stage, and the audience invited to join in the revel.

Madame Strelina soon saw her cousin, and knew that he was not alone; but Lindsay did not discover her husband's presence until he addressed her.

"They are playing *La Rose*," he said, "which, as someone else has remarked, though no longer fresh, remains unfaded. Will you waltz?"

Lindsay started with surprise, and consented in a confused sort of way. As she felt his arm about her and the light firm clasp of his hand, a strange happiness filled her heart, and, meeting his eyes, she whispered:

"I am glad to see you back again."

Did she imagine it, or did his arm draw her a little closer to his heart, his hand-clasp tighten over hers? She did not dare to return the pressure, but there was no more shrinking from him in fear.

"This floor scarcely invites dancing," he said, after a turn or two. "It is warm here, and so crowded. They will never miss us. Will you come out in the moonlight for a stroll?"

"If you like."

He sent her up to her room for a light shawl, offered his arm, and led her down by the lake.

The night was fresh and cool, almost cold. The moon floated between two mountain-peaks, gilding the snows, blackening the pines, purpling the haze of the valley. Something solemn in the scene held them both silent for a time.

"And the dress?" he queried at last. "Was it satisfactory?"

"Oh, yes! and thank you so much for enabling me to send my Swiss girl off with gold instead of the 'white money' she expected. It is a great pleasure to make people happy."

"You will be able to indulge yourself in that delight," he said, kindly. "I am glad for your sake, my dear, that I am very rich."

"Are you?" she said. "Well, I don't believe I care."

"You mean—" he asked, doubtfully, turning to look in her face.

Her hand trembled a little on his arm, but she answered bravely: "I mean that money could never influence my liking—affection—or at least—"

"Love?" he suggested.

"Love, if you like," she agreed.

"Then you are beginning to think that you could—"

"I am quite sure that I—do."

[THE END.]

MY VALENTINE OF '64.

BY EMERINE STRATTON REES.

FROSTY the morn, and oh! so cold,
For old Jack Frost had been quite bold;
Had left on my window fair traces,
Outlines of delicate laces
Of exquisite web and fold,
My Frederick!

All a-tremble with frost and cold,
Bringing his quiver of glittering gold,
With never so much as word or warning,
Sweet Cupid came to me, one morning
Long ago in the days of old
My Frederick!

"Sweet maid," he said, with a shiver
That shook his gold-glinted quiver,
"I'm weary and cold; please let me stay!

Dear maiden sweet, say me not nay;
A token have I to deliver
From Frederick!"

Do you remember, Frederick mine,
That little Love with words of thine?
I took him in—how dreadful stupid!
He would not leave, sly Master Cupid!
He said he was my valentine
From Frederick.

Yes, eight-and-twenty years in line
Have come and gone, dear husband mine!
Why close your eyes? 'Tis no time to weep.
Saints bless me! the man is fast asleep!
Yes, Frederick, my old valentine,
My Frederick!

THE DOCTOR'S PATIENTS.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

THE handsome estate of Rose Hill, one of the finest in Connecticut, long without a tenant, was sold at last. A gentleman, with an invalid wife and a pretty daughter, purchased and took possession of it. They seemed very pleasant people, but slow in making acquaintances.

Young Doctor Everson always admired the place, when he passed it in his rides; but of course he would not venture to call without an invitation. However, one day, accident gave him the desired opportunity. As he was riding by, the front door opened, and Miss Bennett came tripping down the steps.

"Please stop a moment!" she called out. "Are you not a doctor?" she said, and a rose-tint of embarrassment deepened in her cheek.

"I am. Can I be of service?" he said, with his most professional air.

"Yes, indeed!" was the quick answer. "My mother is very ill, and papa not here. As we are strangers, I did not know whom to go to, so I ventured to stop you."

"Perfectly right," said the doctor. "I am at your disposal immediately." He sprang from his buggy, tied his horse to the hitching-post, and followed the young lady to a pleasant room, where a lady covered with a handsome afghan lay on a sofa.

"Mamma," said the girl, bending tenderly over her, "the doctor is here."

"Oh, well, he can't do me any good," was the fretful answer.

Doctor Everson stepped up and laid his hand upon the invalid's wrist, saying cheerfully: "Suppose we try, anyway."

"It's no use!" moaned the lady. "Just one horrid dose after another, and they all make me worse."

Dr. Everson's reply was to ask kindly: "What have you been taking?"

Mrs. Bennett gave a list. The doctor laughed.

"As you are alive after all that," he said, "there's hope yet! Now, can you tell me your bad feelings?"

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The lady went over all her symptoms, and the doctor said, in that cheery tone which always brings new life into a sick-room: "That is better than I hoped. You can almost cure yourself, madam, if you will follow a few of the simplest directions."

"What are they?" asked the daughter, eagerly.

"Only to dispense with all medicine, unless some light thing for her nerves; eat plenty of nourishing food; throw these windows all open to the air and sunshine; and take a great deal of exercise. Walk, or ride, often."

"Walk? Oh, I can't walk! I haven't taken a step since we came here!" said Mrs. Bennett.

The doctor rose and went to her side.

"Take my arm, please, and cross the room with me," he said.

The very suddenness and novelty of the act surprised the invalid into obedience; and, almost before she knew it, she had risen, crossed the room, and was restored to her place.

"You see you can walk, if you make the effort," said the doctor, with his firm cheery tone.

"That is what we have been trying to make her think this good while," said the daughter, her pleasure at the success of the doctor's experiment showing in her sweet face.

"It is her greatest need," said the doctor. "I will leave something to quiet this pain and restlessness, and I think that is all she requires to-day."

"I hope so. I feel better, I'm sure," sighed the patient.

Doctor Everson left some simple powders, and, at the daughter's request, promised to call again the next day.

"Papa will be here, and I wish you to see him. Here are our cards," said Miss Bennett, as she showed the doctor downstairs.

The doctor bowed and gave her in return his own card, upon which, after he was gone, she read the name "Frank Everson, M.D."

The next day, the doctor called a second time, and found Mrs. Bennett much better. Mr. Bennett was at home, and greatly pleased with the doctor's treatment.

To effect the cure, of course the doctor called frequently. And if, in so doing, he became more interested in the nurse than the patient, nobody was the wiser.

Sometimes, to relieve the tedious hours of duty, he took the fair nurse out to drive, and in these pleasant hours they grew very well acquainted.

Mrs. Bennett had been for two months under the doctor's care, and was so greatly improved that Nellie sometimes left her, to take a ramble by herself in the pleasant fields and woods near Rose Hill. One afternoon, having strayed down a road which was new to her, she came to an old mill, the ruins of which were grass-grown and rotten. But Nellie supposed they would bear her light weight, and, from mere impulse, walked out on the old timbers which overhung the stream, and stood flinging pebbles into the water, to watch the ripples they made.

She did not notice the wavering of the timbers until, just as she turned to go back, crash! went the log on which she stood, and down went Nellie into the stream. As she went down, she gave a frantic clutch and succeeded in grasping a cross-timber, which held her suspended, with her shoulders just out of the water.

Nellie knew that the stream was deep, and she could not swim. She shrieked and shrieked for help, but none came. Her limbs were becoming chilled; she felt her strength ebbing. She clung more desperately to the old beam than ever; but her hold was loosening, and she had almost let go, when the sound of wheels behind her gave her courage for one more effort and one more cry of "Help! Help!"

An instant, and the cheerful shout rang answering back: "Hold hard! I'm coming!"

Poor Nellie knew the voice, and strove to turn her head. She saw Doctor Everson

leap from his buggy and fling off his coat as he ran for the creek. A moment more, and he had dashed into the stream, and his strong arms held her firmly.

"Let go of the beam, but don't cling to me," he said, rapidly. "Just keep entirely still, and I can easily get you out."

Nellie, with a great feeling of security, lay passive on his broad breast, until a few bold strokes carried them to the shore.

"Oh, I should have died if you had not come!" she sobbed, shivering with cold and fright, as he laid her on the grass.

"I should have come sooner if I had known you needed me," said he. "But don't talk now; you'll chill to death."

As he spoke, he hurriedly picked up his coat, fastened it over her shoulders, put her, all dripping and shivering, into his vehicle, and drove like the wind.

As they started, she said: "Doctor, I can't thank you. But you seem to be near whenever I want help."

He turned to her with a great light in his face, and for one instant his arm clasped her as he said fervently: "My darling, I would ask nothing better of life than to be near you always!"

Then he took his arm away, but gently, and not a word more was said during the short drive. But, as he carried her into the house, he whispered:

"I have said too much not to say more. May I say it when you are yourself again?"

"Yes," whispered Nellie. And then she felt a light kiss on her cheek.

And, when the doctor told her the "more" which was to follow his "much," Nellie found the answer so readily in her own heart that she gave it without any coquettish hesitation.

Mr. Bennett had been so well pleased with the doctor's success with his first patient, that, when he asked for the second one as his reward, his request was granted. And, before long, Nellie Bennett was the doctor's bride.



SOMETHING ABOUT APRONS.

BY MARGARET V. PAYNE.

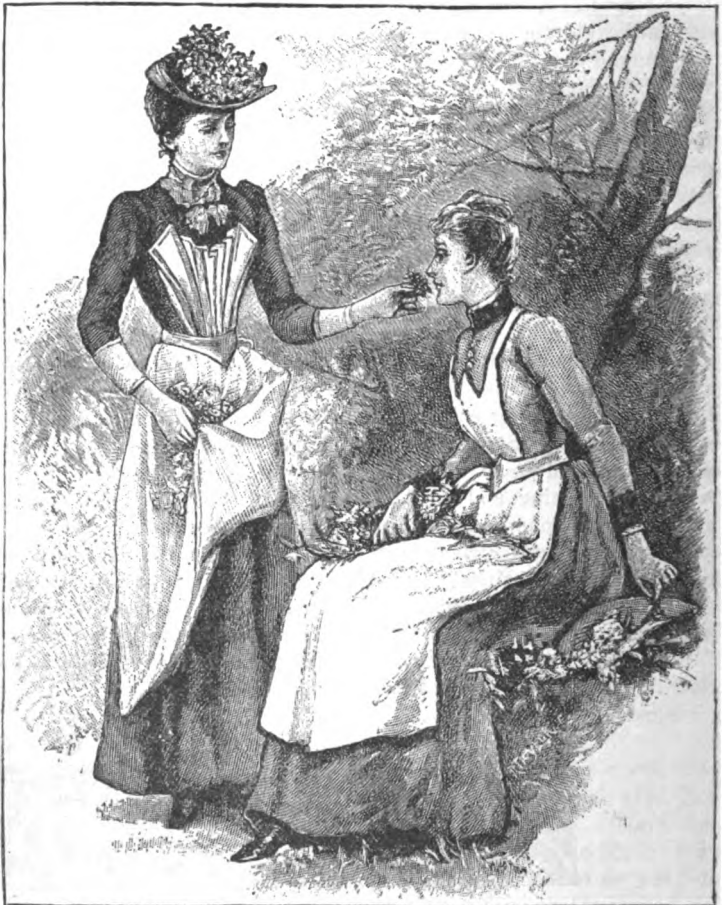
THE apron dates back almost into the dimmest past which holds a chronicle of that in all ages important matter—feminine apparel. Still, it is only necessary to revert to the days of feudalism to give the apron an ancestry old enough to satisfy the pride even of royal families, and during that period we find it worn alike by chatelaine and maid.

In the reign of Louis XV, the taste was revived, if it had ever died out, and court ladies spent small fortunes on the delicate silk and lace fabrications which suited so well their paint, powder, and patches. No soubrette in a comedy in any language at any era could possibly have played her part without a coquettish apron of some kind; even now, if she failed to wear it, we could hardly believe her a genuine waiting-maid, ready to plot, fib, finesse, and quarrel in her mistress's service, as is the evident duty of the genus, at least on the stage.

Never have prettier varieties of this useful and ornamental adjunct to female dress been displayed than in our day. There are aprons of every possible sort for every possible purpose, from those meant to wear at the wash-tub, in the store-room, while nursing, sewing, painting, on to the dainty affairs

intended to make a bit of bright color on the gown of a hostess as she presides at her five-o'clock tea.

Almost all of the newest styles of aprons are made with what is called a Swiss or peasant's waist, which may be either plain, gathered, or spread out in heavy plaits over the bosom. The specimens in my initial illustration are good models either nurse's apron or for one to be worn while a lady is occupied in the morning with the multifarious duties which must fall to the lot of the ordinary housekeeper in this country, where well-trained servants are hard to find.





The second illustration—you will admit that you could not easily find a prettier group of young girls—gives a number of models, all exceedingly tasteful and well suited to the purposes for which they are intended.

The first damsel at the left wears an apron especially serviceable for a person who uses a sewing-machine, type-writer, or is a book-keeper or telegraph operator. It is made of holland bordered with passementerie in white or black cotton, with the pocket trimmed to match.

The apron of the second figure ought to have been devised by some clever New England lady, but was instead brought out by a well-known London establishment, "designed for artists, literary ladies, or domestic purposes," to quote the advertisement, which goes on to say: "The apron is really an overall with sleeves and a yoked bodice, covering the dress entirely in the front, and making the wearer look immensely business-like. It is made in silk, zephyr, and holland, and would not only save a good gown, but would confer a still greater favor by completely covering up an extremely ancient one."

The third pattern is for a cooking apron, made of white linen or muslin, edged with scallops in buttonhole-stitch.

The maiden holding the letter wears a

lovely apron of crimson silk, cut in a point and elaborately trimmed with lace. The pointed band of the waist is edged in the same way, after a fashion recently popular for trimming the bodice of a dress.

The girl seated beside the wearer of this elegant trifle has on what might fitly be termed a "general utility" apron. It is of white linen and embroidered with blue washing-cotton. It is pretty enough to wear at almost any time when an apron would be appropriate, and yet is made of such serviceable material that it is very useful.

The last example is meant for a gardening apron; it can be made of holland, gingham, check, white linen, or cotton, according to taste. It covers the front and back of the dress, falling open at the sides.

The first figure in the third illustration affords a specimen of another apron which is both useful and pretty and may be adopted for various purposes. The model is of *écru* pongee, edged with lace. It has a full pocket on the front, finished with a heading. The waist is cut out of a three-cornered piece of the material, and is fastened on either shoulder by a rosette similar to that at the waist.

The second model is a lace-trimmed apron much draped, having a double box-plait in front under a plaited point, and the sides are draped to the back, where they are finished

with a bow of ribbon and long ends. The draping of the sides in folds is quite like a panier in style, and makes the apron very graceful. The material may be of silk or zephyr, cambric, soft surah, or pongee silk, or, for harder and rougher wear, of brown holland, sateen, or red Turkey-twill. At the side, the lace is put on in what the French modistes call "flots," or waterfalls; and the front and back of the bodice portion may be made exactly in the same manner with a folded piece of the material, the top and shoulder-braces being ornamented with lace. If preferred, this may terminate at the shoulder-tips, the back being only bretelles of ribbon.

The apron of the sitting figure is of black satin embroidered in colors, with the bottom cut into what are termed battlemented edges, and bound. There is a pocket with a monogram and bow. There is a wide belt, and the satin is gathered in narrow folds to form a bib, and fastened by a large bow.

The girl leaning over the bench wears an apron of one of the new floral silks, which may be copied in delaine or flowered sateen. The skirt-part of the apron is plain and a

little longer than square. The lace is turned up at the bottom on the apron. The bib is a very simple arrangement of ribbon velvet edged with lace; it passes round the neck, and, crossing in front, ends on each hip, while a bow of the same finishes the back.

Among the prettiest aprons are those called "Russian," decorated with Russian cross-stitch designs and the pretty white Russian laces with colored patterns. The material is a kind of coarse *écru* linen or crash toweling. The apron is generally a long square, with a plain or pointed band, and edged at the bottom with lace of a pattern in Russian cross-stitch worked in red and blue cotton above the lace, while over this is a row of lace insertion similar to that at the edge of the apron. The design in cross-stitch can often be had ready traced at the shops in London where Russian lace and embroideries are sold. But it is not difficult to do without the tracing, by adopting the Russian method of laying a strip of canvas (not Penelope) over the place where the work is to be done, and tacking it down quite evenly. The canvas must be of the old-fashioned kind, with even threads,





without the stitches defined. Then the design selected is executed on this; and, after the work is finished, the threads are drawn one by one, and the work appears intact and even. The usual size for one of these aprons is twentyeight inches long by twentysix wide.

The next apron is always termed in England—where it is much admired—“The American,” although the same style may be seen in pictures of fine ladies in the reigns of Charles II and Queen Anne, composed of rare lace and lawn from Flanders; for in those days the grandest dames wore aprons over their heavy damasks and brocades.

The apron here represented is made of linen cambric, and the ornamentation is of crochet, so delicate that its fabrication is a lengthy work.

The patterns of the crochet lace and insertion are, of course, much enlarged. The crochet thread used, and also the needle, are the finest possible, and the depth of the insertion and of the lace is the same—perhaps four or five inches each. These aprons are worn in the afternoons at tea, and are much admired and valued for their old-time appearance and quaint grace.

The lace is worked on the back thread of the stitch.

Make a chain of fortyone stitches; turn back.

First row: Work six long stitches, beginning on the sixth chain stitch; * five chain, miss five; one long in the sixth chain; repeat from * four times.

Second row: Five chain; one single crochet in centre of space made by five chain; one long on long stitch, * three chain; one single crochet into next space; one long on next long; repeat from * three times. Six long on six long of last row; two chain, miss two, one long into the third chain stitch.

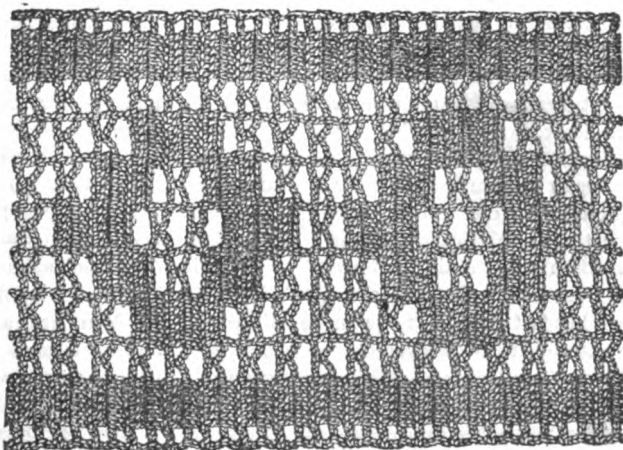
Third row: The same as first row, but at the end make eleven chain; turn.

Fourth row: One long in the eighth stitch of eleven chain; three chain; one long in the last long of former row.

Work now according to the illustration until the ninth row, at the end of which only make five chain instead of eleven; one long stitch on former row. After this, decrease every other row until the scallop is completed.

The picot edge is formed of four chain; one double in space, two picots in the first space, one double crochet in second space, two picots in third, one double in fourth space, three picots in fifth space, one double in sixth space, one double crochet in seventh space, three picots in eighth space, one double in ninth space, one double in tenth space, three picots in eleventh space, one double in twelfth space, three picots in thirteenth space, which is the centre of scallop.

The crochet insertion in the closing illustration is worked exactly in the same manner, and is commenced with sixty chain stitches.



THE FAMILY TERROR.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.



HE first time I ever saw Rita Ryerson, she was mounted on a rhinoceros, flying through the air with the swiftness of an eagle, in wide circles like those which a loon describes; and, while she flew, she was buttoning her left boot with a composure that was a sight to behold.

Presently a bell rang, the rhinoceros and all the other strange beasts and birds that had been bearing a score of small folk about in dizzying rounds, abruptly stopped in their mad career, and the riders were helped from their perches.

Straight up to me walked the black-eyed little damsel who had so completely absorbed my attention, and, in a tone imperative enough for Queen Elizabeth in her callow days, asked abruptly:

"Did you pick up my handkerchief?"

"No," I said, fairly startled by the unexpectedness of the question. "Did you drop one?"

She gave me that half-pitying, half-contemptuous look by which the feminine sex in general, from children to women, is in the habit of expressing resigned consciousness of masculine density. She did not ask in words if I could possibly pick anything up if it had not been let fall, but all the same I felt oppressed by a terrible sense of my own stupidity.

By way of giving myself a countenance, I began to glance about for the article in question; so did the black-eyed, though not for the same reason. At the same instant, we both spied a six-inch square of cambric lying at a little distance, and nearly knocked our heads together in the haste with which we stooped to recover it. I seized and handed her the lace-edged scrap, saying:

"This is yours, I suppose."

"I suppose it is," she answered; "thanks!"

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Then she asked quite sharply: "What makes you stare so?"

By this time, in spite of my three-and-twenty years and my regarding the tiny elf as little more than a baby, I began to feel irritated, and responded to her inquiry by another as sharp as her own. It was:

"Don't you think you are rather impertinent?"

She gave me a delightfully arch glance, made a bewitching little grimace which showed a swarm of dimples, grew suddenly preternaturally grave, and shook her head with decision.

"They say I am at home," she answered, "but I don't believe it."

"Oh!" I retorted, doubtfully.

"You won't believe it either, when you know me better," said she, thoughtfully; "I know you won't."

"Oh!" I repeated. "So I'm to know you better, am I? Well, just so I don't know you worse!"

She laughed; the sound was like a peal of little joy-bells. Out of her pocket she drew a paper bag and offered it to me, saying:

"Have a caramel?"

"Do you offer it as a sign of atonement?" I demanded.

"No; to show that I forgive you," retorted she. "I always forgive grandma when I have done anything she disapproves of: not right away though, generally."

There was no resisting this elfin assurance and the wicked glee in those purple-black Spanish eyes. I accepted a caramel; it was warm and sticky, but I ate it with the fortitude of a martyr. We were fast friends from that moment. Rita ate a caramel to keep me company, and, as soon as it had dissolved sufficiently to enable her to articulate with tolerable ease, said confidentially:

"You are acquainted with my Cousin Janet; I have seen you several times. It was knowing who you were made me feel free to talk. You are Mr. Dimitry—"

Here she was stopped by a chuckle, full

of enjoyment in spite of the expression in her eyes, which showed that she would have restrained the chuckle if it had been possible.

"I insist on your letting me laugh too," I said.

She hesitated, tried to change the subject, but I held firm, and at last she exclaimed desperately:

"Oh, it's about your name! I always vex Janet by calling you Mr. Dimity Frilling; but I won't any more."

"Indeed!" said I, scowling fiercely just to keep from laughing.

Miss thought I was annoyed, and rejoined coaxingly:

"Don't get in a wax, and I'll tell you what they call me at home—the family terror! Now, I'm sure that's worse than frilling of any sort; but I don't mind! They all shake their heads and groan, but they like me just the same—I know—they can't fool me with their airs!"

"I suppose you weren't christened the terror," said I.

"I would have been, I expect, if they hadn't done it when I was a baby," she retorted, with another chuckle, this time over her own wickedness, "but my real name is Rita Ryerson. You ought to know it, I think—it would be very queer if Janet had never talked about me to you."

This was enunciated with such a sense of her self-importance that a man would have needed a good deal of nerve, child though she was, to admit that her cousin had been guilty of this neglect, so I hastened to remark:

"Of course she must have, but I am never good at remembering names; then, too, I have not seen Miss Janet lately."

"I knew you hadn't been at the house—I heard grandma say so; she said she wished you would come. She said, too, she only knew one foolish thing about you, and that was your having Mr. Tom Archer for a friend! Grandma doesn't like him—I don't know why—and, when she gets down on a person, she's dreadfully prejudiced. I'm not a bit that way myself, but I don't care for Mr. Archer. I'm sure Janet doesn't, either; so, if that's the reason you've kept away, why—"

A flash of her eyes finished the sentence. I hastily decided that she might well be

called the family terror, for a more appalling creature I had never encountered; but she was very bewitching notwithstanding, and the prettiest and daintiest little fairy that ever lived outside of a picture-book.

"I shan't keep away," I observed. "I staid out of town until very late—have only recently returned. I mean to call at your grandmother's very soon; perhaps I shall see you when I do."

"Of course you will," she replied; "if I like a person, I always go downstairs when he comes, in spite of anybody—and I've made up my mind to like you. I wish you had a long mustache with a droop to it, but never mind—you're not very old yet, are you?"

I am afraid I colored, but I managed to laugh.

"I am not Methuselah, certainly," I said.

"I shall be thirteen before so very long," she announced.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, involuntarily. "Why, you look about nine!"

"I shall be thirteen next June, and it's the end of November now!" she said, with heat. "As for being little, I'm glad of it. Janet's little, and so is grandma. We don't have Brob—Brob—oh, what's that word?—dignage—in our family!"

I hastened to atone by declaring that I loathed such monstrosities, and that I considered her grandmother and cousin exactly the height women ought to be, and I was sure she would be too, when she attained her full growth.

Before she could answer, there hurried up a fussy little woman like a Polish hen, who began pouring out a torrent of French and broken English, from which I gathered that she was horrified to discover how long it had taken her to do some errand.

"I got on well enough," the black-eyed answered; "when the merry-go-round stopped, I found Mr. Dimitry—he's a friend of grandma's and Cousin Janet's." The hen immediately indulged in a succession of bows and ejaculations, while Rita continued: "Madame Provost is my governess; she left me here while she went to inquire an address for my grandmother."

The little woman grew voluble again, and I regarded her with amused wonder; a bantam fowl might as well have undertaken the charge of a young falcon, as she that of the

black-eyed. They were late for some class somewhere, it appeared, and departed after Rita had exacted a promise that I would call at the house very soon.

It chanced that, before I had gone far, I met Tom Archer, and the result of my conversation with the good-natured, good-hearted, but not over-energetic young man was a much speedier visit at Mrs. Ryerson's mansion than I had expected to pay.

The old lady received me with great cordiality and did not once indulge in any of the politely sarcastic speeches with which she could on occasion excoriate Miss Janet Newcomb's male friends and admirers. That young heroine herself was as amiable and agreeable as usual, which is saying a good deal. I call her a heroine because she was wildly beloved by Tom Archer and liked him in return, but their romance had been brought to a standstill by Grandma Ryerson's opposition, aided by that of Janet's father.

I suppose middle-aged judges could not have blamed either of the seniors for this sternness, because my blessed Tom Archer had inherited expensive tastes, possessed very little money, and had never acquired business habits or studied a profession. Worse misfortune still, he had been reared by a weak mother with "expectations" from several rich relations; but each of these individuals had died in turn and left his or her money elsewhere, with the exception of a strong-minded aunt who bequeathed a legacy to Tom, set down in her will in these terms: "To my ill-brought-up and much-to-be-pitied nephew, Thomas Waldron Archer, I leave the sum of fifty dollars, to pay for a course of instruction in book-keeping and chirography, said sum to be paid only on production to my executors of a receipt showing that the course was duly taken."

This was a hard blow to a fellow who had spent three years at college, had traveled in Europe, and was noticeable among the golden youth of his native city, eagerly sought for to lead cotillions, and much be-paragraphed in journals devoted to "society news."

Poor Tom and poor Miss Janet—especially Janet, for she was a little creature capable of devotion and self-sacrifice; and Tom, the pleasantest, sweetest-tempered fellow in the world, with plenty of brains but no faculty for turning them to practical use, was a man

to give her ample opportunity to cultivate her special gifts to a high state of perfection, if ever she should become his wife—unless fate sent him a fortune. As a rich man, it was clear that Tom would shine in the marital relation—according to an American woman's ideas—for he would let his wife rule from sheer laziness.

"So it seems you have made the acquaintance of our Rita," said Mrs. Ryerson, in a pause of the conversation. "Oh, good gracious! here she comes now," she exclaimed, as the door opened abruptly, then added for the benefit of the little maid who darted into the room: "Don't be startled, Mr. Ned; that is not a cyclone—it's only my youngest granddaughter, the family terror! Well, Miss Wickedness, what mischief have you been at now? Come, give me a kiss—say 'How do you do?' to Mr. Dimitry, and try to reflect a little credit on your unfortunate pastors and masters."

The terror nearly hugged the breath out of her grandmother's body, gave Miss Janet's ear a tweak, and held out her hand to me quite sedately. She looked such an embodiment of health, beauty, and grace that it was no wonder old Mrs. Ryerson gazed at her with her black eyes softened by an ineffable tenderness and love.

"Have you been again to see the animals?" demanded Rita, as we shook hands. "Grandma, Mr. Dimitry likes to ride the giraffe best, but he's not a touch to the rhinoceros!"

I was young enough to be troubled by the fear that her listeners might actually think me given to the delights of "merry-go-rounds," and hastened to explain how it chanced that I had entered the inclosure. I did not mend matters, though, for Rita insisted that I had promised to ride with her; and her old grandmother—it was plain from whom the elf inherited her wickedness—said maliciously:

"Very well, Rita, I am sure even Madame Provost won't object to Mr. Dimitry's accompanying you."

I got my common sense back and took the joke merrily, even agreed to visit the place very soon. Then Miss Janet in her sweet way changed the conversation, and Rita sat mute and admiring, making it evident that her pretty cousin was the realization of her ideal of perfection.

The very next day, I met the little black-eyed gipsy near the merry-go-round, and she insisted on my entering to keep her company while Madame Provost departed on one of the numerous commissions which she seemed always to have on hand. I was thankful Rita did not force me to bestride some one of the apocryphal birds or beasts; but she was merciful there, though she took two aerial flights herself while we were waiting for madame.

I went to the house often, met Rita somewhere nearly every day, and her society was always delightful. In many ways, she was the child that she ought to have been; but, in certain others, her mind was unusually developed. She had the keenest possible sense of humor, and, in spite of her willfulness, was so tender-hearted that an appeal to her feelings always subdued her. Into the bargain, she was truthfulness itself. I think no tortures could have induced her to break her word, and she had an idea of her own personal dignity—entirely apart from self-conceit—which lent a quaintness and originality to her manner and conversation that were as graceful as amusing.

Tom Archer was constantly making appeals to me to help him to hold communication with Miss Janet. He could not venture to the house, for old Madam Ryerson had frankly told him his visits were not welcome; but he felt certain that Janet had nothing to do with this cruel treatment, and he wished her to be assured that she was still the one dream of his life—his hope, aim, lode-star, and all the rest of it.

I was not a romantic young man—in fact, I was decidedly cynical and did not believe much in love; but I liked Tom Archer and felt sorry for him. Then, too, it speedily became plain to me that Miss Janet also suffered from the stern decision of her father and his mother, though she had not spirit or sufficient strength of will openly to combat their edict. After this discovery, I was of course as wax in my friend Archer's hands, and, without stopping to reflect what an unworthy return I was making for old Mrs. Ryerson's kindness and trust, I managed to give Janet a letter which Tom had confided to my care.

The next day, Rita brought a note from her cousin, addressed to myself; but the matter thereof was intended for Archer's

benefit. She begged me to ask him not to write to her again; she could not feel easy while tacitly deceiving her grandmother, though it was true she broke no promise to her or her father—none had been exacted from her.

This closing admission was taken advantage of by Master Tom, as was quite natural. Again he wrote to his "lode-star," again I performed the office of amateur letter-carrier, and again the small Rita did the same on her side; but, this time, only the address on the epistle concerned me—the contents were for my friend.

We all know that it is "only the first step which costs," so of course Rita and I had plenty of note-carrying put on us after that. But, astute as the small maid was, she had not fathomed the mystery of those letters. She believed the epistles I handed her were the effusions of my own brain and heart, and that those she gave me in return were intended for my unworthy self.

Miss Janet had not deceived her in words, but she let Rita deceive herself; and I could not speak, although frequently I felt very guilty and longed to tell her the truth. I do not know how it was that Rita conceived the idea I had lost my heart to her cousin—perhaps because she thought every man must—but she certainly did think so. In her great delicacy, she asked no questions, and Miss Janet—a weak nature, with all her sweetness and goodness—gave no superfluous information, because she knew that Rita would have refused to carry letters meant for the edification and comforting of Tom Archer.

"Grandma likes you—so does papa; they like you very much!" was the nearest Rita ventured to a request for my confidence.

Plainly she wondered why, since my suit was likely to be favorably regarded by the ruling powers, I should choose to make a mystery of my sentiments for her cousin.

"There's nothing so nice as a secret," I remarked, on one of the occasions when the child was trying to encourage me by her assurance of the esteem in which I was held in the household of the Ryersons. "I hate to be obliged to let people know things, except just the one or two friends one trusts implicitly."

"Oh!" Rita ejaculated, and stood meditative for a little, then nodded three times

with much significance. Finally she questioned: "Well, I am your friend?"

"The best little friend in the world," I replied, and again felt horribly guilty; not but what I regarded her as such, but because I knew I had deceived her still further. My remark had convinced her that Janet and I made a mystery of our mutual understanding just to increase the romantic interest of the situation.

Matters went on in this way for more than two months, then business to which my father wished me to attend rendered a trip to Colorado necessary. Tom Archer would have been in despair over my departure, only that I arranged a plan by which he could communicate with Janet Newcomb, although Janet was just then indulging in one of her spasms of remorse over her wickedness in ever seeing or writing to her lover against the wishes of her relatives. These temporary spasms always drove impulsive Tom nearly frantic; but I knew that Janet deceived herself more than she had ever done anybody else when she tried to convince her conscience that she meant never to answer another letter of Archer's unless with her father's permission.

I had a maiden aunt who was the best-hearted, weakest, and most romantic of human beings, and she gladly consented to give Archer's letters to Janet, and promised him that she would invent pretexts for having "the dear girl" frequently at her house. So, his interests being attended to, Master Tom was able to see me depart with that equanimity which those of our friends whose lives will go smoothly on deprived of our presence can usually display over our departure, whether for an earthly journey of limited duration or the inevitable one from which, according to popular credence, "no traveler ever returns."

Tom Archer was the worst correspondent imaginable, except where Janet was concerned; but my aunt wrote long rambling epistles which kept me cognizant of the course of events. Rita also favored me with frequent communications, and very quaint and characteristic they were. She frequently made mention of Janet's visits to my relative, and it was plain that she supposed my correspondence with her cousin was conducted through that obliging personage.

"Cousin Janet can't live without seeing

your aunt at least every other day," she wrote, "and Miss Symerton is always coming to take her out. Grandma says that 'their newly developed friendship is fairly tropical!' You know grandma laughs at everything; but she likes Miss Symerton pretty well, only 'she gushes so.' I hope you won't be vexed at my repeating this, but it's true; I'm sure she kissed Janet ten times yesterday during a call of twenty minutes."

Every letter of Rita's troubled my conscience at the deceit I was practicing toward the earnest little soul, and several times I was on the point of writing and explaining matters to her, but decided that it would be better to wait until I returned. I feared my letter might fall into somebody else's hands and cause trouble; but I determined that as soon as I did reach home I would tell Rita the truth, in spite of Janet or Tom Archer.

At last, the business was finished; I proposed to start East in a couple of days, and wrote to my friends—Rita among them—the date at which they might prepare themselves to welcome me with fitting cordiality.

That very evening, I received a letter from Tom Archer, as incoherent and ill-constructed an epistle as ever emanated from the brain even of a man in love; but the unfinished paragraphs, conflicting statements, and misspelled words were due to his mind's being nearly unbalanced by unexpected happiness instead of some sudden and heart-rending catastrophe.

The letter filled six large-sized sheets of note-paper, and, when I tell you that I had read four of them before I found a single complete sentence or could even be certain what he really wished to communicate, you will thank me for sparing you any quotations therefrom. At one point, I thought his last remaining uncle had unexpectedly married when much too old not to have known better; at another, I inclined to the belief that old Mrs. Ryerson had discovered Janet's secret; at another, I almost decided that my inability to make head or tail of the letter was owing to some newly developed brain-trouble, and wondered whether I had grown imbecile without warning.

Before I had really deciphered the rambling epistle—the hand-writing alone was enough to give me the dazed sensation that looking fixedly at the cuneiform character for a few minutes does ordinary persons—I threw it

down and opened another letter just to repose my mind a little. This second mis-sive was from Rita, and, though written in haste and evidently under much painful excitement, it told clearly what the writer desired to say, and, into the bargain, proved a key to Tom Archer's pages of hieroglyphs; so that, after perusing Rita's communication, I went back to them, and the whole matter was plain.

Tom Archer's uncle—little known and less cared for by Tom—had died suddenly and left my handsome friend his fortune, wisely adding certain restrictions which would prevent his heir from dissipating much of the principal. Into the bargain, Mr. Newcomb, who had somehow discovered the state of affairs between his daughter and Tom, had sought the young man with the intention of overwhelming him with the weight of his displeasure. The news which Tom had to offer changed the lecture into congratulations, and the interview ended by the elderly gentleman's giving his consent to Tom's marrying his daughter—naturally enough, since the only objection thereto had lain in the fact that Tom could no more earn his own livelihood than he could have managed a standing army.

But Rita, poor little Rita, wrote in utter despair, supposing that the tidings of Janet's engagement to Tom Archer would drive me to desperation, delirium, and perhaps death!

"I shall never forgive Janet for deceiving you," wrote my small champion; "I have told her so, and I refused to speak to that horrid Tom Archer when I met him in the street!

"Janet declares that I have been mistaken all through—that you understood everything, and that I will find nobody can be more pleased than you at the turn affairs have taken.

"I did not condescend to answer! Of course I knew you couldn't have deceived me! I am dreadfully, dreadfully disappointed in Janet, but you must try not to care—do try!"

I have copied enough of that letter, which I have kept through all the years that have come and gone since then, to show that I had reason to look forward with misgiving to the moment when it would be necessary for me to admit to my little friend that her cousin was correct in all her statements.

Before the end of the week, I was at home; and it so happened that, the first time I went to Mrs. Ryerson's house, Rita was the person who received me: the grandmother and Janet were out.

"You had my letter?" she asked, after giving me a warm greeting, and at once she began to look troubled.

"Oh, yes, yes," I said, "and I was so much obliged to you for writing! If it had not been for your letter, I should never have got at the bottom of things, for Tom Archer's effusion was so crazy that I could make nothing of it."

"No wonder!" cried Rita. "And he actually had the impudence to write to you? As if he could explain, or Janet either! They're a wicked pair, and I told them so—yes, I did; only last night I said it again!"

"Why, I am very, very glad to have them happy!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, you are too good!" pronounced Rita. "I only wonder you didn't do something dreadful to them both—deceiving you as Janet did, and me too!"

"No, no," I rejoined; "you don't understand, Rita! I wanted your cousin to marry Tom. I—"

Rita started up as if she had been struck; her face grew scarlet, then pale, and her eyes blazed.

"You—you knew?" she demanded.

"Yes; I—"

"Those letters Janet wrote—they were not for you?"

"For Tom, of course!"

"You are worse than they!" cried Rita. "You—"

"But, Rita, I never told you I was in love with Janet!"

"You made me think so!"

"Why, no; I simply kept silence—I had no right to speak. It was for your cousin to tell you—"

"Oh, you are worse than she," interrupted the small maid; "worse than Tom Archer—than both of them put together! Janet is only a coward, and Tom is just silly. I'll forgive them now, but I won't you—never, never! You are crafty and cruel and wicked! You said over and over that I was your friend, and you deceived me; I'll not forgive you—no, I will not!"

And positively she would not, could not, and did not, although the lovers, her uncle,

and her grandmother all interceded warmly in my behalf.

Only a fortnight later, sometime before the date set for the wedding of the happy pair, unexpected changes called me abruptly away from my native town, and, owing to a succession of events which it is not necessary to chronicle, six years elapsed before I again returned thither.

The very night of my arrival, I went with my maiden aunt to a reception, and, very soon after I entered the crowded rooms, came face to face with the daintiest, prettiest, most elegant girl that I had met in ages. She was leaning on the arm of a handsome young naval officer in full uniform, and glancing up in his face as she answered some remark. That smile and the dazzling flash of those black eyes I could not mistake—I had seen Rita Ryerson.

Presently I found her grandmother—as erect, brisk, bright, and sarcastic as ever—and then up came Tom and Janet Archer, both looking very happy, but much older; both had grown decidedly stout and—I must say it—commonplace, as is apt to be the case with people who attain to happiness with corpulence included.

Presently the young officer appeared with Rita on his arm, and I knew by the expression in her eyes that the pretty creature recognized me at the first glance. No sign made she, however, and her grandmother

remarked as quietly as if presenting a stranger:

“My dear, Mr. Dimitry wishes to be introduced to you.”

Rita gave a little bow; I thought actually she meant to move on. I suppose my face must have expressed the cruel disappointment I felt. Our eyes met; hers looked first mischievous, then laughing. She held out her hand and said:

“I am glad you have come back while you are still recognizable.”

“I waited till I could cultivate the long drooping mustache,” I answered, gravely.

I saw the young officer glare at me with an expression quite ferocious, but I carried Rita off, notwithstanding; and, before the evening ended, this was what I said to her:

“When you were a little girl, I fell in love with you, only it would have seemed ridiculous to give my feeling that name! I must have gone on loving you ever since, because I never have been able to care about anybody else—I realized that as soon as I looked at you to-night.”

“Didn’t I tell you once that I would never forgive you?” she asked, quite seriously.

“That will be the best reason in the world for marrying me,” I answered; “you can punish a husband quite at your leisure.”

We were married a few months later, and, though that was ten years ago, neither of us has ever repented.

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S HOME.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

If we follow a thistle-down, I ween,
We will find the home of the fairy queen.
Then come with me, and, hand in hand,
We'll journey along to fairy-land:

Over the valley, the hill and plain,
Crossing the desert, and on again—

Over the rivers and over the sea,
Where'er the thistle-down's path may be:

On and on, from sea to shore,
'Till we weary of all that's gone before;
And then we pass through the land of Nod,
'Neath the elfish spell of the magic rod;

And then in dream-land valley, I ween,
We will find the home of the fairy queen

DESOLATUS.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

OVER the sea! Over the sea!
Comes not my dear one back to me?
Weary the day in its lonely flight,
Only more sad than the day the night;
Waking or sleeping, I grieve for thee,
Longing to bridge the silent sea:

Longing to see thy face once more,
Wishing the pain and the waiting o'er,
Wishing the gloom of the awful night
Would part and give me a ray of light—
Only a ray, that my soul might see
The lonely path that leads to thee.

"AMAIſT AS WEEL'S THE NEW."

BY MARTHA CAREY.

IN almost every house, there may be found pieces of furniture that were once in good style and perhaps quite expensive. But the lapse of time and the never-ending procession of novelties that come out season after season have made the once admired article seem quite out of place, and doomed the chief ornament of the parlor to figure in the category of antique scarecrows.

Some of these are destined to the ignominy of being sent to the auction-room, or, what is even worse, to the barn-loft or garret, where they will gradually grow dusty and covered with cobwebs.

But most of them, if not all, could be restored by feminine ingenuity, at a small expense; if not to their ancient beauty, at least to usefulness and worth.

If, for example, there is in the store-room or upstairs back chamber an old mahogany arm-chair, prized for its associations but unpresentable to stranger eyes, its frame battered and scratched, its covering moth-eaten or tattered, and its springs bent or broken, a little patience and contrivance can render it "almost as good as the new."

For the cover, use a stout cotton fabric woven for the purpose, that may be obtained from almost any city dry-goods store. This material comes in different colors, striped, damasked: dark-maroon or dark-green being specially good for service in either library or sitting-room.

If you wish a livelier tint, choose a soft gray or dull art-blue, as these are dainty for summer and combine well with other shades that you may have in carpet or curtains.

Several dozen gilt-headed tacks and some furniture-gimp finish the list of necessary articles.

As a first step, shave some yellow beeswax very thin, cover it with turpentine, and leave it to soak. It will be dissolved and ready for use in twenty-four hours. Now, after carefully studying how it has been fastened on, remove the old covering. All the stuffing of tow and curled hair should be cleaned out and laid by, to pick over.

The frame must then be washed thoroughly with warm soft water, in which a very little washing-soda is dissolved. The springs must be examined, broken ones repaired, and the perfect ones refastened.

Generally, you will find that the broken springs are only started from their gearings, and can be tied again with strong twine, interlacing, and fastening one spring to the next, and so on, down to the bottom spring.

Now rub the frame with fine sand-paper until it is perfectly smooth. Stuff the back and seat with fresh tow, which is very cheap, costing only a few cents per pound. Bring the stuffing, packed firm, up to a level with the top springs and cover it with the old horsehair, which you have in the meantime carefully dusted and picked over. Above this, tack strong bed-ticking as a foundation for the final cover.

Now the frame must be polished by rubbing it thoroughly with the beeswax and turpentine, using a soft old flannel cloth for the purpose.

Now comes the final covering, which should not be fastened down in sections by buttons in the old-fashioned manner; this only serves to catch dust and dirt. Cut the outside exactly like the old cover—which has been reserved for a pattern—and secure it down with ordinary tacks. Over the edge, place the furniture-gimp, and, with the fancy brass nails, fasten it at intervals of one inch apart. If you wish further decoration, place a strip of handsome cretonne or embroidered linen down the back and on the arms of the chair, and a small fringed strip across the front of the seat, tacking it on with similar gilt nails. Any chair may thus be transformed into a thing of new beauty, and, by using different materials, a pleasing variety may be secured.

If the chair is badly defaced and the rush or cane seat broken, you can tack heavy bed-ticking, doubled, very tight across the old seat. Then make a thick, flat, mattress-shaped cushion—that is, with side pieces between top and bottom. Stuff this with

curled hair or excelsior moss, and cover with the pretty striped stuff that comes for the purpose, in gay colors—gray and red, or gray and blue.

Paint the framework in a shining black, and varnish with coach-varnish, or use deep India red, with copal varnish, after which stripe the legs and the back pieces with gold paint.

To keep your chair fresh, make a gray linen slip-cover, and tie it on with braid. A very dainty chair is made by using white enameled paint, picked out with gold, and making a cushion of pale-blue plush.

In many country houses or old-fashioned city homes, there are what we used to call "parlor closets" on either side of the chimney. These have outlived their original usefulness, and are now often a source of worry to their owner.

Remove the doors, and across the open space hang a portière. Use a slender rod and bright brass rings. A handsome portière may be fashioned of the soft bright-hued India silks, or, what is almost as pretty and much less expensive, the imitation silks, which now may be found in every possible soft color and pattern, looking so much like the original as to be scarcely distinguishable. A pale-tinted French cretonne also makes a good curtain for this purpose, as does the Madras curtain-stuff that has the rich and irregular shading of stained glass.

Inexpensive and charming, either for portières or window-curtains, are the pale lemon or amber-colored Madras muslins, with bor-

ders which may be outlined with embroidery-silk. Congress cloth is also a thin and dainty material, that can be embroidered with bright silk until it looks gorgeous enough for a queen's chamber.

A novel table-cloth for use at afternoon tea can be made of a square of good damask, woven in a rather bold conventional design. It should be outlined and filled in with very fine colored washing-silk. The more the stitches are varied and the greater the number of colors used, the better for general effect. Washing gold thread will serve to outline the design, but should be employed merely as a single line, not massed. Like other linen articles, the cloth may be hem-stitched, but a fringe would be preferable. Strands of silk of the principal colors, knotted at intervals amongst the white threads, will give a richer appearance.

An old-fashioned "what-not" is often a source of annoyance to its possessor, and may be redeemed from ugliness by hanging across the front of each shelf a fringed valance of plush. If it is open at the back, hang a silk drapery, of the same color as the plush, from the back of the top shelf to the bottom, making a rich background, against which your dainty bric-a-brac will show most charmingly.

A marble mantel may be made to look artistic by covering with soft gray linen which has been embroidered in gayly colored silks, and trimmed with a silk tassel fringe of all imaginable bright colors.

GEMS.

THE characteristic color of the sapphire is a clear blue, much like the shade of cornflower blossom. The more like velvet the stone appears, the greater its value. The Oriental sapphire retains its beautiful shade of color by gaslight, while the inferior stones become darker.

To restore the polish on opals blurred and scratched by wear, rub them with putty-powder on a piece of chamois, wet. Finish polishing with refined chalk, also on chamois, wet. Then wash the opals with a soft brush in tepid water. With proper care, the opals will not have to be taken from the setting.

Most of the artificial pearls that are made come from France. For this, the glass used

is the color of whey, and the glass bead or pearl is filled with a solution prepared from the scales of fishes. This solution is very expensive; less than a quart of it—a litre—costs several thousand francs. They are made in irregular sizes and forms, and imitate black, gray, white, and pink pearls. So well are the genuine ones imitated that, when strung on the same string or spread out by the side of the genuine pearls, it is hard to decide between them; and, as they also may be made of the same specific gravity as the real article, the only certain way to prove the genuineness of these is to use the file. The small imitations can be easily detected because of their great regularity.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, Etc.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Shows a stylish way of making one of those striped woolen materials, which are much liked as a change from the plain fabrics so long worn. The skirt is cut quite on

of the striped woolen, and is so artistically made, with the straight lines forming the jacket front, that it has the appearance of being designed purposely for it. The moderately full sleeves are of the plain stuff.

No. 2—Will help supply a growing need: that is, a pretty design for a bicycle dress.



No 1.

the bias, plain in front and full at the back. The bodice is a combination of plain stuff of the color of the ground of the dress, and



No. 2.

It is of tan-colored woolen, the skirt made without ornament, sufficiently wide to fall easily without displaying the limbs, but not so full as to impede the movements of the rider. The bodice is plaited and belted at the waist, and has a yoke which extends down the front, forming a plastron, of plaid woolen; the full loose sleeves have deep bias cuffs of the plaid. Well-fitting head-gear is an important item in the comfort of

bicyclers, and many prefer the light Tam O'Shanter to any other head-covering.

No. 3—Is one of the newest ways of making a walking or traveling dress. The skirt, slashed at the bottom, gives much freedom to the feet, and the under-piece below the openings is easily renewed. This piece looks well either the color of the skirt

No. 4—Gives us another walking or traveling dress. The material of this gown is thinner and softer than of the one last described. It is striped, and opens the entire length of the back over a plaited piece which is inserted beneath two rows of large buttons; the bottom of the striped skirt has a simulated hem ornamented with



NO. 3 and 4.

or of some suitable contrasting color; the slashes are edged around with braid which may match the outside or the under-piece. The long slashed basque is one of the most stylish which has appeared this season; the tabs are shorter in front than at the back, and it may be made with a waistcoat or without, as is preferred.

machine-stitching. The bodice is slightly full in front from the neck to the waist; it has a short basque, is worn with a belt, and the sleeves are ornamented with buttons.

No. 5—Gives us a simple pretty dress for a little girl. The frock is of dark-blue serge, made with a slightly full bodice put on a

straight band at the throat. There is no trimming, but the elegance is heightened by the very broad band of plaited red surah silk, which reaches almost to the arms and is puckered into a ruffle in front; a frill of the same kind conceals the hooks which fasten the band at the back. The sleeves are double, the upper ones being loose and reaching to the elbows only.



No. 5

No. 6—Is a spring wrap, of gray cheviot, lined with lemon-colored surah. It has a double ruffle, or small cape, and a turned-down collar. Our model was edged with a silver cord, but a cord to match the color of the material would look well, and a less decided shade of silk would make a more useful if a less elegant garment.

No. 7—Shows us a cloak of white silk for a baby. It is shirred at the waist and is double-breasted. A ruffle trims the bottom, and the deep cape is trimmed with three scant ruffles. The wide sleeves, to go easily over baby's arms, end in ruffles. Cashmere trimmed with surah silk would make a pretty cloak.

No. 8—Shows a boy's suit of blue and



No. 6.

white striped woolen. The skirt is plaited; the white serge blouse-jacket has a shirt-front of the stripe, and it is further ornamented with bias bands down the front. Wide collar and pointed cuffs of the same, trimmed with plain blue.



No. 7.



No. 8.

No. 9—Is a model of a dress for a young girl. The skirt is quite bias and plain. The plaited bodice is of the same material as the skirt, but is made the straight way of the stuff. It is plaited both back and front, from

the shoulders to a point at the waist, and is finished with a rosette of ribbon. A loose rosette ornaments the neck. The sleeves are bias. The basque is partly cut away from the front.



No. 9.

FUCHSIA DESIGN FOR SOFA-CUSHION.

We give, on the Supplement, a graceful design of fuchsias for a sofa-cushion. Outline, satin-stitch, or Kensington-stitch may be employed, and the flowers and leaves may be of the natural colors. The flowers should be done in some of the pale shades.

STEM-STITCH OR BRAID WORK.

This pretty design in the front of the book, which can be done in stem-stitch or braid work, is most suitable for the bottom of children's dresses, jackets, or petticoats. and looks well on a baby's blanket. It is also beautiful in Kensington or satin stitch.

SPRING CLOAK, OF DRAB CLOTH, studded with "nail-head" jets. The sleeves are full on the shoulders, the collar straight. It is drawn in to fit the waist closely. A cock's-feather trimming ornaments the bottom of the garment. For the colder weather the cloak may be interlined with flannel, which can be removed as the season advances.



HAT, OF BLACK FELT OR CHIP, trimmed with ostrich-feathers and black satin ribbon, and fastened with two gilt pins. This is one of the newest of the many new spring designs.



MORNING-DRESS. SLEEVE. CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH.



CORSAGE BASQUE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

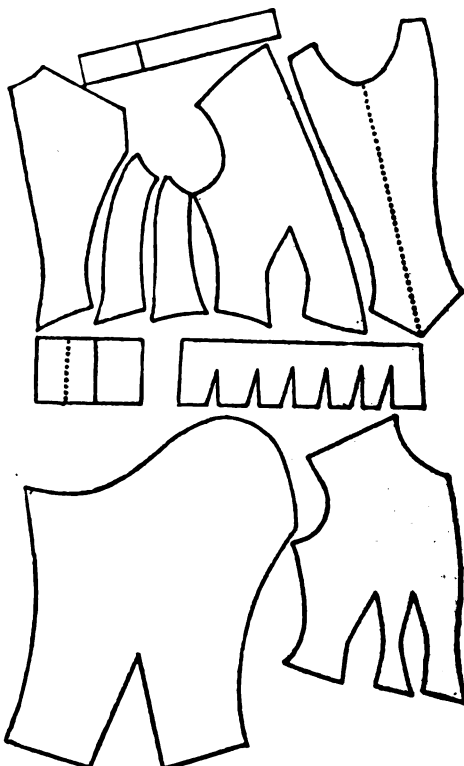
BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, for our Supplement this month, the pattern of a new corset, with basque set on. The pattern consists of ten pieces:

1. HALF OF UNDER-FRONT.
2. HALF OF OVER-FRONT.
3. HALF OF BACK.
4. SIDE-BACK.
5. SIDE-FRONT.
6. SLEEVE.
7. BACK BASQUE.
8. FRONT BASQUE.
9. PLASTRON.
10. COLLAR.

The letters and notches show how the pieces join; besides, we give a small diagram showing how the pieces are arranged and also the slashing of the basque. The basque may be lengthened, if desired; and the back piece, marked H and I, has a plait shown by the dotted line: this makes the fullness for the middle of the back. Our model is made of cashmere or camel's-hair or lady's-cloth, and braided or trimmed with passementerie—either jet, steel, or iridescent, as taste and the color of the corset may require. The plastron is braided to match, in long simple lines. This corset may be worn with any black silk or woolen skirt, and may be either black or any self-color. The dart in the over-front is the same as the dart of the under-front, seen by the dotted



BELLOWS HOLDER FOR DRIED FERNS AND GRASSES.



This ornamental holder for dried grasses and ferns is very easily constructed. Procure a cheap pair of wooden bellows and cover with gray linen, which may be ornamented by either some simple design in embroidery or else painted in water-colors: a bunch of field daisies — yellow with brown centres is most effective. The

lower part of the bellows is covered with a bit of plush headed by a piece of gold galloon and finished at the edge by some silk or gold fringe. The bellows may be suspended at any convenient place near the fireplace and filled with the ferns, etc., making an inexpensive and very pretty ornament.

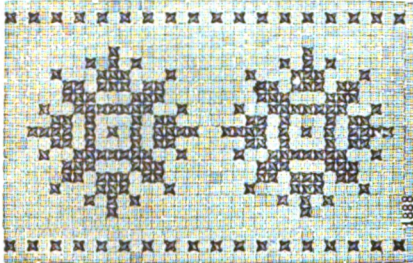
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BASKET FOR BREAD, WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY.



A novelty comes to us from Paris, as a basket for bread. The basket is of white

straw, entirely covered with an embroidered border inside and outside. We give the detail of embroidery, which is done in red cotton. The embroidery may be done on coarse linen or Java canvas. The bottom of the basket has a design of its own, as may be seen in the illustration and easily copied. The edge at the bottom is done in buttonhole-stitch, very firm. A pretty napkin in the basket, into which the bread or hot rolls are placed, will of course be used.



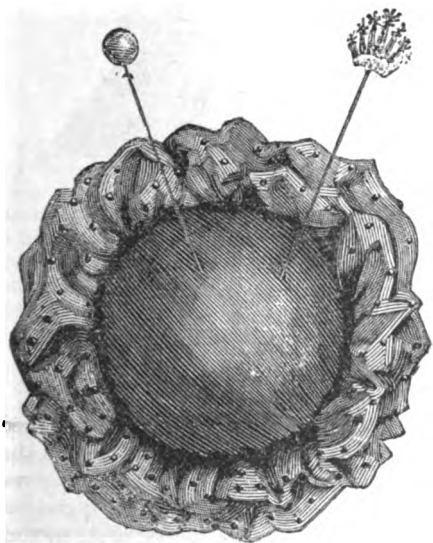
SHOULDER OR HEAD REST FOR CHAIR.



Make first the cushion the desired size and shape. Fill with down, feathers, or hair; down is the best. The cover is of cream-colored satin, bordered at the edges with gold lace or multicolored chenille fringe.

It is decorated in the centre and on the ribbon holder with a Watteau painting or embroidery. It is thrown over an arm-chair as a shoulder or head rest, and in a smaller size it may be used as a drawing-room pincushion.

PINCUSHION FOR THE TOILETTE.



This handy little cushion to hang upon the toilet-table, for the receptacle of fancy pins, is made of a bit of gold or silver net, stretched over a circular cushion filled with white hair or wool. The puffed border is of dotted lace or silk muslin; a double puff is put on very full all around.

HOME-MADE TOYS AS WORK FOR CHILDREN.

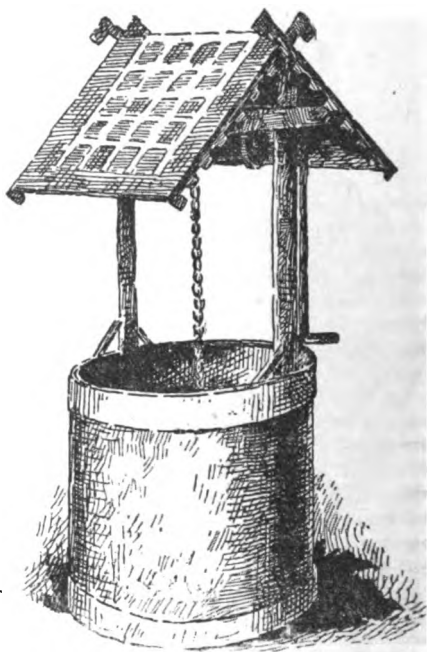
GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

A long match-box can readily be converted into a wonderful grandfather's clock by cutting a square of one inch with a penknife out of the front, half-inch from the top, and an oblong, two inches by one inch, an inch lower down. Bits of glass, rather larger than the openings, should be firmly glued in, from the inside of the box, and neat frames added outside, of gold perforated card. The inside of the box should be stained black, as it shows through the long glass panel and forms a fitting background for the pendulum. The dial is a toy watch, to which the pendulum is attached by a fine wire. A piece of brass wire, with a large gold bead at the end, forms the pendulum. A piece of card, the exact width of the box, covered with silver paper, is cut in a fancy shape, decorated with gold, and gummed to the box above the dial. A large round-headed pin can be added for a ball at the top. A gilt ornament occupies the space between the glass panels, and a larger one the space between the lower one and the bottom of the box. The clock stands upon a piece of card-board covered with red paper.



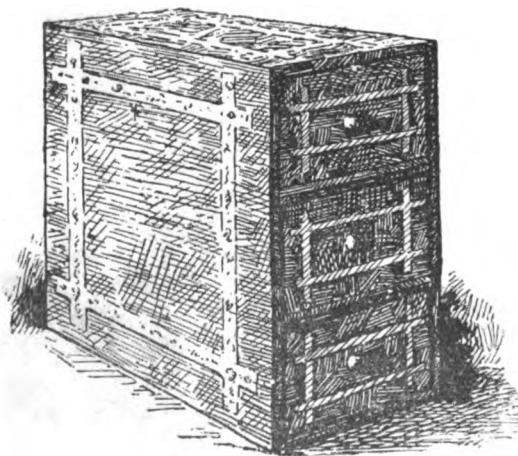
AN OLD-FASHIONED WELL.

An old-fashioned well, with pent-house roof, can easily be carried out as follows: First procure a round box (minus the lid) two and a half inches in diameter and the same in depth. Cover this with silver paper, adding rims of gold perforated card half an inch wide, top and bottom. Glue two strips of strong card-board half an inch wide at opposite sides of the box. Make these five and a half inches in height, and the tops should be pointed and connected by a wire which helps to carry the roof; they are further strengthened by the addition of cross-pieces of card-board fastened on about one inch from the top of the supports. Directly under these cross-bars, a strong wire supporting a cork (to which is fastened the chain and bucket) is run through the supports. When the wire has been passed through the second support, it is then bent suddenly downward about three inches. A small wooden handle can be attached to the end. The roof is formed of a piece of card-board, five inches by three inches; this, with the supports, is covered with red paper decorated with gold. The lining of the well should also be red. Part of a toy silver watch-chain answers for the well-rope; it is secured to the cork by a small tack. A tiny wooden



or tin bucket can be bought at any toy-shop and affixed to the end. If properly made, it should really wind up and down in the most realistic manner and prove a well of delight.

CHEST OF DRAWERS FOR DOLL'S HOUSE.



A chest of drawers, to help furnish a doll's house, can be easily made of three small wooden match-boxes glued one on top of the other, or three small button-boxes can be so utilized. The whole of the top, sides, and back is next covered with black paper, afterward varnished with ebony stain. The fronts must be treated in the same manner, and the insides neatly stained black. Small round-headed brass paper-fasteners make capital handles, and ornamental strips of gilt perforated card-board can be gummed on to the top and sides of the chest, and smaller ones on to the front of the three drawers. When filled with small pieces of dolly's wardrobe, this makes a most fascinating gift for the doll's house.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

CORNERS.—Place a small square table to project diamond-fashion into the room. On it, arrange a scarf of any material to fall over the two projecting sides. On th's table, stand a tall vase or jar filled with grasses or cat-tails, or peacock feathers or pampas plumes, or, during their season, fill with great sprays of wild flowers, as wild roses: later, golden-rod and small sunflowers, and thistles mingled with grasses. Then, when flowers are gone, fill with brilliant foliage. On a little bracket shelf above, when the flowers are no longer to be had for the large vase, place a pot with a growing plant in bloom. You can take a blooming plant, and, when it is through blooming, replace it by another; or a pot with trailing vines or a fern would be pretty. For a cover, take a strip of wall-paper in quiet colors, and a little gilt, as wide as the depth of your flower-pot, pinch it in inch folds, tack the folds by stitches at the back, and fasten around; or, having cut the sticks from a fan, place it round the pot: the effect is the same.

A large pot standing on the floor, with blooming plant—an oleander, azalea, hydrangea, or, better than all, a tall rubber-plant or palm—forms a lovely corner ornament.

A corner is a good place for bric-a-brac shelves. A series of three or five, one above the other, can be put up by screwing narrow cleats against the wall; a fringe, or a narrow embroidered or painted band, or strips of felt cut in fringe three or four inches deep, tacked on with brass-headed tacks or with common tacks covered by a braid ornamented with stitches of gold-colored silk, will finish the shelves prettily and hide the cleats.

Another way of arranging corner shelves for books or bric-a-brac is to place them one above the other until as high as the top of the door-casings. Before fastening the top shelf, put screw eyes at each end of the front side, such as are used for hanging pictures; gild the eyes, and run a brass rod or gilded wire through them. On this wire, by brass rings or gilded button-rings, hang a drapery of any light material convenient. Lace or darned net should be lined with color. China silk is pretty, and, as only one width is needed, it is inexpensive. Cheesecloth embroidered with any small figure, as rosebuds, daisies, etc., in crewels of colors to harmonize with the surroundings, and tiny tassels of the same crewels on one edge, would be exceedingly dainty. Loop back about three or four feet

from the floor, set a jar or figure, urn or jug, on the top shelf.

Again, a corner is a good place for a mirror, with a round stand under it for holding a lamp. Over the mirror, two bright folding fans can be fastened, bringing the sides together at the angles. Or have a bracket shelf above for vase of grasses, etc., and hang a drapery from it to loop back at either side of the mirror, or attach the drapery to a rod placed across the corner.

A corner is a very cozy place for a small writing-desk or table. Place a bracket shelf three feet from the ceiling, if high; if low, place a curtain-pole or brackets close to the ceiling, hang draperies heavy or light according to surroundings, and loop back about three feet from the floor. With a lamp, and the curtains drawn, this makes of an evening a cozy little study, in which one may read and write as privately as if alone, with the room full of people.

A corner between windows can be made to look like a bay-window, by arranging the draperies across. If one or both of the windows have a sunny exposure, by placing shelves across them and the corner likewise, the shelves filled with plants, you change it into a tiny conservatory. With a song bird hanging in a gilded cage between the looped-back draperies, you have a bit of summer for the darkest winter's day.

A corner may be filled with a cabinet formed of variously sized and shaped shelves, to within about three and a half feet from the floor; there a heavy bracket shelf should be carried across the corner, with a deep valance from the edge to hide the rod, on which should run a drapery to simulate a fireplace curtain. The effect is that of a corner mantel, and very good. A mirror three or four feet high filling in the centre space, or a panel mirror in the centre with plain panels at the sides, could be substituted for the shelves, adding above the mirror a bracket shelf for fans, jars, or large plaques.

It should be stated that gilding with the liquid, or gold powder and liquid preparations, lasts much better if, before gilding, a coat of shellac varnish be applied to the article.

WORTH REPEATING.—"Peterson," says the Chicago Inter-Ocean, "fully sustains its reputation as the model family magazine."

"Peterson's" fashion and household departments are unequalled," says the New York Tribune. "This popular periodical cannot be too highly recommended as a family magazine."

APPLES.—The German analysts consider that apples contain more phosphorus than is found in any other fruits or vegetables, and phosphorus is what we so greatly require to renew the essential nervous matter of the brain and spinal column. It has been represented in various old traditions that the apple was the food of the gods, and, when they felt their physical and mental powers growing weaker, they depended upon the apple as a restoring food. Chemically, the apple is composed of vegetable fibre, albumen sugar, gum chlorophyl, malic acid, gallic acid, lime, and water. The acids are of great benefit to those of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish in action, for biliousness, etc. A good ripe apple is one of the easiest of foods to digest, as the process of digestion is finished in one hour and twentyfive minutes. Ripe apples, when eaten without sugar, will diminish acidity in the stomach, instead of increasing it.

THE COMPLEXION.—The possession and preservation of a good complexion almost entirely depend on good health. Observe a simple and regular diet; take plenty, but never immoderate, exercise; and avoid exposure to sun and wind. Late hours are fatal to the complexion. As to local applications, all powders are hurtful in the long run; but I have seen good results from the use of milk, and the Roman ladies of antiquity already knew of and used it for their complexions. Before going to bed, wash your face in tepid water, dry it, and then wash with warm milk; wait for some moments before gently rubbing the face quite dry. As to showing the complexion to advantage, make a judicious choice in the colors you wear, for the loveliest complexion is often spoiled by a wrong color.

UNDERSKIRTS AT PRESENT, probably because the upper skirt must be held up, are richer than ever. They are even richer than the dress itself. Thus, under a woollen dress of the most modest description, you may see a rich silk skirt of the same color as the over-dress, and trimmed with a deep lace flounce, beaded with rows of velvet. Then again, under a black dress you may see a shot silk skirt, trimmed with a black lace flounce or pinked-out frills of the same silk. There is a new silk made especially for these underskirts, and is called the frou-frou silk—the “rustling” silk, one might say in English.

WELCOME BACK.—There are two old-new colors very fashionable just now—namely, chestnut and corn-flower blue. The latter, however, is seen more on hats and bonnets than on dresses. Lavender is also an old friend which has returned to us after many a long year's absence, and is much welcomed by ladies who study their good looks, for few colors are so becoming as this to the complexion.

USES OF SALT.—Salt in whitewash will make it stick better.

Wash the mica of the stove doors with salt and vinegar.

Brass work can be kept beautifully bright by occasionally rubbing with salt and vinegar.

To clean willow furniture, use salt and water. Apply it with a nail-brush, scrub well, and dry thoroughly.

If, after having a tooth pulled, the mouth be filled with salt and water, it will allay the danger of hemorrhage.

Salt as a tooth-powder is better than almost anything that can be bought. It keeps the teeth brilliantly white and the gums hard and rosy.

To wash silk handkerchiefs, soak them first in cold salt and water for ten minutes or longer, then wash out in the same water and iron immediately.

Carpets may be greatly brightened by first sweeping thoroughly and then going over them with a clean cloth and clear salt and water. Use a cupful of coarse salt to a large basinful of water.

Salt, in doses of one to four teaspoonfuls, in half a pint to a pint of tepid water, is an emetic always on hand. This is also the antidote to be used after poisoning from nitrate of silver, while waiting for the doctor to come.

NURSING MISTAKES.—One reason why we all grow wise so slowly is because we nurse our mistakes too fondly.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Gestures and Attitudes. By Edward B. Warman. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This work is a practical and comprehensive presentation of the theory contained in the teachings of the famous Delsarte. A more thorough master of the subject could not be found than Professor Warman, and his book is the result of years of study and teaching—a book which ought to be in the hands of every person who has children to train, which will be alike priceless to public speakers, business men and women, and those among their favored brothers and sisters who neither “toil nor spin.” The author thus lays down the all-important truth on which the treatise is founded: “Awkwardness is a waste of vital force. Not only should one desire to be graceful for the sake of grace, but because therein lies the secret of vital economy.” The scores of illustrations and accompanying explanations will enable any person to study and practice the system without the aid of a teacher. It is impossible, in our limited space, to give more than a meagre statement of the design; it would require a volume larger than the book itself fully to set forth the physical, mental, and moral benefits which would accrue to the human race if the principles therein

expounded could be made as much a fundamental part of education as learning to spell.

Socials. By *Effie W. Merriman*. Chicago: Charles H. Lergel & Co.—This will prove an invaluable aid to the countless ladies who occupy themselves in getting up entertainments, whether for home, church, or charity. Without reading the little volume, it is impossible to believe how much information the author has put therein. From "A Daisy Tea" to a "Dickens Evening," nothing has been forgotten, and many of the ideas are as novel as they are admirable. The crowning feature of the volume is a musical interlude founded on Whittier's "Maud Muller," but treated in a spirit of stern practicality which is diverting in the extreme.

An Artificial Fate. By *Clarence Boutelle*. New York: M. J. Ivers & Co.—This is the most powerful novel which this talented author has produced, and its dramatic interest carries the reader breathlessly on to the very close. Numerous and varied as the situations are, however, character analysis has not been sacrificed thereto. The effects are so managed that they assist in unfolding the ruling traits and motives of the principal personages in a fashion which renders the story as real and living as a play presented by skilled actors. The book is issued in pamphlet form, but deserves to have been more carefully and expensively got up.

Aunt Patty's Scrap-Bag. By *Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz*. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is one of the most delightful of Mrs. Hentz's shorter novels. Besides the charm of the story, the book is a perfect mine of quaint sayings and sound advice given in a manner so original that Aunt Patty remains in the reader's mind as clear and distinct as some valued flesh-and-blood friend. The volume is issued in the publishers' twenty-five-cent series, and the soft gray cover is very pleasing to the eye.

Short-Hand and Type-Writing. By *Dugald McKillop*. New York: Fowler & Wells.—"So far as I know," says the author, and we are certain that he is correct in his belief, "this is the first effort which has ever been made to give an inquirer an unbiased idea as to the general field of short-hand work; also the first time so many illustrations of type-writing machines and apparatus of a kindred character have been incorporated in one book." The volume will be eagerly sought for by every student of short-hand or worker of a type-writer, and must prove interesting to any person who wants to know something of the history of the system and invention which are so fast revolutionizing all branches of literary labor.

The Wild Rose of Gross-Stauffen. By *Nataly von Eschstruth*. New York: Worthington Co.—This is one of the most imaginative and unconventional novels of the season, and is characterized by a purity and naturalness not always a

marked feature in the fiction of to-day. Many of the incidents are new; all are graphically presented, and the plot is exceedingly well managed. The volume is issued in the dainty and elegant manner for which the works published by this house are always noticeable.

Vick's Floral Guide, 1892. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick's Sons.—"Vick's Floral Guide" is sure of a warm reception, especially when dressed as daintily as this year. The numerous colored plates of flowers and vegetables are certainly works of art and merit. The first twenty-four pages, printed in violet ink, describe novelties and specialties.

Misereve. By *Mabel Wagnalls*. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.—This is a very exceptional story, and so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of music that any student of the art would unhesitatingly pronounce it the work of a musician of no common order. It is written with much power and conveys a great moral lesson in an intensely dramatic way, which cannot fail to leave a far deeper impression on the mind of the reader than could be produced by scores of temperance lectures and moral exhortations. The book is elegantly bound and illustrated by numerous photogravures.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and cucumbers: *Creme Simon*, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York. Druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

SWEEPING DRESS-SKIRTS FOR STREET-WEAR are thoroughly disgusting to any woman; still, she cannot ignore fashion which calls for trains or demi-trains, hence her search for some method of raising her skirt. As yet, only one simple and effective way has been discovered, and this is by the use of the "Chic" dress-lifter, a combination of steel stays with strong hooks and eyes, which accomplishes the desirable result of instantly changing a long dress into a walking-costume.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at any time during the year, at the price paid by the club. If enough additional names are sent to entitle the getter-up of the club to a premium, we will cheerfully send it.

TABLEAUX.

TABLEAUX form an entertainment generally liked, and there are many which can be easily and inexpensively arranged. If possible, use double parlors, the front as an audience-room, with chairs arranged in rows facing the folding doors, and the back for the stage, etc. Have a small stage built of large flat boxes, and cover it with a drugget or rug. For the background,

place a wide fancy screen, or, if you have none, use two sets of clothes-horses, draping them with fancy cretonne or shawls.

"Songs of Seven," by Jean Ingelow, makes very pretty tableaux. Have a good elocutionist read the poem just before the curtain rises. Seven Times One, "Exultation," should be a little girl dressed in white, and the scene should be among flowers. Seven Times Two, "Romance," should be a maiden intently thinking among birds and flowers. Seven Times Three, "Love," is a young girl dressed in white, leaning far out of the window, intently listening for the footsteps of her lover. Seven Times Four, "Maternity," is an out-door scene among grasses, buttercups, and daisies, and the mother should be personated by a young matron surrounded by a group of four children, two boys and two girls, ranging from a baby up to six years old. The mother should be threading a daisy chain. Seven Times Five, "Widowhood," should be represented by a woman dressed in the deepest mourning. Seven Times Six should be a mother dressed in black, with her daughter dressed in bridal robes kneeling by her side. Seven Times Seven, "Longing for Home," should be a woman dressed in black, shading her eyes, watching an imaginary boat in the distance.

"Sent by Express" is a good tableau, if you have a dog that will keep quiet and feign sleep. Have a flat box or trunk and the dog lying on that, apparently asleep, ticketed for some distant place.

Charlotte Corday is a most effective tableau, and should as nearly represent the picture of her as is possible. Her hair should be worn high and have a quill pen stuck in it. She should be gazing earnestly out in the distance from her prison window. Colored lights should be used for this scene just as the curtain rises.

"The little bachelor who is forced to go to London to buy him a wife" makes several very good tableaux, and the poem should be read between the scenes. The bride must be small, so she can easily be wheeled in a small wheelbarrow on the stage, and her trunk must fall down, spilling the contents. To have it perfect, there must be bread and cheese, rats and mice (the latter can be stuffed), and the old bachelor should wear high boots and a rusty-looking suit. Everything should be in confusion.

A Japanese tea-drinking is especially pretty when there are Japanese lanterns and umbrellas and a small tea-table set with tiny tea-cups and a teapot. Three little maids from school, and others dressed in Japanese costumes, should be in the room, some drinking tea and one pouring it.

"The Little Grandmother" makes a very pleasing tableau, and the part should be taken by a small maiden of four or five years, with grandmother's cap and spectacles on. She should

be knitting, and her ball of yarn lying on the floor.

"A Friend in Need" represents a boy in his shirt-sleeves, with a little girl sewing a button on to a wristband.

"Learning the Trade" represents a small boy sawing wood.

"Good-night" can close the entertainment, represented by a pretty child peering out from behind the curtain.

For refreshments, serve ices, cake wafers, fruit, lemonade, and chocolate.

DIGESTIBILITY OF FOOD.

INVALIDS and children and those who are troubled with dyspepsia should be particularly careful in their daily diet, eating only of those foods which are readily assimilated in the system; also, eating only at regular times, thus giving the stomach a frequent opportunity to rest and gain strength.

Among those foods which digest most easily of all, we find chicken, turkey, mutton, sweet-breads, partridge, pheasant, grouse, mutton broth, and beef tea; perch, haddock, and nearly all kinds of fresh fish; raw and roasted oysters; stale bread, rice, arrowroot, sago, and all cereals, such as oat flakes, rolled oats, wheatlet, etc., and all prepared foods; asparagus, cauliflower, baked apples, oranges, grapes, peas, beans, carrots, parsnips, and peaches; toast-water, milk, and black tea; poached eggs.

Among those which are not so easy of digestion as the above-named, yet which are not considered indigestible, come the following: Beef, lamb, duck, young pigeons, snipe, rabbit, and woodcock; soups, eggs (not hard-boiled), and butter; codfish, pike, trout, turtle, stewed or broiled oysters; potatoes, beets, turnips, spinach, cabbage, artichokes, celery, strawberries, and lettuce; bread, jellies, marmalades, cooked fruits, raw apples, and rhubarb; all farinaceous puddings; cocoa and coffee.

All of the following are more or less difficult to digest, and should not be indulged in by any but those who are well and strong, and, in any case, only moderately: All kinds of pork, fresh or salt; seal, goose, liver, brains, and heart; mackerel, salmon, herrings, halibut; all salt fish, lobster, crabs, and shrimps; hard-boiled eggs; fresh bread and hot bread-stuffs, pastry, and cake; cucumbers and mushrooms; plums, pears, cherries, and pine-apples; nuts, salads, pickles, chocolate.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

Banders.—Mince cold mutton with a very little onion; add pepper and salt to taste, and enough gravy to moisten it thoroughly. Put into patty-

pans, and cover the top with mashed potato; mix with a little cream. Put a little butter on the top of each, and put in the oven to brown.

Mutton Pie.—Cut cold mutton into slices, and lay in a pudding-dish; sprinkle with salt, pepper, and chopped parsley; put in then a layer of cold potato sliced thin, and then heat as before. Moisten with strong stock in which an onion has been boiled. Cover with pastry, and bake twenty minutes.

Mutton and Rice.—Mince into dice pieces of cold mutton; add one cupful of cold boiled rice to one cupful of meat. Butter a saucepan thoroughly, pour in a little water, add the mutton and rice, and stir until it is hot, then pour in two eggs slightly beaten, and stir until the eggs are cooked; sprinkle with pepper and salt to taste.

Scrambled Mutton.—Two cupfuls of cold chopped mutton, two tablespoonfuls of hot water, and a piece of butter as large as a walnut. When the meat is hot, break into it three eggs and cook until the eggs begin to stiffen, stirring it constantly. Season with pepper and salt.

Lamb Scallop.—One cupful of cold lamb chopped fine, one cupful of stewed tomato, one cupful of fine breadcrumbs. Arrange all in layers in a buttered dish, having crumbs at the top; season with salt and pepper, put bits of butter on top, and bake.

Apple and Tapioca Pudding.—Peel and core enough nice firm apples to fill, without crowding, a pudding-dish. Pour over them a teacupful of cold water, cover closely, and steam in the oven until tender. Have ready a cupful of tapioca, which should have been soaked for several hours in enough water to cover it. Drain the water from the apples, fill the empty centres with sugar, stick a clove in each, and pour the tapioca over and between them. Bake one hour. Eat either with cream and sugar, or with a sauce made by rubbing to a cream two tablespoonfuls of butter with one cupful of powdered sugar. Flavor with a little lemon-juice.

Republican Cake.—Two eggs broken into a teacup. Fill up with sweet cream. Beat thoroughly with one cupful of granulated sugar, then add one cupful of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of baking-powder sifted in with the flour. Flavor with vanilla.

Nutmeg Sauce.—To one pint of boiling water, add half a cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of corn-starch, and flavor with nutmeg to taste.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DOVE-GRAY CASHMERE. The back of the skirt and the sleeves are of plain material. The front of the skirt and bodice are of cashmere of the color,

dotted with small spots of a lighter shade. The bodice has a slight fullness at the middle of the armholes, comes well over the hips, and is cut in a long dull point. The upper sleeves are full and wrinkled at the elbows; the lower parts are quite long over the hand, and button to the elbow. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with lace, terra-cotta ribbon, and a feather. This is a pretty model for a house-dress.

FIG. II.—CHILD'S DRESS, OF WHITE NAINSOOK, trimmed with tucks and embroidery on the skirt. Embroidered insertion forms the waist, with a ruffle around the neck. Long sleeves. Blue ribbon sash and tie for the hair.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLUE, WHITE, AND CHESTNUT-COLORED PLAID WOOLEN. The skirt buttons the length of the left side. The bodice is double-breasted and ornamented with two rows of buttons. It has a collar and small plastron of chestnut-colored velvet. A plaited basque is put on at the waist. High full sleeves, buttoned the length of the outside of the arm. Chestnut-colored felt hat, trimmed with velvet of the same color and wings.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF CHOCOLATE-BROWN SURAH. The short trained skirt is edged with an insertion and flounce of black lace. The bodice has a shawl drapery edged with black lace on the right side, and has a gathered basque edged with lace. Sleeves tight below the elbows, and very full above. Black velvet hat, trimmed with lace and feathers.

FIG. V.—RECEPTION-DRESS, OF LILAC BENGALINE. The skirt is trimmed with several rows of violet velvet ribbon, put on in groups. The bodice is plaited in front under a corselet of the bengaline, which comes from the arms to a point at the waist. It is trimmed with two rows of velvet, velvet buttons, and is laced. A chiffon ruffle of the color of the dress is around the neck. Sleeves moderately large.

IN THE BODY OF THE MAGAZINE.

FIG. VI.—MORNING OR BREAKFAST DRESS, OF DOVE-GRAY CASHMERE. The skirt is quite plain, having a hem with a row of machine-stitching. The bodice is full and is worn under a belt of the material. The skirt and bodice may be cut in one, or the bodice may be added under the belt. The trimming is of embroidered India silk of the color of the cashmere, and comes to a point at the waist. Large collar and moderately full sleeves.

FIG. VII.—SLEEVE FOR A FOULARD SILK. It is plaited from the hand to just below the elbow.

FIG. VIII.—HEAD-DRESS, OF BLACK LACE, FOR AN ELDERLY LADY. It is slightly full about the face, and the back is formed of a fall of black lace with a bow of heliotrope ribbon at the top. The trimming about the neck of the dress is also of black lace.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In our "Every-Day" article, as well as in our other fashions, we have given designs rather in advance of the season; for, during March, there is often in many households a lull in gayety and work. This affords many women time to get dressmaking done somewhat comfortably before the warm weather sets in, should they have proper models to work from. We have endeavored to meet this need. While in many parts of our great country some of our subscribers are shivering as they look at the snowy landscape, in others they are reveling in flowers and early fruits.

The shop windows are filled with all kinds of dainty dress-material. The gingham is beautiful—some plaid, others in delicate stripes or plain—all colors and patterns to suit all people.

A new claimant for our favor is an article called dimity, but which is as thin as an organdy: very beautiful, but which has not much body, and may rumple soon; however, it is exquisite, of all colors and designs.

Zephyr cloths, percales, chintzes, and batistes appear year after year, are cheap and pretty, and, if made neatly and worn carefully, last a long while.

Grenadines are expensive, but wear well; many black ones are dotted with jet beads.

Crepons in light weight are always popular, they wear and hang so well.

India silks, surahs, and foulards come in the most beautiful colors and designs, and are perhaps the most popular of all dress-goods. They are now quite cheap, are cool, and do not require the "doing up" that some other goods require.

The colors and designs of all the spring fabrics are exquisite. Tan-color, gray of all shades, blues, especially gray-blues, mauve, sage-green, rose-colors, are all popular.

Black dresses are much too useful, especially when the wardrobe is a limited one, to be discarded. A black dress with change of vests, or ribbons or other trimmings, can be transformed into a great variety of costumes and is always lady-like. Black net is rather newer than black piece-lace, for dresses.

Skirts are still rather long, but very long ones for walking are not considered good style; they should be reserved for carriage-wear or ceremonious occasions. They still continue to be trimmed around the bottom. Most of the new skirts are lined throughout, and are not made just on a foundation, as formerly; this enables them to be held up with more ease.

Tabliers or apron fronts have appeared on some of the newest French dresses, but have not as yet found much favor; these aprons or tunic fronts are of a different material from the rest of the skirt.

Bodices for day costumes are nearly all made with some style of basque. The coat-basque,

however, is most in favor. This bodice is short in front, and opened over a lace or chiffon chemisette; the sides and back alone have basques, and these are opened at the back like an ordinary redingote. The fronts are turned back, like a man's coat, and lined with silk. With tailor-made costumes, the under chemisettes are made of very fine flannel, either plain, figured, or striped. They are mostly gathered into a shoulder yoke. Pretty house-blouses are also made of this same flannel.

Sleeves, though still raised and full on the shoulder, are decidedly less so, and we no longer see the voluntary deformity of a woman's shoulder apparently on a level with her ears.

The *demi-gigot sleeve* with only one seam, large and rounded at the top, and decreasing till it fits the arm, or nearly so, is still a prime favorite; it is very much the shape of the old "leg of mutton," whence it takes its name, but is on a much smaller scale, and is capable of an infinite variety of ornaments. For tailor-made and similar gowns, it is quite probable the old coat-sleeve in two pieces, the under one much the smaller—so as to hide both seams—will come in again.

For evening and dinner dresses, the pretty and graceful old-fashioned elbow-sleeve has been revived. This appears much more suitable for a dress occasion than the long close sleeve worn for the past year. It reaches to below the elbow, where it is trimmed with a frill of lace or chiffon. Some of these new sleeves are made a little longer and reach to within three inches of the wrist, where they are finished with a lace ruffle.

High collars are still worn, but not so high on dresses as on wraps.

Bodices cut rather low in the neck are filled in with ruchings, net, etc., and, for young people or those with pretty throats, just frills of chiffon ornament them.

Jackets will hold their own for spring wear, and these are made in various styles, but are usually about half long, often double-breasted, and cut with basques.

Bonnets and hats are in infinite variety: none of the hats very large, most of the bonnets quite small.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF DARK-BROWN CLOTH. The knickerbockers are full. The jacket is loose, long, and belted at the waist. Tam O'Shanter cap.

FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS, OF BLUE SERGE. The plaited skirt has side panels embroidered in white, and the same ornament is on the sleeves, which are made with deep cuffs. Blouse waist.

FIG. III.—LITTLE BOY'S COAT, OF GRAY PLAID WOOL. It has a removable cape.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S CAP, OF BLUE CLOTH. The embroidery may be done in gold braid.



Cordially yours
M. G. McCalland



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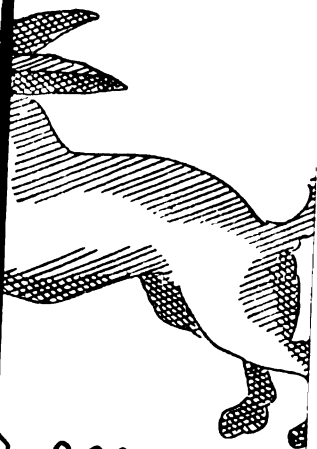
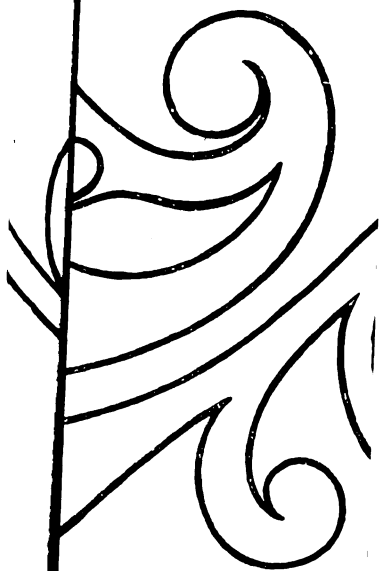




Fig. 11



A PASTORAL IN THE LANDES.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1892.

No. 4.

ONE OF OUR YOUNGER NOVELISTS.

WHEN Miss McClelland's first novel, "Oblivion," was published a few years ago, critics and reading public united in giving it a cordial welcome, recognizing that its author merited a prominent place in the ranks of American writers of fiction.

The manuscript of the work had been sent to that enterprising publisher, Mr. Henry Holt, who was so impressed by the opening chapters that he read the whole instead of confiding it to one of his readers. He proved his admiration for the work by frankly writing to the author that, good as it was, he felt certain she could improve it by revision. The writer, in her turn, proved that she was free from the over-susceptible vanity which is the troublesome weakness of so many of her profession. She warmly expressed her appreciation of the interest shown, and went carefully over the entire book, which was soon afterward given to the world.

It is rare to meet with a novel of such power as "Oblivion" united with a touch so delicate and a taste so unerring. It is highly dramatic, yet unmarred by any approach to sensationalism, and is wonderfully realistic, though not in the latest acceptance of that much-abused word. The realism does not consist in the chronicling of the most commonplace events which could befall a set of utterly commonplace men and women, nor in taking pessimistic views of life, nor yet in presenting hap-hazard a series of episodes without beginning or end, perhaps laboriously wrought out, but as destitute of perspective as the landscape on a Chinese tea-tray. "Oblivion" is realistic in the sense that the intrinsic worth of its motive offers a reason for the book's existence, and that its incidents, elaborated with scrupulous care,

possess a significance which rendered such painstaking meritorious and valuable.

The book has numerous stirring situations, but they assist in the character delineation that is one of its strongest features. Considering the circumstances in which she is placed, no figure in recent fiction could have been more difficult to portray than the heroine; but she is depicted with a clearness and skill that render her as living as the experiences through which she passes are interesting and pathetic. The hero is, however, a far higher conception, for in him we have something more than a mere individual drawn to or from the life; he is the expression of a type—a type, too, so noble that we are made better by its utterance.

Since "Oblivion" appeared, Miss McClelland has published several successful novels, besides contributing largely to leading periodicals. Mabyn Greyford, In the Woods, and other brilliant serials have been written for this magazine, in which some of the early efforts of her girlhood had already appeared; for America has never possessed a critic keener to discover and more ready to advance literary talent than was the founder of this magazine. Many of our best-known story-writers of the past five decades have at different times been connected with these pages, and all have united in offering grateful recognition of its owner's generous praise and kindly counsel.

It can be said for Miss McClelland that her work is always conscientiously done, and success has rendered her only the more painstaking. It is some time since she has published a novel, and one which Mr. Holt has now in press, called "Manitou Island," will not only be eagerly welcomed by a large circle of readers, but cannot fail to add to her enviable reputation.

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In these days when we have all been taught how much heredity has to do with our mental traits, it is worth noting, in view of her remarkable perseverance and determination, that our novelist comes of mingled Scotch and German stock. Her paternal grandfather was a native of Pennsylvania, who, soon after his graduation from college, settled in Rockingham County, Virginia, which remains the home of his descendants.

In answer to a question as to when she commenced to compose stories, Miss McClelland answered: "When I first learned how to string words together and think connectedly. I began then to make stories, which I told to myself or to my sister o' nights.

"The first thing of mine ever published was a little war poem which appeared in the summer of 1879. It began:

"Down through the heart of our beautiful land,
Swiftly and silently rode a strong band
Of Federal cavalry—etc."

"I was immensely proud of this production, considering it an epic likely to live through long ages. After that, I did a deal

of dialect-work and gave it away; some of this was pretty fair, some of it did not amount to much. Several of my earlier efforts your kind good Mr. Peterson took and patted me on the head, so to speak."

Like many of her admirers, Miss McClelland considers "Burkett's Luck" her best novel; but the space allotted to this brief article does not permit any extended notice of its motive and merits. One thing is certain: no person who takes it up will willingly lay it down until he has read to the end, and the impression left on the mind puts the book far beyond comparison with the multifarious children of fiction which are forgotten almost as soon as read, and whose popularity is as transitory as the life of the countless ephemera that dot the languid air of an August afternoon.

Any critic familiar with Miss McClelland's work must feel that, admirable as much of it is, she will reach a still higher level which will insure an even wider appreciation and a stronger hold on the great reading public to whom she has so warmly endeared herself.

PINK CACTUS.

BY CURTIS MAY.

THE heart stirs deep in the breast of the year,
For winter nods o'er his last white head
Like a withered monk in his time of need
Who prays while his numb hand stops in fear.
Close to the ground there's a murmur and thrill,
A sound of butterflies' wings unfurling,
Of sleepy tendrils their loops uncurling,
And small sweet flowers drinking in their fill
Of the glad free bounty that men call spring.

But how did this fresh life find its way
To the close warm air of the sheltered room?
Was the hint of spring on the swallow's wing
As he skimmed, a mote in the golden day?
Was it woven in by the airy loom
That wrought the skeins of the first soft rain?
Or how did the cactus learn the hour
To swell the stream in her hidden vein
And slowly open her waxen flower?

Imprisoned close in her earthen cell,
Her life is drained from its shallow ground,
Her fine root-filaments here lie bound.
But her buds, as the buds of the asphodel,
Burst splendidly out like a song too brief.
As thick as on honeysuckle hedges
The coral tubes cheer the dark-green edges,
So, deep in the notch on the flat thick leaf,
The stems of her great rose-blossoms swell.

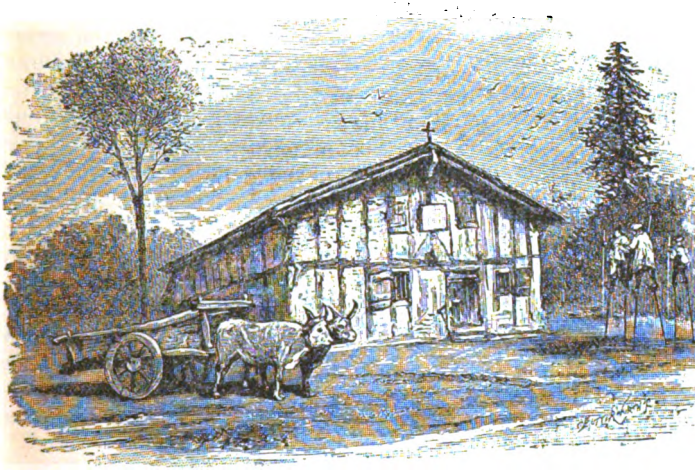
'Mid the few poor grains that her root can reach
She gleans the color that God chose out
To line the folds of the fluted shell
That the waves wash up on the ripply beach.
And she loosens her calyxes round about
And works in the dark to bloom in the light,
Till spirit and matter fashion together
An exquisite chalice, centred with white,
And hersoul is stilled, like the lark in the heather.

When roses swing on the wind-tossed bough,
They grow by dozens the summer through;
Where the old rose fell, there will rise a new
For the cold dead hand or for beauty's brow.
Not so does the cactus heedless speak
In buds unclosed to each careless rover;
She thrills into bloom as the love of a lover
Thrills to a blush on the maiden's cheek,
But only once in the long, long year.

And who can measure the cost aright
Of a seed developing to a flower?
Or who can fathom the joy, the fear,
The outward search and the inward sight,
The struggle, the passion, the sense of power?
So may one mark how a rough outside
May lay its mask upon unknown seeds
Till the glorious blossoms open wide,
A very Easter of noble deeds.

A STRANGE COUNTRY.

BY SIDNEY ROSS.



BIRTHPLACE OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL—NOW A CHAPEL.

THE traveler in the South of France who wishes for an experience so exceptional that it can never be forgotten should by all means visit that strange district called the Landes. Comparatively few tourists, however, do pause there, although the railway from Bordeaux to Bayonne traverses a portion of the tract, which stretches for leagues along the Bay of Biscay, extending far inland in a monotonous and solemn sweep of sand plain and pine forest.

The region formed a part of the ancient province of Aquitaine, which passed into the hands of the English on the marriage of one of its princesses with Henry II, and remained theirs until the close of the Middle Ages.

During the revolutionary period at the end of the last century, the French provinces were divided into departments, and this part received its present name, which means waste land.

The earliest inhabitants of whom there is any trace were Celts and Iberians, and it is usually accepted that the mingling of these two peoples formed the parent stock of the Landais, as the existing race is called. After

downfall of feudalism, every trace of those forests had disappeared—destroyed during the fierce wars which desolated the South of France.

The destruction of this barrier nature had set allowed the sand which the sea was constantly flinging up to encroach until it spread for miles inland, making a dreary waste of dunes, which fortunately, in spite of tempests, had a tendency to collect in certain places and become permanent; otherwise, the entire country would have been rendered uninhabitable.

It was not until late in the last century that an effort to redeem these sand plains or to hinder the encroachment of the sea seemed to have been considered worth attempting or even possible. In 1787, a civil engineer named Brémontier conceived the idea of renewing the barrier which had once proved so effectual. He succeeded in inducing the Government and the people to plant pine forests along the whole extent of the coast. It was of course difficult to make the young plants take root in the shifting sands, but Brémontier's genius suggested a method which proved completely successful.

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the first proprietors appeared Cæsar and his legions, and, during the period of Roman dominion, the region, according to history, was flourishing enough, and so continued for a long while.

In those ancient days, great pine forests must have extended all along the seaboard, as is proved by the fact that the principal industry of the people was the manufacture of pitch; but, long before the

For many long years, the seaboard has been bordered by great forests which have been the means of preserving the entire tract from becoming a veritable Sahara. The whole region, however, presents a most melancholy aspect, though so weird and unique that the monotonous landscape possesses an uncanny attraction for the imaginative traveler.

There are occasional villages scattered through this sandy expanse, and these, during the past centuries, have been the birthplaces of various celebrated men. In the midst of the sandiest and most barren portion still stands a wretched little hamlet called Albret, which was the cradle of the Sires d'Albret, the family which ranked Henry IV among their descendants through his heroic mother Jeanne.

In an equally miserable spot, not far from the town of Dax as the crow or the railway goes, the good and great Vincent de Paul was born in 1567. His vocation for a religious life showed so strongly in early childhood that his parents or their priest decided it would be a sin to doom him to the drudgery of a shepherd. He was confided to the charge of the Cordelier monks in Dax, and lived to earn immortality as the protector of abandoned children and the founder of the noble order of Sisters of Charity—deeds which, along with countless other acts of far-sighted benevolence and grand self-abnegation, procured him canonization by the Church of Rome.

Hundreds of years ago, the inhabitants of the Landes adopted stilts to enable them to move about the treacherous sand plains, on which grew enough rank grass to nourish the flocks of sheep that constituted their sole wealth.

From generation to generation, the children of both sexes learned to use these supplemental legs almost as soon as they could stand steadily on those with which nature had supplied them, until deftness and skill became actually an hereditary trait. The long stilts end in large round knobs or have the hoofs of animals securely attached, which can be planted so securely in the ground that the wearer can repose at his ease, with his entire weight resting on them.

It is no uncommon sight to see a man and woman perched on their wooden legs, looking in the distance like a pair of fantastic

giants, with their sheep feeding about, both shepherd and shepherdess occupied in knitting long woolen stockings while they make love, quarrel, gossip, or discuss their domestic affairs, according to their mutual relation, their age, and the state of their tempers.

The stilts are usually from four to five feet in length, so that the stride which they enable the wearer to make reminds one of the fashion in which the ogre who owned the seven-league boots got over the ground. Even when a stilt-walker moves very leisurely, a person depending on his own legs would have to run in order to keep near him. Men, women, and children can stand, walk, race, dance, sit, and even sleep on their stilts, with perfect ease and comfort.

The men of the Landes, as a whole, are a handsome race, possessing fine eyes and clear well-cut features full of energy and force. The women are frequently exceedingly pretty in early youth; but they fade so soon, owing to their hard lives, that almost before girlhood is gone they usually lose every trace of beauty.

They are a dark-complexioned people of a distinctly Southern type, though occasionally one meets with fair skins and reddish hair which remind one of their Celtic blood. Both sexes are rather undersized, as a rule, but wonderfully sinewy and agile, with a very remarkable development of the muscles of the legs, which is doubtless the result of so much living on stilts by generation after generation.

Wide tracts of the sandy and frequently marshy soil are now so completely overgrown with furze that, unless incased in leather, it would be impossible for the shepherd to follow his flock into the thickets without being mounted on his artificial supporters, which lift him above the prickly masses of thorns and brambles.

Even in the wooded districts in which cattle are raised instead of sheep, and where walking is easy and safe enough, one almost always sees the herdsman accompanying his troop mounted on his stilts, either because so accustomed to their use that he is dissatisfied with taking ordinary steps, or, as a late traveler has suggested, perhaps he fears the animals would cease to feel respect and fear if they were no longer obliged to look up to him.

When the peasant is ready to start from

his home in the morning, he climbs up to the roof of his hut, and, seated on the edge, securely straps on his stilts; then someone hands him the wallet which contains his food—consisting chiefly of rye or buckwheat bread—and a gourd filled with water. These utensils are fastened at his side, while across his back is slung a gun and—in rainy weather—a great blue cotton umbrella. No odder sight can be imagined than to watch at a

almost without warning after a tempest on the unquiet Bay of Biscay has sent its fierce wind blowing inland.

A vivid picture of one of these tornadoes, as witnessed from the window of a railway train by the author of "Wayfaring in France," is worth quoting:

"All at once I perceive that the sky is no longer a clear blue; that it is not blue at all, but of a soapy gray color. The sun that



THE SHEPHERD'S DINNER-TIME.

distance one of these gigantic figures clad in sheepskin, surmounted by a great dingy dilapidated mushroom; the stranger feels as if indulging in a dream as remarkable as that which carried little Alice off into Wonder-land.

The most formidable dangers which shepherds, herdsmen, and the poor dumb flocks and herds have to encounter are the sandstorms which not unfrequently spring up

shines through it is so dimmed that the eye can bear its light. Flocks of fleecy clouds are rushing up to the zenith like vapory coursers lashed and spurred by spirit-riders. Lower down and to windward is a motionless mass of slaty vapor tinged here and there with copper, and underneath it, white and smoky, are well-defined patches of cloud hovering with gilded edges, or scudding, all froth and fury, toward the sun. . . . We can hear

a low wail coming up through the pines, growing louder and louder, until it is almost a shriek when the wind strikes the nearest crests. Then the forest disappears or shows like the spars of shipping through a fog: boughs crack, cones rattle to the ground, twigs and branches fly through the air; up go all the carriage windows, and the panes sound as though they were struck by volley after volley of fine shot. . . . The storm has lifted the sand from the earth and is hurling it back toward the sea from which it came."

Although the greater portion of the Landes, where not overgrown by the pine forests, is still a barren sweep of sand or marsh, there are places, especially in the vicinity of the villages, in which agriculture flourishes to a certain extent. Maize, rye, and millet are the grains most grown, inter-

spersed with occasional patches of buckwheat and fields which produce vegetables of meagre size and poor quality.

The peasants who cultivate these fields are scarcely ever the owners; they belong to more or less wealthy proprietors who live elsewhere. The tenant farmer pays his rent by dividing with the owner of the soil everything he produces; but the slender crops so often fail that not unseldom he is forced to have recourse to the generosity of his landlord or apply for public charity in order to carry himself and his family through the bleak winter. In the best of seasons, his gains are slender enough, and frequently he is obliged to carry his produce for leagues across the sands or marshes to reach a market town or railway. His load is conveyed in as primitive a type of ox-cart as survives in all Europe, and, when forced to camp out



MAKING READY FOR A LONG RUN.

for the night, he unyokes his beasts and either sleeps in his wagon or makes himself a bed of straw near it.

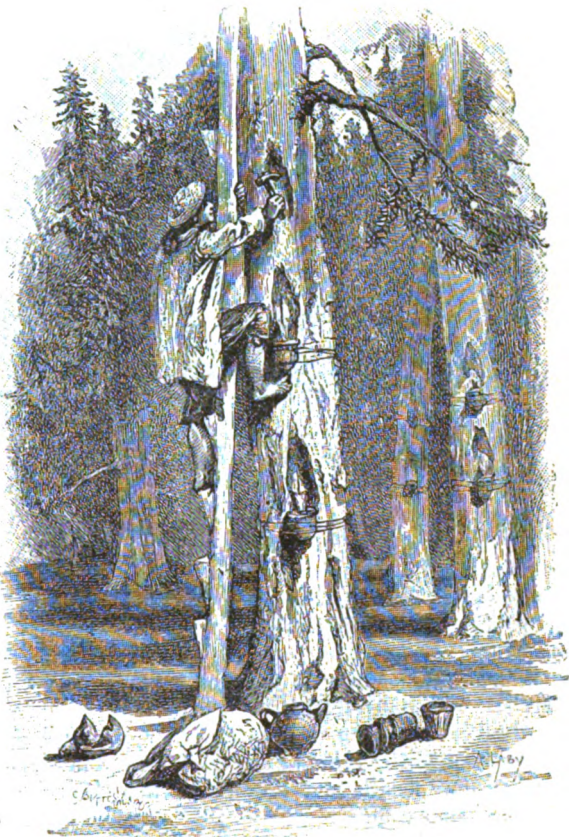
There is an industry which in our century has grown to such proportions that it may be said fairly to have revolutionized, in a commercial sense, the whole of the western portion of the Landes. This is the occupation of resin-gathering, the pine woods providing thousands of people with the means of subsistence. The forests are leased by the owners on shares, and the resin-gatherers divide the profits.

One man can take charge of about a thousand trees; but, to do so, he must live during the working season in the heart of the forest. If a provident man, he has a comfortable hut, with another in which to store the resin. Sometimes one will see four or five of these cabins clustered near together for the sake of companionship, and not unfrequently the men's families accompany them. They do not fare ill in the matter of food: occasional ponds supply fish, hares and turtle-doves are plentiful, and often a young wild boar can be shot—the old animals the resin-gatherer discreetly leaves unmolested. In some places in the forests, the undergrowth of hawthorn, furze, holly, and juniper is so dense that the thickets are impenetrable except to wildcats, boars, and wolves, though these latter pests have well-nigh disappeared.

The resin-gatherer at his work is one of the quaintest sights which meets the traveler as he roams with his guide among the shadowy forest paths. The illustration here given is a typical picture. The man was standing some ten feet from the ground, on a notched piece of timber which served as a ladder. His body was flattened against the trunk, after the fashion in which a squirrel clings, and his feet were bare. With a hammer, he was knocking off the amber-like lumps of resin which had collected on the edges of the yellow stream oozing down the channel made by the removal of the bark.

Below him, at intervals of several feet, were set two pots to receive the resin that remained fluid, on which a higher value is set than on the portions that harden quickly.

The gatherers can earn between two and



RESIN-EXTRACTOR AT WORK.

three hundred dollars a year, and they are models of sobriety and frugality. Indeed, the peasantry of the entire Landes are singularly free from every form of vice, and their tranquil existence reminds one of that of the Acadians so vividly pictured in Longfellow's "Evangeline." They really seem to have retained the peaceful tastes and gentleness which we like to suppose belonged to the patriarchal age. It would be difficult to find another district in any land, in which the beautiful theory of general brotherhood is so thoroughly understood and so generally carried into practice.

It is not too much to say that each man not only respects the rights of his neighbor, but shows the most implicit confidence that



MAKING HIS BED.

the neighbor will exhibit an equal honesty and fraternal feeling. The magistrate and the policeman are practically unnecessary among this people. The contempt of evil-doing and the loathing of violence are so great and so universal that, so far as the maintenance of order is concerned, the machinery of justice could be dispensed with in the entire length and breadth of this strange solemn country.

It is natural enough, considering their surroundings, that the Landais should be

somewhat reserved and taciturn; but, notwithstanding the slow gravity of their manners and speech, they have numerous amusements into which young and old alike enter with great zest. Music seems to be their chief pastime; and always at nightfall, after the flocks and herds have been housed, the traveler can hear, whether in field or hamlet, the soft rich voices of the peasants singing, in chorus, hymns and songs that are fairly idyllic in their sweetness and simplicity.

A FLOCK OF BIRDS.

BY MRS. LISA A. FLETCHER.

A FLOCK of dainty birds came down,
Came soaring down on easy wing,
Toward where the shining dewdrops cling
Upon the grasses sweet below,
And where the gentle flowers blow
And bloom 'neath skies that wear no frown.

Such joy I noted in their flight,
Their happy flight o'er wood and field,
As if their mission were to yield
Sweet comfort, my thought took wing and flew
Over the grasses and over the dew,
Till all my spirit dark grew light.

And when one 'gan to sing sweet songs,
Sweet songs to me who loves birds so,
Who notes their flittings to and fro
And all the delicate dainty ways
With which they gladden summer days,
Swift vanished all my grief and wrongs.

Oh, little birds! oh, sweet-voiced friends!
For friends in truth you seem to me—
What beauteous spirit teacheth ye
That grace of flight, that winsome song,
Which seem so like the angel throng,
And to our earth such sweetness lends?

MISS MORDECAI.

BY MISS KENT.



YOU might as well be a nun," said the rector's charming wife, scolding Gladys for self-seclusion.

Gladys laughed; she thought she would be a very bad nun, but she promised to turn over a new leaf—the usual time for such emprise being close at hand.

"I shall have to be content with calling and that sort of thing," she thought, sighing; "for, after to-day, I can go no more to Clandyllan Place."

She walked out to Clandyllan Place that afternoon; she wanted to bid it a fond farewell, with the fervent wish that mineral might never be found there, for Clandyllan Place was one of the loveliest spots in all Tunis—a spot where terraced lawns of velvet turf sloped softly to the shaded street; where, amidst graceful groups of evergreen and forest trees, rose a stately mansion of that deep-red brick which delights the eye, whether seen in the cold clear light of winter or richly contrasting with summer verdure.

The Place was not enclosed; Gladys entered the grounds by a side path, and proceeded toward the house, with glances of regret as she passed her favorite haunts.

As she drew near the house, she was startled and displeased by the sight of another lady strolling along the terrace under the windows.

Having had the Place absolutely to herself ever since the summer began, she looked on this other visitor as an intruder.

At the sound of Gladys's steps, the stranger turned—whereupon she and Gladys rushed into each other's arms and exchanged a rapturous kiss.

This tableau seemed interesting to a certain young man who was looking on, concealed by the lace which screened the hall door.

He could hear as well as see, for the door

stood ajar, and the ladies approached as if to enter.

"Oh!" said Amy, "do you live here?"

"Alas, no!" said Gladys; "but I've the freedom of the place from the housekeeper. The family are away."

"It's a lovely place. I couldn't resist going through the grounds. Whose is it?"

They had entered the hall and paused to admire that apartment—from which the former occupant had silently vanished, as if unwilling to oppose the fair invaders.

"It belongs," said Gladys, "to Mr. Caryl Clandyllan."

"Oh! is your old friend the owner of this palace?"

"I count him as my enemy."

"Why?"

"Because he will come home next week, and then I can come here no more."

"Well, upon my word! Would you keep him—your former playmate—away from his own home?"

"What's he to me, or I to he?" said Gladys, shortening Shakespeare without regard for grammar. "Don't suppose that he will suffer from my defection—he has scores of friends; in fact, I suppose I'm the only one in town who won't greet him with 'Welcome, wanderer!'"

"He is popular, then?"

"Distressingly. People chant his praises in cantatas."

'Bow down to Haman! Haman! Haman!

Haman is the favored one in all the king's dominions!'"

"Is 'Haman' handsome?" asked Amy, laughing.

"Judge for yourself; here is his portrait."

Said portrait represented a tall young man with fine features, and eyes, hair, and mustache of a midnight hue.

"He's remarkably handsome!" said Amy.

"And looks as if he knew it," said Gladys.

"But not as if that were the whole extent of his knowledge. I like his looks; don't you?"

"Oh, if he lives up to his 'linements,' he will do very well," said Gladys, carelessly.

"Speaking of looks, Gladys, let me tell you you've a deal to live up to yourself. You're prettier than ever!"

"You flatter me."

"Why aren't you married, or at least engaged?"

"Because it is my fate to fascinate fools only."

"You are too fastidious!"

"Now you don't flatter me!"

"Nonsense! You know you've had offers which would be a compliment to any girl."

"Come into the library, and I'll tell you all about 'those beaux' woes,'" said Gladys.

They passed on into the library, and, as their voices died away in its "magnificent distances," the original of the portrait which they had been discussing stepped from behind the silken portières of the parlor and went smiling upstairs, where he prudently locked himself in.

Several days after the events above recorded, Gladys stood at the window of her own little parlor, watching the postman.

"Oh, whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad!" she murmured; but the representative of Uncle Sam rode ungallantly past. "Papa," said Gladys, disappointed, "why don't we get any letters? You gave our number at the office, didn't you?"

"Don't believe I did," said Mr. Gladwyn, guiltily. "But I think I've a letter for you in my pocket, hon'."

"Hon'!" collared him and searched him on the spot, discovering several letters of as many dates.

Mr. Gladwyn escaped with his life and went down-town, leaving Gladys glowering o'er her belated letters. "Amang the train," there was a swain whose handwriting was wholly unfamiliar to her.

"It is certainly a man's hand," she thought, gazing at the superscription as if bound to discover the writer by intuition; but, failing to do so, she opened the letter and read as follows:

"CLANDYLLAN PLACE,

DEAR ZOUAVE: December —th, 18—.

Kismet fetched me here before the date set for my arrival.

I have found my fate!—found her here

in the hall, criticising my portrait. She said, if I would live up to my 'linements,' I'd do very well. Don't know what my 'linements' demand, but, if devotion to her is any part of the contract, I'll engage to fulfill it. She's the loveliest being! Oh! I'll not try to describe her. Who could do justice to her violet eyes, her golden flossy hair? She said 'twas her fate to fascinate fools only; but she must have meant in her haste that all men are fools, for hers are the face and form calculated to fascinate all beholders.

And she's as good as fair; I know all about her. Her name is Gladys Gladwyn; she was my neighbor and sweetheart at the age of four. Don't I remember the delicious moments which I used to spend sitting on the shed roof, holding her in my lap while we both ate bananas? I suppose no number of bananas would induce her to take the same position now, but I'd enjoy it more than ever! 'The boy is father to the man.'

The worst is, I can't find her! I had one glimpse of her, then she vanished, no one knows where. Her name is not in the directory, the postmaster could give me no information as to her residence, and our housekeeper, whom she nursed through a fever, is an aged imbecile who never leaves the Place. I believe she has purposely hidden herself, for she vowed she would not welcome me. She said I had friends enough—was a regular Haman for popularity.

My fellow-citizens did receive me with something of an ovation, and the Place is in fine order; but all this availeth me nothing so long as this Miss Mordecai sits at my gates, refusing to acknowledge my supremacy.

But her fate is fixed! She must be mine. I've written her, asking permission to call; and, if mother ever gets here, I hope the course of true love will run a little smoother than it now does for your love-sick

GRANDPA."

None but the fair can understand what feelings the above epistle aroused in "Miss Mordecai." Caryl Clandyllan had heard all that she had said of him!—had written it all to some friend, and then, in the delirium of love's young dream, had sent her the letter instead of the note! Gladys's cheeks were crimson as she read; the writer's pre-

sumption took her breath away. So my Lord Haman thought he had only to ask in order to have, did he?

"If he ever sets eyes on me again, it will not be my fault!" she thought, hotly. "I'll take the veil—at least, I'll never step into the street without a veil—and I'll persuade papa to leave Tunis immediately. Let St. Valentine see to it!"

St. Valentine did see to it. When the second delivery came around that day, the postman called out "Mell!" in his usual mellifluous tones, and tossed a letter in at the door.

The letter was as follows:

"DEAR DAUGHTER:

A telegram calls me to Washington at once, on business. I have arranged for you to stay with Mrs. Clandyllan, whom I met, and who insisted most cordially that you should come to her while I'm gone. I knew you'd be delighted to renew acquaintance with your mother's friend, and I'm glad to leave you in such good hands. Take care of yourself. Your loving father,

T. GLADWYN."

If the letter had said "arranged for you to go to jail," Gladys could not have looked more astounded, more indignant.

She felt desperate; but what could she do? Even as she sat debating, an elegant carriage drew up at the gate; Mrs. Clandyllan descended therefrom, and, entering, greeted Gladys most affectionately.

"I am delighted to see you again, Gladys," she said. "You are prettier than ever, and so like your dear mamma."

Secretly, Mrs. Clandyllan thought Gladys strangely bashful for a beauty, and could not understand the girl's diffident reserved manner.

"I jumped at the chance to have you with me, Gladys," she said; "for Caryl is away, and I'm quite alone. You remember Caryl, don't you?"

Oh, yes! Caryl was green in Gladys's memory.

She felt a great relief at the news of his absence, and summoned up courage to ask politely after his health.

"He is quite well—always is," said Mrs. Clandyllan. "Don't you remember what a boisterous fellow he was, and how he always insisted that you should share all his sports?

I'm sure that I expected him to break your neck; but I think he took pretty good care of you, after all. One good turn deserves another: you mustn't break his heart, Gladys. You look capable of it."

"I'm glad Mr. Clandyllan is away, out of danger," said Gladys, reddening.

"Oh, he's only gone a-hunting! He will be home in a day or two."

Down went Gladys's heart again into her No. 2 boots—a proper place for the heart of a girl who has to trample on her feelings and go wherever a stern parent sends her.

"But perhaps papa will be back before Mr. Clandyllan comes home," she thought.

This thought cheered her, and then Mrs. Clandyllan was so cordial and kind, and everything at the Place was so delightful, that Gladys could not help enjoying herself.

But the very second day of her stay dawned ominously. She was standing in the bow-window of the breakfast-room, looking at the flowers there—two oleanders crowned with pink blossoms, a dark-purple heliotrope, a golden Marechal, and a snowy geranium; that was all, for Mrs. Clandyllan never crowded her windows with canned cuttings—when she was startled by a melodious manly voice chanting:

"I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how?—
To thy chamber window, sweet!"

And, as if suiting his action to his word, the singer pushed aside the curtain of the window in which Gladys stood.

"Gladys!" he cried, and the glad eyes which he made at the sight of her seemed to justify his exclamation; but Gladys, red as a rose, drew herself up rather haughtily as if offended by his familiar address.

"Pardon me," he said. "I'm afraid you don't remember me. I'm Caryl—Caryl Clandyllan."

He held out his hand, and Gladys reluctantly gave him hers for a second.

"How in the world do you happen to be here?" he asked. "I hunted the town over for you. Did you get my note?"

"No," said Gladys, devoutly wishing that she were an oleander blossom; she was full pink enough for one. "Mrs. Clandyllan brought me here."

"She didn't let me know anything of it."

"I thought you were off hunting."

"I was, but my lucky star brought me home last night. I wouldn't for the world have missed your visit. Do you remember the good times we used to have here, Gladys?"

"Sitting on the shed roof," thought Gladys, and her cheeks glowed uncomfortably, not at all cooled by the knowledge that Clandyllan must think her embarrassment unnecessarily great. She endeavored to correct her warm appearance by icy tones, as she answered: "I remember that Mrs. Clandyllan was very kind to me."

Clandyllan laughed.

"What a freezing tone!" he said. "I don't think you 'live up to your linements,' Gladys."

Ill-timed teasing! Gladys flushed to her forehead; a defiant light came into her dark-blue eyes.

"Is it possible," she said, indignantly, "that you sent me that letter purposely?"

"What letter?" said Clandyllan.

"That idiotic letter addressed to 'Zouave,' and signed 'Grandpa,'" said Gladys.

Pale consternation and crimson confusion alternated on Clandyllan's countenance; truly, his look was "variegated."

Gladys, equally gorgeous, still fixed him with her glittering eye.

"Is it possible," said Clandyllan, "that that letter reached you?"

Gladys realized that she had made a great mistake. Of course, Clandyllan had blundered in sending the letter to her, and but for her would have remained ignorant of his blunder; by apprising him of it, she had made their mutual relations very awkward and rendered her position in his house more embarrassing than ever.

She thought she must try to turn it off as a joke; so, summoning such few drops of sang-froid as remained in her anatomy, she said archly:

"It did, sir, and you may well look ashamed of it! I never saw such a farrago of nonsense before. I've often heard that young men write horrid things to each other about their girl friends, now I believe it."

Clandyllan recovered himself enough to say: "I never wrote a word that was not meant to be complimentary to you!"

Gladys smiled disdainfully.

"Ah, I know what you're thinking!" said Clandyllan. "You are thinking it's just

your usual luck—you've fascinated another fool!"

Gladys laughed. "Yes," she said, "and it's hard to be patient with fools who add presumption to folly."

Clandyllan reddened and twisted his mustache rather angrily, though he replied quite meekly: "I'll plead guilty to presumption, but not to folly."

Gladys, in spite of her nonchalant air, was much embarrassed; she felt greatly relieved by the entrance of Mrs. Clandyllan.

"Look!" said that lady. "I found this in the library. Someone has been very much at home here while we were gone."

She held up a hammock pillow of creamy satin, embroidered with the legend:

"I swung in my drowsy hammock
And wooed the forest boughs,
But they whispered low:
'There is pain and woe
In the lover's foolish vows!'"

"That belongs to Miss Mordecai," said Clandyllan. "I know her sentiments!"

"And who is Miss Mordecai?" asked his mother.

"Oh, she's a famous fool-killer of the neighborhood," said Clandyllan. "Give me that pretty pillow, mother. I've a right to confiscate the property of trespassers."

"It is mine! Give it to me, Mrs. Clandyllan!" cried Gladys.

But Clandyllan caught the pillow from his mother's hand and tied its scarlet ribbons around his neck, so that it hung à la breast-plate.

"I need something to protect my heart," he said.

"Come to breakfast, children," said Mrs. Clandyllan, smiling benignantly upon them. "Dear me! how it takes one back, to be here with you two young folks teasing one another as you used to."

Gladys thought the teasing was all on one side now. From the bottom of her heart, she despised herself for her stupidity in mentioning that letter to Clandyllan. Had she held her tongue, he would never have known what became of that letter, but now—what must he think?

"No doubt he thinks I came here purposely!" Gladys thought, aglow with shame, "and that I'm quite willing to have my fate fixed by his say-so! Never mind: I'll try

to convince him of the contrary!" And she looked mittens at herself in the mirror before which she was brushing her hair.

Whatever Clandyllan thought, he knew better than to follow tactics already betrayed to his enemy. He dropped all teasing, pulled the pall of oblivion over the past, and did not even make love to Gladys, except by the indirect method of making himself highly agreeable. He and his mother vied with each other in efforts to render Gladys's visit perfectly delightful, succeeding so that Gladys soon forgot all her mortifying fancies and enjoyed herself intensely.

The house was gay with guests during the holidays, and, on New Year's Day, Gladys assisted Mrs. Clandyllan to receive.

"Gladys," said one of the girls, one day, "why do you call Mr. Clandyllan 'Grandpa'?"

"Because she knows that I dote," said Clandyllan.

"Because he dwells on the past," said Gladys.

"The present is delightful enough to deserve all my attention, since you are here," said Clandyllan.

"In what foreign land did you learn the art of flattery?"

"Pardon me—I don't flatter. 'Grandpa' never does."

"Children and—ahem!—speak the truth?"

"I don't answer to interjections, Miss Gladwyn. Any epithet of respect and endearment, such as 'Grandpa,' I don't mind."

The time passed swiftly, taken up by many gayeties; and Gladys was sincerely sorry when her father returned, obliging her to leave the mansion for a cottage.

"I don't see how we shall do without you, Gladys," said Mrs. Clandyllan, at the time of parting.

"We can't," said Clandyllan. "If I call to-morrow," he said, aside to Gladys, "will you say: 'Welcome, wanderer'?"

"Anyone from Clandyllan must be welcome to me," said Gladys.

"It's a shame to raise the price of coal in midwinter," said Clandyllan, provoked by her coldness.

Nevertheless, on the next day, he called—and again and again; in short, his attentions became so frequent that there was no mistaking their meaning.

Gladys had every opportunity to rebuke

the presumption which had so provoked her, and bestowed mittens in such numbers that, had Clandyllan been a many-handed Vishnu, he could not have worn them all.

"Why are you so cruel to me, Gladys?" he asked, one evening, as he lingered with her, despite her discouraging silences. "Is it just because I fell in love with you at first sight?"

"I hoped you had dropped that little joke," said Gladys, looking bored. "Please don't imagine that I expect you to live up to your letters, as well as to your 'linements.'"

"Do my letters and my 'linements' speak a various language?" asked Clandyllan.

Gladys would not inspect his lineaments; she looked intently at her fancy-work.

"You know that I am not joking when I say that I love you, Gladys."

"And you know, Mr. Clandyllan, that I don't want you to say such things."

"Will you marry me?"

"Of course not!"

"Why not? You like the Place, you like my mother, and you used to like me."

"Used I?" said Gladys. "Then I've outgrown one childish weakness!"

"You shall prove that!" said Clandyllan.

"Do you know that I lose all my property unless I marry on or before my next birthday?"

"What do you mean?"

"My uncle, who left me the Place, made it a condition of his will that I should marry on or before my twentyfifth birthday; otherwise, the property all goes to a distant cousin—a fellow who will probably plant potatoes on the lawn and salt down pork in the marble halls."

"Mercy on me!" said Gladys.

"Mercy on me," said Clandyllan. "My home as well as my heart is in your hands, you see."

Gladys felt that he—or Kismet—had tricked her outrageously.

"Why didn't you marry long ago?" she demanded.

"I was never in love until now. Do you think I ought to have married just for the property?"

"You seem to think, sir, that I must take you at a moment's notice, just for the property."

"Didn't I serve a written notice on you about a month ago?" asked Clandyllan, made bold by her hesitation; for, though

the man who hesitates is lost, the girl who hesitates is won. "Must I give up the Place, Gladys?"

Her momentary hesitation vanished. She looked him courageously in the face.

"Decide! decide!" he cried, his tone half pleading, half imperious.

"Oh, if you put the responsibility on me," she replied, in a tone whose gravity was belied by the mischief in her eyes, "why, then I must remember that I have a conscience!"

"If you had, you wouldn't keep me on the tenter-hooks!" he exclaimed.

"And my conscience," she went on, regardless of his interruption, "assures me that your distant cousin, whoever or whatever he may be, will undoubtedly prove a more worthy proprietor than you, so—I must adjudge Clandyllan Place and all its appurtenances to that unknown gentleman."

"Think of the lawn smitten by an eruption of potato-hills!"

"But potatoes are a useful commodity—"

"And barrels of pork standing in the great

corridor—hundreds of them going to market, all labeled 'Clandyllan.'"

"But that would help on commerce—assist in making the whole neighborhood richer!"

"Oh, very well; let the fellow have the property," rejoined Caryl, cheerfully. "After all, wealth is only a snare and a worry; we shall be much better without it, I dare say! I can work, you know, and you can help me—of course, you must be ready to do that! I will give up Clandyllan, if you insist; but I never will give you up."

"Oh, indeed!" she retorted, rebelliously.

"Ah, Gladys, don't tease me any longer!" he pleaded.

"Well, I can't see Clandyllan go," she answered.

Thus suddenly ended Miss Mordecai's struggle with Kismet; she was vanquished, but she lived happy ever afterward at Clandyllan Place.

So, presumably, did Clandyllan; anyhow, when coming home of an evening, he was wont to whistle: "Haman is the favored one in all the king's dominions!"

GIFTS OF NATURE.

BY JOHN B. L. SOULE.

THE moon comes forth with glowing light,
And floods the earth with gold,
And gladdens our awakened sight
With beauties manifold.

Dear mother nature freely lays
Her blessings at our feet,
Contriving in a thousand ways
To make our joys complete.

The cravings of our daily sense,
The pleasures of our taste,
With more than kindly competence,
She feeds with lavish waste.

But richer gifts of heart and mind
She keeps away from sight;
And they who would such treasures find
Must seek with borrowed light.

In countless nooks she slyly stores
Her jewels such as these,
And, locking all the little doors,
She hides the golden keys.

So they alone grow rich and wise
In treasures of the mind,
Who, searching long with sleepless eyes,
Those keys of knowledge find.

GOOD-BYE.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

ALAS for the burden of sorrow
That crushes my heart as I write,
Alas for the tears that are falling
And blotting the words from my sight.

You say "that our paths are divided,
That the hopes we have cherished must die,
Not a word or a look be remembered—
That nothing remains but Good-bye."

The future looms gloomy before me,
That erst was so joyous and bright;
And life itself seems but a burden,
For the day has been turned into night.

Alas for the heart-strings that quiver,
Alas for the love that must die;
In sadness these last words are spoken,
But the saddest of all is Good-bye.

RETURN OF THE PLAGUE.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

CHAPTER I.



Y the fire, a tall fallow woman sat knitting. Overhead, the smoke-blackened crossbeams cast lines of sombre darkness, occasionally touched by ruddy gleams as new pine-knots

were added to the fire, and then sinking back into their wonted seclusion of ghoully indistinctness. Suspended from them, in all stages of wrinkled despondency, were strings of peppers, the red shriveled faces seeming to stare mutely on all sides in search of sympathy never found.

Near the fire crouched two large deerhounds, their heads resting contentedly on outstretched paws and at intervals giving audible vent to the delight of dream hunting. From somewhere in the gloom came the stentorious evidences of sound sleepers.

From time to time, the woman glanced at the clock inquiringly. Nine, ten, eleven, and still the clicking of the needles kept up an accompaniment to the snores of the sleepers. At length, as the long hand was beginning the upward half of another revolution, the sound of steps outside and the boisterous voices of young men caused her to put aside the knitting-work and hasten to set the few dishes and a steaming pot of fragrant coffee on the rough home-made table. Then, as the men filed in, she resumed her seat and picked up the half-finished stocking.

"Hullo, marn! not gone ter bed yet?" and Dick Rodgers laid his rough hand half caressingly on the gray hair. "That 'ar coffee smells rousin' good, but ye hadn't orter set up this long a-waitin'."

"I warn't awery, Dick. 'Sides, I must get the stockin' done 'ginst ter-morrer. Yer paw's goin' t' the buryin' o' Pars'n Tews."

She spoke in the drawling listless intonation peculiar to the backwoods. But, as she glanced at the three stalwart figures gathering around the table, her old eyes softened with pride and affection.

"No fambly in the worl' has one like on 'em," she muttered, softly.

"What's that 'ar, marm?" asked Tom, the oldest, as he poured a cup of the steaming beverage down his capacious throat.

"Nothin'! Only I war a'lowin' ye must hed a good party, ye kem home so peart. But ther Chamb'lins generally du gin good times."

"Not s' very good sence Plague lef'," said Dick, rather lugubriously. "Fac' is, parties 'n sech like hev been 'ruther slow sence she took 't in 'er head ter tackle book-larnin'. Mos' o' the boys shine up ter other fellers' sisters, but I 'low as how none o' ther sisters kin hol' a candle ter our Plague."

His brothers grunted an emphatic approval of this sentiment; and, thus encouraged, Dick proceeded:

"Mebbe 't's all right. I 'low as how I've kivered but one side. But, fur 's I kin see, this larning jest nacherly dries up ther blood 'n makes a body hanker arter spectikles 'n sech truck. I 'low—"

"Ez how Dick Rodgers's ther dumbdest fool o' ther fambly?" cried a voice from the corner. "But pever min' ther gal. She knows more'n ther hull on us, 'n some day'll show us how eternally small we air. But what I 'lowed ter say war thet I seed Pike arter you lef', 'n he wants us ter be ready 't light ter go fur bars. Ther's a big grist on 'em in ther cedars. Pike, he 'lows ez how he'd ruther hev ther Rodgers fambly with him than all ther res' o' ther county."

The words ended in a big burst of laughter which threatened the stability of the roof. As the owner of the voice emerged into the firelight, one ceased to wonder at its volume—fully six feet four, and massive in proportion, the easy and almost listless play of the limbs but half revealed their prodigious strength and endurance. Truly, as the neighbors would say, "Pike's head war level when he called on the Rodgerses fur aid." One became more convinced of this fact as the boys, one after the other, rose from the table and gathered about their father for

particulars. Slighter in build, they almost equaled him in height, and were magnificent types of physical manhood. Dick, the youngest, and equal of his brothers in stature, had a round boyish face which was yet destitute of a suspicion of beard.

For an hour, the men remained near the fireplace, talking of the prospective hunt. The hounds, roused from the shadowy to the substantial, listened to the conversation with sagacious wagging of tails and occasionally signified approval by short half-smothered barks.

The long hand had again covered the upward course, and was about to pass its companion on the downward half of the dial, when the men separated for the night and sought their respective bunks.

The last words were from Dick, as he arranged his long limbs under the blankets:

"I du hope 't Plague'll git home ter-morrer. It's been pizen lonesome sence she lef'."

Now the old woman laid aside her knitting and made the few simple arrangements for the night. The dishes were carefully put away, and a coarse blanket spread in one corner for the dogs. Then the fire, which had been allowed to burn low, was smothered with ashes, and a small heap of kindlings placed handy for the morning's lighting. No attempt was made to fasten the door; that would have been an insult to the neighborhood.

Soon nothing could be heard save the breathing of the sleepers and the shrill challenges of the screech-owls in the adjoining woods.

The Rodgers family had been here many years—more than the young generation could remember. Their first recollections were of scrambling among the rocks after squirrels and chestnuts, or sitting on the bank of the great river with their fish-poles. They had few neighbors, and, although a large settlement of Canadians had been gradually extending along the South Fork several miles away, their immediate vicinity had never been encroached on.

They had grown up strong and robust, with the forest and the river and the birds and small animals as their companions and school-masters. Their father made some pretense of farming, but every fibre of his nature belonged to the woods; so the little

clearing only produced a few vegetables for the use of the family, and even the care of these gradually fell to the boys.

Perhaps it was just as well. David Rodgers was a born hunter, and, where other men returned empty-handed, he was almost always successful. There was not his equal in the country, and, as the settlement below grew, there was always a market for surplus game. Few of the inhabitants cared to hunt; the great manufactory took most of their time, and, outside of it, they were a low-lived indolent set, much preferring the saloons to the rugged mountain-sides.

When the great boarding-house was finished, its proprietor sought out Rodgers and asked him to supply the game necessary to feed the small army of guests; it would take all his time, but the remuneration was good. So it happened that, as the months went by, quite an accumulation began to grow in the bank—much more than any possible amount of farming could have produced. Little comforts were added to the cabin, and improved fowling-pieces bought for the children. Curly-haired Plague was not forgotten; the only distinction made between her and the boys was that her gun had a silver name-plate on the stock.

Nor would it have been safe to have made a distinction, for Plague had a will of her own and a keen sense of fair play. *Imprimis*, she must be leader; that had been decided as soon as she could toddle. After that, it was share and share alike, without favor.

No one remembered how the name had found her. Probably it became attached to her in the crawling period, while she was on her endless rounds of mischief. However that might be, it became firmly rooted as she grew up, and, when she was old enough to rebel, it was too much a part of herself to be detached.

She did not mind it much until they began to get acquainted with the children of the farmers farther up the mountain. Then, when these new comrades fell easily into the familiar mode of address, she imperiously demanded that the name should be dropped at once and forever. She would not speak to anyone who used the opprobrious title. The family Bible was brought out to prove that her name was Ruth, and not Plague. It was of no use. Habit was too strong, and, although the boys tried honestly

to carry¹ out her wishes, the more familiar appellation was continually slipping from their lips.

It was Plague herself who settled the question beyond further controversy. A Sunday-school was being established in the little mountain school-house, and everybody who was able attended the opening. The organizer, an itinerant preacher, took charge of the girls' class. He was a fluent talker, and they watched him with bright eyes as he put their names down in the class-book. Suddenly he turned to our heroine inquiringly.

"Plague," she answered, unhesitatingly; then, as her companions began to titter, she tried to correct herself: "I—I mean Rodgers's Plague."

Fortunately the door was near, and, under the laughing eyes of all her companions, she beat an inglorious retreat. But the question of name was settled.

As the boys grew older, they often went with their father on his hunting-trips, and Plague was left to seek amusement by herself. Then it was that she gathered up the few books and papers the house contained, and carried them with her into the woods, where she mastered their contents.

One day, an educational monthly came into her possession. It was read eagerly from beginning to end. Then she went to her father and told him she wanted to go away to school. After the first astonishment, he rather liked the idea. His girl was equal to the best, and she should fare as well as the best.

So the bank was made to yield its treasures, and the two went away to a distant city. The best of the seminaries was selected, and Plague instructed not to stint herself in anything. Money should not be counted in giving the girl her chance. Then Rodgers returned to the mountains.

That happened three years ago, and now Plague had graduated with the highest honors and was about to come home. And the old mother, lying awake listening to the clock's ticking, tried to calculate how many hours must elapse before her child would be with her.

But the hours and the days and the weeks went by, and at last came a letter saying she was detained and her home-coming uncertain.

CHAPTER II.

A DISTANT city lay hushed under a terrible visitation. It had come so unexpectedly, so suddenly, so malignantly, that all were unprepared, and, for the moment, crushed. Then came a mad rush for the country. Shops were closed between sunrise and sunset, homes abandoned, whole streets deserted. But it was the rich and well-to-do who went: the poor could not go; they remained behind. And it was the poor the scourge was after: the ragged and filthy, the wretched, squalid, emaciated, and diseased; they were what kept it alive.

In the first panic, there joined the fugitives many who afterward returned with an uneasy feeling of cowardice and joined the devoted band that were trying to stay the terrible current. Almost the only sounds on the streets now were the rumble of the ambulances and dead-carts. Pedestrians either looked at each other suspiciously, or wrung one another's hands with a "God be with us!" Hotels and public buildings were now hospitals, and all were full.

In the beginning, help was wofully inadequate. During the first week, physicians and nurses worked day and night, and, when they stopped for a few moments to snatch a hurried meal, they did it with a half consciousness of neglecting their patients.

But, as soon as their need became generally known, volunteer physicians and nurses came from all directions. Chaos gradually worked into system; and slowly, inch by inch, the epidemic was hemmed in and finally conquered. But not until some of the physicians and nurses had followed the patients they had labored in vain to save. Many others were utterly worn out with the long weeks of toil, and, now that their services were no longer needed, succumbed to the feeling of prostration.

Among the latter was Dr. Fenwick, who had been indefatigable from the first.

One day, his colleagues found him unconscious on the floor, and had him conveyed to the nearest bed. It was a week before he realized his surroundings, and, when he did so, it was to find a fair sympathetic face bending over him. He accepted matters with the weak consciousness of an invalid, as a matter of course. But, as he grew stronger, he began to watch with fretful impatience for the girl's coming. Often-

times, to amuse him, she told of her home among the mountains, of the trees and the waterfalls, the wild game and the mountaineers, and how the latter looked up to her father and brothers and would do anything for them.

And he listened with a contented smile on his lips, as the recollections of home made her voice grow tender and a soft flush steal into her cheeks. He wondered vaguely what her home was like, and pictured to himself a country mansion with broad acres, and a stately white-haired old man with chivalrous scholarly sons to lean on, and a sweet-faced old lady to meet them at the door. The fair maiden beside him was worthy of them; and, with a half-conscious sigh, he turned his face away and went to sleep.

As soon as his breathing assured her of the fact, she rose softly and moved away, but not before pausing a moment to gaze at the face. It was not handsome: only a grave dark countenance, half hidden under a soft beard. During her weeks of volunteer nursing, she had come to look on this man with something of awe: he had done so much, and with such absolute forgetfulness of self. The other doctors were noble and good, but he was different from them. She had a feeling that, if the necessity should arise, he would give his life as freely as he did the medicine. It was good to help bring such a man back to life!

Slowly the days went by. The volunteer nurses and physicians returned to their homes; people came back to the city and resumed their former occupations, and the terrible weeks gradually became but a memory.

As soon as he regained his strength, Doctor Fenwick was advised to give up hospital practice and spend a few years in the country; sea or mountain air would be of incalculable benefit to his shattered health.

He smiled a little as he thanked his colleagues for their advice. Theoretically, he knew they were right. Practically, he preferred a few years of active life in a city offering easy access to all the work which rendered life valuable, to an eternity of dull routine in the country.

One day, an old friend had a long talk with him, and, when he left, gave him a list of places which he said were greatly in want of good physicians. Fenwick promised to

look it over, but did not do so for several days. Then he saw that Reddington was on the list; this was the address of Miss Rodgers.

Often, during the next week, the vision of a fair young face rose before him, and at length he did what he had never done before—made a move which was not the direct result of practical calculation. A few hasty farewells were spoken, a long journey by rail followed, and then one morning he found himself on the Reddington stage, taking in great draughts of mountain air. It was a new experience to him, and he began to wonder if, after all, the country were necessarily dull.

Up, up they climbed, until only the limit of vision hedged the world in with confused lines of clouds and mountains, then along the verge of precipices whose dizzy depths made one grasp the rail-guards nervously. Again, they were whirling down a long incline, round sharp corners, and over swaying bridges.

Fortunately, Fenwick was not a nervous man, and the wild drive went far toward reconciling him to the prospective change. Even his loved city could offer nothing approaching this.

His friend had been right about the practice. Almost before he was settled, patients began to call, and it was a week before he found an afternoon to himself. He had seen nothing of Miss Rodgers during this time, but learned that a family of the name lived in a valley somewhere up the mountains.

"A right smart jog," his barefooted informant had said.

So, after a hearty dinner, he now went in search of the boy, and, with him for a guide, started to call on Miss Rodgers.

It was early autumn, and the mountains were exceedingly beautiful. Every few rods, Fenwick stopped to admire some lovely view presented by an opening through the trees. Squirrels darted across their path and stopped to gaze inquiringly at them, while others chattered sociably from the limbs overhead. Birds in endless variety flitted about, and now and then the boy called his attention to tiny nests containing curiously marked eggs. Once a fox stopped for a moment before them, and then disappeared in the underbrush.

It was wonderful! Already Fenwick

imagined the blood was coursing more buoyantly through his veins. If a week could make him feel like this, would not a lifetime spent amid these scenes be as enjoyable as the successes which the city offered? Could he not do as much here as there?

For a moment, he wished that he had not passed his early youth—that he were more like other young men; that—but pshaw! Miss Rodgers probably had a dozen suitors, any one of whom was preferable to him.

With a cheery word to his companion, he set off at a more rapid pace, and, after another ten minutes' sharp walking, came in sight of a long rambling building surrounded by half a dozen others of smaller though no less striking design.

"I reckon mebbe it's thar," said the boy.

"Oh, no!" laughed Fenwick. "Don't you think you have made a mistake?"

"P'raps," said he, doubtfully; "'t enny rate, 't's in ther nex' holler."

At this moment, several ragged urchins emerged from the underbrush and stared stolidly at them.

"Bonni's' young uns," said the boy; "p'raps they'll know. Say, kids, do Rodgers's fambly live thar?"

Several of them thrust their fingers into their mouths, but offered no further answer.

Fenwick repeated the question, with the proffer of several small coins. Emboldened by this, one boy made a great effort and blurted out:

"Plague's thar!" then, frantically grasping the coins, he followed the rest into the bushes, as though fearful of being made to speak again.

For some minutes, Fenwick hesitated. Evidently this was one of the cases of small-pox he had heard of; there were several reported in the mountains. He had not been called to attend them, but already he had discovered that many mountaineers preferred to do their own doctoring. Possibly

the local practitioner from over the ridge had been called.

Professional instinct urged him to investigate—but, if he did so, it would not do for him to call on Miss Rodgers. This last thought brought up another. If she lived in the neighborhood, the case certainly ought to be attended to. He could call on her another time.

The boy must not be exposed, however; so, bidding him remain where he was, Fenwick walked quickly toward the house. As he reached the door, a tall powerfully-built man stepped forth and gave him a hearty greeting. Fenwick thought him the most magnificently proportioned mortal he had ever seen. While the doctor was returning his greeting and admiring his physique, another splendid giant stepped forth and offered his hand. He was followed by another and another. Fenwick began to feel odd. Had he fallen on a race of giants?

But now a fair vision of medium height appeared in the doorway, and a clear cordial voice exclaimed:

"We saw you coming, Doctor Fenwick, and are right glad to welcome you to our mountain home. I have told my father and the boys of your work in the city. Dick saw you in Reddington last week, but felt diffident about speaking—he is very bashful yet, but I hope to improve him before he grows up!"

Dick laughed and flushed a little.

"I 'low as dad war right when he sent Plague for larning," he said, shaking a finger at her; "she war keen afore, but now the hull heft on us four can't keep down ther little flyaway tongue o' her'n."

The afternoon passed very pleasantly, and, when Dr. Fenwick held Plague's hand for a moment at parting, he saw something in her eyes and in the flush on her cheeks which caused him to abandon all thought of returning to the city.

THE FINISHING TOUCH.

BY WILLIAM B. CHISHOLM.

EACH line with wordy jewels flashed;

Each thought elaborated,

Then pruned and trimmed and cut and slashed

Till all at last were mated;

A perfect marriage-feast of art:

One thing alone it lacked—his heart

Oh, for the wild untrammelled days

When he in boyish fervor drew

His inspiration from the rays

That flashed in hearts of morning dew;

When in the glowing tints of spring

He trod the world, a conscious king!

FLOWER-LORE.

BY MRS. E. A. MATTHEWS.



ANY beautiful legends have become twined about flowers, and many flowers have become famous from their association with great men or great events.

The modest little daisy, common as the weeds that spring up in our path, has been the chosen favorite of more than one noble lady. We read that when fair Queen Margaret, wife of King Henry VI of England, was brought to her new home, "the lords of the realm and great retainers of men in costly liveries decked themselves with her emblem flower, the bonnie daisy, in their caps and on their flowing mantles."

Those who have seen the great dining-hall of St. John's College, Oxford, will recall the quaint carvings of daisies placed there in honor of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, who chose it as her favorite flower and decreed that it should serve as her memorial in this college which she endowed.

Napoleon Bonaparte loved the violet, and surely there must have been a hidden spring of sentiment in the heart of this warrior, who could so tenderly cherish this lovely flower. His friends called him "Corporal Violet," and wore rings and ribbons of violet color in honor of his fancy. It was said of him that he rose from the obscure little island of Corsica to the throne of the golden lilies, and that his name has ever since been a spell of power, even as the little blue violet springs up from the hidden corners and retains its sweet perfume even in death. As long as the Napoleonic legend lingers in the world, so long will the violet be associated with his name.

In Barrington's "Sketches," we read that, after the Emperor's exile to St. Helena, bouquets were sold in Paris, so arranged that two large violets represented Napoleon and

his wife, while a small one stood for the little King of Rome. When offered to the buyer, he was asked: "Do you love the violet?" Those who were ignorant of the real significance of the question would answer "Yes," but the wise ones would say "Very well," on which always came the answer: "The violet will return in the springtime."

The great Charlemagne loved the thistle, and always bore it on his shield in memory of a vision granted to him when he was in great distress. After the battle of Roncevaux, when he was almost broken-hearted, suddenly an angel stood before him and offered the flower which now bears his name. The angel said: "God sends you this flower from Paradise, which will bear your name and heal your sorrows." Charlemagne gratefully raised it to his lips, and immediately his sorrow left him, and to this day the plant is called the Carline thistle in memory of that hour.

Emperor William I of Germany prized the blue corn-flower, and his people call it "the Kaiser-blume." It was associated with memories of his lovely mother, Louisa of Prussia. The picture of the noble woman, stopping in her flight to await the repair of her carriage and cheering her children with song and story while they brought her the little blue flowers, was one that never left the memory of her son, and, when he became the most powerful of the monarchs of his era, he delighted in the thought that his mother was avenged.

The broom-flower was the chosen emblem of the haughty house of Plantagenet and the great warrior, Geoffry of Anjou. Geoffry watched it clinging to the stony soil and living flourishing among rocks, and said: "See how this blossom grows amid all sorts of difficulties; I will take it for my emblem, and will grow likewise."

The Canterbury bells were thus termed in England because the pilgrims of old gathered them in token of their completed journey, and gave them the name of the great shrine near which they grew.

The rose has been linked with innumerable names of heroes, poets, and famous lords and ladies.

The story of the white and red roses of York and Lancaster is a part of genuine history, and the legend of the rose given by Cupid to the god of silence, to bribe him lest he should betray the secrets of Venus, is almost as real to our minds.

The rose is the favorite flower of poets, and every language contains sonnets in its honor. In France, it is the custom yearly to give a chaplet of roses, together with a sum of money, to the most popular maiden of the village, who is called *La Rosiere* and fêted during the day, like our Queen of May.

The yellow primrose was greatly admired by Lord Beaconsfield, and after his death his friends inaugurated a very pretty custom of commemorating the date thereof, calling it Primrose Day. On that day, the primrose may be found everywhere on flower-stands and in the baskets of flower-venders. It decorates even the whips of cab and omnibus drivers, while primrose wreaths are placed on the statesman's statue in London and on his tomb near the country home he loved so well.

The lily is a sacred flower. From its mention by our Saviour, and from its place among the ornaments of the Temple, the old artists gave it the name of Flower of the Madonna, and it is often seen in pictures of the Mother and the holy Child.

Nations, too, have their emblem flowers. The rose has for centuries been the chosen blossom of England, and is recognized as such all over the world. The red and white that so long battled fiercely against each other in the rival houses of York and Lancaster were at last united in the marriage of Henry of Richmond and Elizabeth of York, and became the badge of the entire country. Nature wrought a wonder in honor of this fortunate marriage, in a rose that combined the hues of both races, and it still flourishes under the name of "York and Lancaster."

The royal family of Stuarts chose the oak-tree as their emblem; but, when the race met its downfall, the superstitious Highlanders discarded the badge and adopted in its place the white rose.

Scotland's national flower is the thistle, and its motto "*Nemo me impune lacessit*."

When James IV of Scotland married the English Margaret, the poets wrote many a madrigal in praise of the thistle and the rose. The legend of its adoption as the national flower tells of a time when the Scottish camp lay sleeping and at the mercy of its enemies; but, as the foe stole forward in the darkness to spring on them, a thistle pricked the foot of the leader, and his involuntary cry of pain roused the sleepers to their own defense.

The shamrock was the favorite flower of Saint Patrick, and for his sake it became the chosen leaf of bard and chief, and the emblem of the Emerald Isle.

The Welsh have a still humbler plant—the leek—for their badge. In the seventh century, there was a great battle between Welsh and Saxons, in which the former by the advice of their patron saint wore leeks in their caps, in order that they might more readily distinguish each other. They won the battle, and, as a token of gratitude, always afterward wore the leek as a national flower.

The stately fleur-de-lys is the national blossom of France. It was chosen by Louis VII as his badge when starting on a Crusade. Chroniclers aver that once, when the King of Navarre was dangerously ill, he was cured by means of an image of the Virgin found in a lily. On his recovery, he founded the Order of Our Lady, with the lily for its emblem.

The nettle was a favorite plant with the Roman soldiers, who carried bits of it with them everywhere for good luck.

The water-lily was a sacred flower among the Gauls, having been bestowed by a miracle on a devout saint of that nation.

The cherry-blossom is almost worshiped by the Japanese, and every spring they hold a festival in its honor, which lasts for several days.

For our American national flower, none could be so appropriate as the golden-rod, not only on account of its beauty, but because it is indigenous to and common throughout the United States. Only a single species can be found either in Europe or Asia, and that of a sort so inferior that one feels inclined to deny its claim of relationship to our stately plant, whose beauty would merit the most careful cultivation, had not nature's bounty rendered this unnecessary.



THE STORY OF GILBERT NEAL.

BY MISS M. G. McCLELLAND.

AN awesome night: dark as was the earth before the command "Let there be light!" had been given; wind-lashed, rain-drenched, and stung and goaded with sleet. A bitter night, keen-fanged and howling, with the howl of elements wolfishly at war.

Down in the Gap, which formed the gateway to the transmontane, the cabins of the settlers, built of hewn logs securely mortised at the corners, could withstand the assaults of the storm king and his host well enough; but out in the open, and on the mountain-sides, he harried the country. At Colonel Torrent's, for instance, a mile below the Gap, the wind had full sweep, and tore around the low house, rattled roughly the doors and windows, threatening to burst them in, and whirled down the wide-throated chimney in sudden malignant eddies which sent the smoke into the room in great gray clouds, through which sparks gleamed like stars, and caused Mrs. Torrent to glance nervously about lest mischief should come of it.

The pile of oak and hickory logs burned clear, with a great heat, and the homely room was cheerful despite the wind's rude jests. The firelight was reflected in the polished oak of the old corner cupboard and in the brasses of the heavy furniture, that had come from England with the family and been boated up the river in flat-boats poled by the settlers' own hands when they had obeyed the growing impulse of the colony and pushed upward toward the mountains. Colonel Torrent, a middle-aged man, who had breasted hardship and danger for many a year in the interests of the colony, rested in a great chair beside the hearth; and near him sat his young wife, with sewing in her hands, and her foot on the rocker of the cradle.

"The question is, how far a man may be justified in such a thing." The words passed

the colonel's lips slowly, and his face was meditative and grave.

"In crime?"

As she put the question, the young wife's voice faltered.

"Aye, sweetheart, even in crime; for the provocation must be considered, and extenuating circumstances taken note of. In a week at furthest, a court must be convened for the trial of this man, and it will be my duty, as holding his majesty's commission, to call the people together. My mind is not clear upon this matter; the public weal protests against too great leniency, and yet in such a case 'tis hard to be severe."

"Goes not the case to Williamsburg?" she queried. "The lawyers there would speedily sift the matter to the bottom; such things are within their province."

"If the man should appeal, and show just grounds for demand of clemency; but that is hardly likely. He hath been to Williamsburg, and knoweth well that the low country concerneth not much with the minor matters of the frontier. Nor is it needful that they should, since every community should be instinct for self-regulation and jealous of interference. The greater affairs of the colony will suffice to keep the court at Williamsburg plethoric with business."

He spoke with the elaborate diction of educated men of his period; but the sturdy independence underlying the formality of his language gave it virility. In the early days of the colony, and especially on the frontier, men were inured to belief in themselves and in their ability to cope with any and every emergency.

Since friendly relations had been established and were maintained with most of the neighboring tribes, and the colonists themselves had increased in number and strength for self-protection, the Indian question had ceased to be the one most vital to them, and their attention was permitted to concern itself with those more subtle ethical questions which relate to the interior well-being of the body politic. Removed from Williamsburg

and the more populous lower counties by many a league of wood and fell, the frontiersmen—as they then were—of Upper Virginia were forced to exercise the sturdy instincts for self-government which characterized them, and to legislate their own affairs with small regard or reference to the laws enacted by king and parliament. Their minor dissensions were usually settled by arbitration, should the contestants be pacific; if not, by physical prowess. But in graver matters, such as the willful destruction of human life or property, more formality would be affected, and rough courts would be convened, presided over, whenever practicable, by a man who held the king's commission.

In the present case—that of a man for homicide—the mind of the prospective judge was sore beset. Of mental scope unusually extended, Colonel Torrent had the capacity, so uncomfortable to its possessor, of seeing many sides of a question with equal clearness. He could admit qualifications and modifications, and, while his judgment could be trusted, it was too prone to be tinctured with mercy ever to be hasty or ill-considered. In much, his wife resembled him, save that with her there was no question of judgment at all, in cases which would admit of mercy.

"The gossips say that the woman lies stricken unto death," she murmured, her hand seeking that of her husband. "I would have gone to the house myself, hoping to be of service, but that the child was ailing and I feared to leave him, and still more to take him abroad in evil weather. But my conscience is ill at ease, seeing that I went ~~not~~; for old Mistress Cartwright was here at dusk, and said that the poor thing lay already as one dead. The agony of travail had been sorely grievous, she said, and the dead-born babe was marked on its head with a terrible mark, like unto a jagged cleft, and red as though stained with blood. These things are mysterious and awful." She shuddered and put out her other hand and drew the cradle nearer.

"And the woman, say'st thou, lies in articulo mortis?" The Latin phrase was used unconsciously.

"Nay, that I know not; only that Mistress Cartwright opined that her case was perilous. Tell me," her voice lowered, "where is he—the man?" Her pity shrank from harsh terms.

"At Nathan Parker's. He made no effort to escape, although to do so had been easy to one so familiar with the forest. He seemed stunned, paralyzed, by that which he had done. The eldest child gave forth the alarm, and, when the neighbors assembled, they discovered Hood prone on the earth, with his skull cleft against the jagged edge of a rock, and Neal beside him, erect and motionless as stone. The woman lay her length on the ground, with her face against Neal's boot. How long they had been there, God only knows; for, when the child cried on the people, the sun was high and the blood on the dead man's wound had stiffened. When they laid hands on Neal, the woman lifted herself and clung about him and strove to beat them back with her hands, shrieking that no murder had been done; that the men had foughten—life for life—and that she had been the cause. But Neal was as a man of stone, and spake no word and made no sign; only when the woman cried out that the sin was hers, he spake low and solemnly, as when a man's soul speaks through the lips of his body: 'Hush, sweetheart; thou doest thyself foul wrong. God's angels are not more blameless.' Then he raised her in his arms and bore her into the house and laid her on the bed, motioning to the women that they should care for her. The men, moved, they knew not wherefore, forbore to bind him, and he went with them quietly."

"Yet it was the woman's speech that held them from vengeance on the spot!" Mrs. Torrent commented, eagerly: the subject had a morbid fascination.

"That and other matters. It was known that Hood was brutal to his wife, and word had followed them from the low country that hinted of unfairness in his way of getting her, and of wrong done another man. Hood was a hard man too, surly and uncivil. In these times, when the welfare of the settlement lies in neighborliness and helpful kindness, such conduct will not do. Altogether 'tis a matter that demands investigation. Neal must be heard in his own defense, and, if he has had wrong, it must be considered. The woman, perchance, may speak again. There is no need for hasty judgment."

"The gossips speak of wrong," quoth Mrs. Torrent, "that is an ancient story, and one well borne out by Margaret Hood's expression, so sad and worn. A broken-hearted

woman that, said I, when first mine eyes beheld her. Nor was my opinion uncoun-tenanced by others."

The husband smiled. "Thou judgest by thine own tender nature, sweetheart," he averred; "broken hearts are but poetic fantasy. To me, the woman looked toil-worn and sad. That was all."

But the feminine instinct in matters of feeling is more subtle and true. The matron's fingers stroked the strong hand she held, but her eyes, when she answered, were fixed dreamily on the fire.

"On the surface that, but below a greater matter. The woman's face reflected sorrow no human hand could reach. 'Twas pitiful to see it. I would I knew her story! This man Neal—what was he to her? Folks say her lover once, before the wrong. God knows; perhaps her lover still!"

"Yes, 'tis whispered so; and yet the woman's name is spotless. I know not the story properly. And she is dying, say'st thou? It is possible she may speak—may tell the wrong for Neal's sake. I must be getting over there. It is surely nigh the turn of the night, and the storm abates somewhat." He made a movement to rise from his chair.

"Nay, but listen!" cried the wife, dreading to be left alone, and, for all her pity for her neighbors, willing to hold him still a little space. "Harken to it! The storm waxes instead of waning. 'Tis a cruel night to be abroad."

The wind no longer roistered, but came and went in gusts; the increased cold had chilled the rain to sleet, and hardened the sleet to hail. It beat on the unshuttered windows with a sharp noise and fierce insistence that the misery outside should be borne in mind.

Suddenly a dog, whose kennel was beneath the porch, roused himself and barked, but remained in his lair, combining recognition of duty with regard for his own welfare. The crunch—crunch—of a horse's hoofs trampling the fallen hail mingled with the sounds of the storm. A face appeared at the window, pressed to the glass, as though a man had ridden close and leaned from his horse to look in: a blow was struck on the panes with a riding-whip.

With instant divination of the errand, Mrs. Torrent laid her hand on her husband's

arm. "The end approaches," she whispered. "They have sent for you. Ride hard, or you'll be too late."

While he saddled his horse, she mixed a stirrup-cup for the chilled messenger and asked a question or two in a hushed voice. And when the men had ridden away into the darkness, which shut behind them like a door, she stood for a space with her face pressed to the window-pane, and made a shield with her hands for the eyes that sought to penetrate the night and learn its secret.

II.

THE house which served as a prison for Gilbert Neal was situated on the side of the mountain, three-quarters of a mile above the rude hamlet in the Gap. It had been selected because Nathan Parker had in his yard an empty building, used generally as a smoke-house, which could be converted, for the nonce, into a jail. An undercurrent of sympathy for Neal, bred of instinctive recognition of love-begotten suffering and the unpopularity of the dead man, caused his captors to wish to treat him with such consideration as was possible, and the customary method of incarceration—pinioned limbs and an inverted wagon-body—seemed somehow incongruous, even to them. Parker's smoke-house met the requirements of the case more fully, and thither they brought Neal, who accompanied them dumbly, as a beast that is driven. The stunned condition continued, and he had no word, and apparently no thought, of his own extremity. So unresisting was he that they forbore to bind him, and contented themselves with heaving a great log against the door, in addition to the stout wooden pins stuck in auger-holes which formed the ordinary fastening.

They placed food at hand, and skins for him to lie on, and a home-made quilt to cover him, and built a fire in the hole in the centre of the earthen floor, used for that purpose when the tier-poles above held bacon to be smoked, and put wood handy for its renewal. They spoke to him with reserve, but with an undertone of kindness, feeling sorry for him in spite of that which he had done, and a trifle shy, because of the apathy which walled him in, like a man in a lonely cañon. The children came and peered at him through the cracks between the logs,

frightened and curious; and, when hours passed and he made neither sound nor movement, the interest deepened, and they wondered and whispered among themselves.

Neal ~~sat~~ with his strong frame drooped forward, his head sunk on his breast. Time flowed onward, but he took no heed; he was stranded on the hour in which his hand had become red with a man's blood. It had been morning then, with a low sun and a rime of frost on the ground and the fence-rails; there had been frost on that rock too, jutting up through the frozen earth, and on the leaves that had covered it from his sight.

He was not a religious man in the orthodox sense; he had always intended to become so, but the time had never seemed fitting. He wondered about it dumbly now, and about God and sin and retribution. In his youth, his up-bringing had been godly, and, in a nebulous way, he still held to that which others had told him. How would it fare with a soul hurled, mad with brute passion, into the infinite? Had his hand thrust a man into hell? The thought troubled him, returning again and again. Men had spoken before him of the mercy of God—of His love for His suffering creatures: vaguely he yearned for words, for prayers of intercession for the soul of the man he had slain; but no words would come, and his mind wandered back into the past with a heavy sense of injustice and wrong, and of worse evil when he had taken the righting of things into his own hands.

A night passed, and a day—broken by visits from his jailers with food and fuel; then another night came, wild and tempest-ridden: a man recks little of moments when he is living years in retrospect. From time to time, he fed the fire, not from active consciousness of variation in the temperature, but in obedience to physical impulse. He was going over the events of his life, wearily and dispassionately as though they belonged to a life that was not his. By and by, the wood became exhausted and the fire died down; mice crept out from under the logs and nibbled the untasted food—an owl hooted on the house-top.

It was a long distance back to the days when he and she had been lad and lass together in old England; yet memory brought it so clearly before him that he could almost

smell the hawthorn in the hedges, and put out his hands for the fair blossoms with which he used to crown her when they would go a-Maying in the wooing season of the year. She had been unlike the other village lassies—tall and gracious, with quiet ways that were like the ways of a lady. In sooth, more seemly were they than the ways of many of the high-born dames that would visit my Lady Tazewell at the Hall. At the rural festivals, when the great folks would lay aside their greatness and mingle with the small folks in common merry-making, it would always be Margaret Doane, the joiner's daughter, whom Sir Marcus Tazewell would lead to the dancing-booth "to show the country-side the fairest face and the lightest foot at the revels."

But Margaret liked not rude revelry overmuch, having gentle ways; and once at a rustic festival, when one of the roistering gentlemen who quartered at the Hall good half the year had offered to salute her, she had drawn herself upward to a great height and said with a still voice, as a lady might have done: "Some fruit, my lord, is not for idle gathering." And, at the rebuff, the wild young lord had been angered; but Sir Marcus had laughed aloud and sworn by his father's sword that the maid was right, and that women's lips should be held for other things than passing gallantry. Margaret had blushed to her ruddy hair, and then her face had gone pale as the silver of maple-bark when moonlight strikes it sideways, and her eyes had shone with a brave light as she made her courtesy to the good knight and withdrew herself from among them.

Yes, he could see it plainly—the quaint village, the hawthorn-bordered lanes, the meadows abloom with daisies, the copse they would rifle in nutting-time, the green where they would dance on summer evenings, the oaks by the old White Hart inn, under which the gaffers would sit on wooden benches and tippie ale and tell long-winded stories, and above and beyond the swell of the downs rolling away to the horizon. Many a good gallop had he had over those downs when the grooms would be out exercising the horses from the Tazewell stables, and the luck of a gossip with a village sweet-heart would cause a steed to be entrusted to Gibbie Neal, who was known to have as

firm a seat and as light a hand as any groom among them.

His love for the sleek beauties might have drawn him stableward, but for the fact that Sir Marcus would have none of wedded grooms, and there was Margaret. To himself, his love for Margaret had no beginning, for his memory held no record of a time when love for her was not the mainspring of his being. When knowledge had come that the current of her love set toward him, even as his toward her, the world had been illumined as when sunlight breaks through shadows, and the blood in his veins had stirred like sap in a growing tree. The surety had come one day at noontide in the harvest season: the ripe corn, bending to the kiss of the sickle, had lain at the reapers' feet in swaths of gold, crimsoned with the red of poppies. After the reapers had come the binders, and Margaret, taking her place among them, had followed his sickle; and he, fearful to account it design in her and intent to test the matter, had withdrawn himself in the field and reaped apart, and still she had followed his sickle. At noontide, when the rays of the sun fell straight and the languor of heat was in the air, he had stood alone in the breadth he had reaped, and waited for her to come to him, binding as she came; and, as he waited, he had taken blue corn-flowers and crimson poppies and bound them with the gold of the wheat. Near him she had paused, with her face as the face of a child, drooped low for shyness, yet smiling with deep knowledge of tenderness in store; the hair on her forehead, moist with the moisture of her labor, curled softly against its whiteness, and the lids of her eyes lay over them, as the leaves of morning-glories fold together with heat; and the trembling of her body had caused the sheaves in her arms to stir and rustle with a soft noise.

He had laid the sickle from his right arm over against his left, and put out his hand and rested it on her and bent his head, seeking the glance of her eyes, and the flowers he had laid on the sheaf against her bosom. With a voice tender as the breezes among ripe wheat, he had whispered: "Sweetheart, I love thee!" but she had said no word, nor had there been need of words, for her heart had spoken.

Among the reapers had been a man named

Hood, a farrier's son from a village beyond the downs; and he himself was a farrier's son, and there had been rivalry between them, even before Hood had begun to cast his eyes with longing upon Margaret. There had been contests between them at the anvil and in games, and in open strife he had always been the victor; but now and then, by cunning, Hood would gain the advantage. Hood was a dark man, low of stature but strongly built, with a face sombre with the blackness of a great beard and the glow of eyes that were like the fires of his own smithy when the bellows were still. He—Neal—was tall, with shoulders broad and square, and a frame strong for wrestling and for swinging the great hammer truly. His face had been accounted comely by women in those days, and Margaret—but Margaret viewed it with the eyes of love.

At the harvest-home that season, Margaret had danced with him and also with his rival, for she dreaded a quarrel between the men, knowing so well the strength of both. In the rough games that followed the dancing, she had joined but little, liking not the sport nor the liberties that they led to. In one—a game of forfeits—Hood had seized her in his arms and sought to touch her lips with his. Margaret had struggled like a bird in the grasp of the fowler, and had looked at him with a low cry. The blood had surged to his brain in a flood, and he had torn her from Hood's arms and had closed with his rival and borne him to the ground. The struggle had been terrible; and the outcome might have been more so, had not the neighbors dragged the men apart and held them until their passion cooled. Hood's face had been dark with angry blood, but that of the other man white and with eyes like burnished steel.

Hood had raised his right hand clenched as for a blow, and gazed on Neal, and then turned his eyes on Margaret and brought the uplifted fist with a long swing down into the palm of his left hand, and the sound of it was as the sound of iron striking on iron; but the oath that accompanied the movement was registered dumbly in his own breast. Then he had gone from among them with lips close set, and his going had been as the passing of a storm-cloud.

For a year or so after that, life had gone hard with him. Hood, having means out-

side of his trade, did work at cheaper rates, and so drew away their custom; and his own popularity had counted for naught in the matter, for the good-will of a man's neighbors will never stand in the way of their saving money on him. His father had died suddenly, dropping beside the anvil with the hammer in his hand, and then a Jew, who held the stock and good-will of the smithy for surety for money loaned in a season of bad harvests, had foreclosed, and the business—that which was left of it—had passed into the hands of another smith. The newcomer had offered him the place of striker, because of his known strength; but he could not bring himself to serve where he had been wont to order, so had refused the offer and taken work with the farmers round about, not liking to quit the country-side because of Margaret. Through his troubles, Margaret had been tender and helpful as a woman will be to the man she loves; but the joiner had sworn with a great oath that no daughter of his should wed with a man whose worldly gear was his daily wages. 'Twas whispered by the gossips that no less a man than the baliff at the Hall, who was known to have cast an eye on Margaret, would content the joiner. Be that as it might, he had forbid the bans, and Margaret, upreared in dutifulness, would in no wise gainsay him. They would wait, she had said, until Neal should have made a place; they were young and loved each other.

Then talk about the New World revived and began to circulate freely in the provinces. Tales were told of rivers whose sands held gold, and of lands fertile beyond belief, of grants of farms as large as any three of Sir Marcus Tazewell's, given to any man with a family, who would go over and take possession. Marvelous tales they were, that increased in marvelousness with the telling. The fever for emigration laid hold on the people. Men left their homes and business to stand about and drink ale at the White Hart, and prate of things to be done in the colonies. First, one family had gone, then another, from that and adjacent villages. Hood, among the rest, had sold house and smithy and gone away to London to report to a colonization company for passage, leaving behind him vaunts of the wonders he would achieve and the gold he would acquire.

Neal had held out against the infection

for a while, but his love for Margaret and his longing to make a home for her interplayed with desire for adventure and to do as others did and restiveness under his rival's vaunts, and set his nature seething like cider in warm weather, until at last he could hold out no longer. All his talk and all his thought had been of Virginia and of the wondrous stories told of it; and Margaret had listened smiling and had encouraged him, thinking, in her ignorance, that Virginia lay just beyond the Irish coast, and that a year, or even two, would not be long to wait for all the joy and plenty which he predicted.

Before he left the village, they had gone together to the fairy wishing-well in the dingle beyond the Hall, and across it had broken a sixpence and plighted their troth and sworn to be true to one another while life should last. She had taken the bit of coin and wrapped it in parchment, with a tress of her ruddy hair, and had secured the packet in a tiny purse of leather curiously brodered, and fastened it about his neck.

It was still there, where she had placed it. In the darkness of his jail, he thrust his hand into his breast and pressed the token to his heart. The pain there gnawed like a beast; he could not pacify it nor cause its fangs to loose their grip. His thoughts took up the story of his life once more.

In America, his dreams had been rudely dispelled, as had those of others before him. Land there was in plenty, but with it toil and danger and privation such as he had never conceived of. Wealth and comfort might come in course of time, but as yet they were in the keeping of the future. The vast improvement in the condition of the colony was not apparent to his disenchanted eyes, but he had niched in with the settlers and adopted their ways and presently become conscious of the spirit of hope and robust endeavor that animated them.

At Jamestown, he had encountered Hood, who had received him cordially and with apparent forgetfulness of dissensions in the mother country. He made no mention of Margaret or of their former relations, and seemed to wish to let the dead past bury its dead. Homesick to his heart's core and of a generous temper, Neal had met his rival on his own ground, and the men had been accounted friends.

Two years had passed, during which

Spotswood's horse-shoe knights made their expedition into the interior, and the tales they brought back fired some among the younger of the settlers, so that an expedition was formed to follow one of the great water-ways upward toward its source. At Hood's suggestion, Neal had joined the expedition, hoping for a grant in the new region large enough to justify a return to England for his sweetheart. Hood had encouraged him in the enterprise, making light of the peril and keeping the advantages before him.

The party had been allowed to proceed unmolested far into the interior, and then the hitherto friendly savages suddenly changed their attitude. Scouts had come up from below, with intelligence—how gathered, none ever knew—which had inflamed the Indians and caused them to suspect treachery and breach of treaty. The intelligence as to the intentions of the explorers had been without foundation, but it had served an evil purpose, for the Indians took the war-path and contrived to decoy the little party into an ambush where they had been set upon and destroyed. Neal and two others, through some caprice of the captors, had been spared and carried with the tribe in their migration away beyond the mountains into a beautiful rolling country watered by a mighty river. Seven years he had remained in captivity, but had finally escaped and worked his way back to the seaboard, suffering hardships and vicissitudes in the journey that were well-nigh unparalleled.

The years had brought changes to the colony; more people had come, there was increased prosperity, a fuller sense of life and capability and progress; along the great water-ways to the transmontane, the smoke of homes curled upward and the ringing of axes cleft the silence of the forest. His own place had closed up unheeded, and there was little memory of him left in the minds of former acquaintance. The tale he had to tell was still too familiar in their ears to excite special interest; captivity among the Indians was no new thing.

Hood still lived in the vicinity of Jamestown; but had moved on to a farm, and had a wife and a child or two—had made himself a home in the New World. Neal had gone to see him, yearning for recognition and the sight of a familiar face, the clasp of a familiar hand. The old rivalry had moved so far into the background, was so overlaid by larger events, that he gave it no thought; nor did the idea that Hood might have been instrumental in setting the Indians upon them formulate until later. Hood, grown more stern and saturnine with the years, had paled at sight of him—a queer livid pallor under his dark skin. A look akin to terror had risen and then died in his eyes, then he had pulled himself together and had coolly denied all knowledge of Neal and all recognition of his identity with the man who had gone away with the explorers long years before and been massacred by the Indians. He had affected to regard Neal as an impostor, and had reached up over the door for his flint-lock, and had threatened to set the dogs on him if he should come there again with idle stories. But, under the bluster, Neal had felt convinced that his old enemy knew him; for he was aware that, in spite of time and hardship, his face was but little altered.

As Hood had banged the door, Neal had heard a voice, and through a window caught a glimpse of a figure, that had stirred his heart and set his memory to work, for both voice and figure had recalled Margaret. Not the Margaret he had left, but as she might become after years of toil and trouble and disappointment. It had not occurred to him that it could be Margaret; only a certain suggestiveness had caused his sweetheart to advance more into the foreground of his mind, and his love had flamed afresh. His Margaret was still the girl of the English village, the girl who had come toward him through the harvest heat-haze—binding, as she came, the golden sheaves. The hand on the dial of love stops at the hour of parting.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

MY LOVE.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

I LOVE you! All desire finds flower in this,
Before your smile, it grows a rose of bliss.

I love you, you yourself, the soul of life,
My heart's pure pearl, my hope, my joy, my wife!

A CONFEDERATE WEDDING.

BY CLARA MINOR LYNN.

"**L**OR, if dar ain't a white gemman, and he look jest like Mars Rob! He certainly do ride like he come to git mar'd."

We all dropped the straws with which we were plaiting our summer hats, and flew to the window.

Sure enough, it was a "white gemman," and Fannie's blushes told us it was "Mars Rob" who rode so eagerly up the lawn. No wonder Cindy had exclaimed at the sight; for, besides my old uncle and a superannuated physician, there was not a gentleman left in the neighborhood. As we were entirely off from the seat of war, a soldier was a "sight for sair een."

It soon appeared that Cindy was right in both her surmises, for this daring soldier had come armed and equipped to get married.

During that active campaign of '63, General Lee only allowed furloughs to soldiers to be married, assigning as a reason for this exception that "a married man made the better soldier."

Taking advantage of this fact, our ardent young lover, thinking all things fair when love and war were combined, obtained a three days' furlough for that purpose. As he passed through the neighboring town, he procured a license and ring—for which he paid two hundred dollars—and secured a minister to come out the next day to perform the interesting ceremony.

He had been engaged to Fannie for some time, but knew by past experience that she would have said him "nay" if he had consulted her.

Of course, she was indignant at such a high-handed proceeding, and vowed he might return as he came. She was at last brought to terms by Rob's gravely assuring her that he would be court-martialed for getting a furlough under false pretenses if he returned a bachelor. So, if she would not be his bride, he was sure he could get one of the "many maidens all forlorn" in the neighborhood to have compassion on him, for married he must be.

This view of the case proved convincing, and most of that night and the next day were spent in hurried and exciting preparations for the wedding.

A few yards of very coarse muslin were produced from someone's stores, and a very scant gown made. But its defects were concealed under the mother's wedding-veil, the only relic of the past which the exigencies of the times had not put to use.

Chloe said: "You all ain't gwine to let Miss Fan git mar'd 'dout a supper, is you?" So a wedding supper had to be provided somehow.

My aunt consented to sacrifice some of her precious chickens, which were kept sacred for the weekly hospital-hamper. A county store a few miles off was found to contain a few pounds of very cloudy white (?) sugar, at five dollars a pound. So a rather dingy-looking bride's cake was manufactured. It was a few degrees less dark than a sorghum cake would have been. The last real coffee, which for months had been kept to look at and to smell, was used. So, with abundance of flowers and the house made quite brilliant with Confederate lights—home-made dips and rough tapers of bees-wax and tallow—we were quite proud of our war wedding.

No bride could look lovelier than did ours, even if her veil was very yellow and her dress scant and coarse; but that coarse muslin had cost a hundred and fifty dollars only a fortnight before.

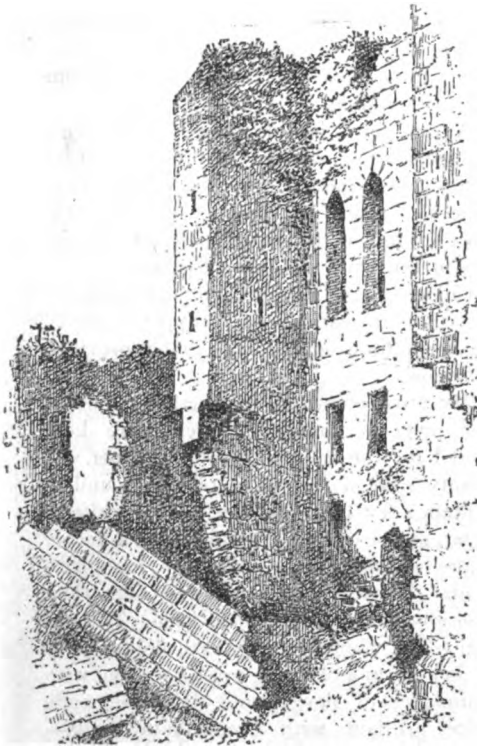
A few of the nearest neighbors had been summoned, the sterner sex being represented by the superannuated doctor and a few youths of fifteen or thereabout, who, as was natural, were deeply impressed by a sense of their own dignity and importance.

The next morning saw a sad parting. The groom was due at his post in twenty hours, and could only reach it by hard riding.

Six months afterward, thanks to a wounded knee, he was brought back on a stretcher, to spend his honeymoon with his bride.

HOW OLGA MET IVAN.

BY FLORENCE MAY ALT.



INCLOSED by bleak hills, Orlov lies;
The dreary changeless Russian skies
Arch over it. Unknown to men
Is Orlov—lovely now and then,
When hardy flowers on slopes of sun
Are spangled, and the streamlets run
Down slopes of shadow; but the year
Belongs to winter. It was here
That Olga came, and lived alone
With sour-faced Jetska, an old crone
Who kept her mistress' secrets well.
To-day the peasants love to tell
Of Olga's kindness, of her grace,
The gentle speech that proved her race;
How, in her crimson peasant dress,
She still was clothed in loveliness.

But, in the old days, many a sneer
And mocking comment met her ear.
"Fair beggar countess," they would say
Who met her on her homeward way—
"Fair beggar countess, 'tis a sin

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For dainty hands to weave and spin!
Go home, put on thy gems, forsooth,
And be a countess in real truth."

Strange tales the curious ones had told,
How, in her carven boxes old,
Were silken robes that swept the floor,
And jewels that a princess wore.
And so they watched and wondered till
There came a cry that sent a thrill
Into the stoutest heart; for war
Had never spread a cloud before
On quiet Orlov. Weapons gleamed
On every side, until it seemed
As if the very hills must close
Around, to guard it from its foes.
Across the plains, the hostile lines
Were marching on; and west, where shines
The city on the Neva's shore,
The Emperor marched, his men before.
Well Orlov's pathless hills might close
Around, to guard it from its foes!

On Easter night—ah, such a night!
The faint snow on the hills gleamed white;
The fields were like a parchment scroll;
The skies were like a sapphire bowl
With frosty stars set round the rim;
The western road, that wound its dim
Way from the town, was dark with life—
An army, arming for the strife
That might be on the morrow: then
The midnight moon saw peace again.
The weary Russian soldier slept.
Not so the enemy, that crept
Unseen upon the sleeping town,
And swarmed the eastern roadway down!

Ah, Orlov! North and south arose
Thy hills to guard thee from thy foes;
And westward at thine entrance lay
Thine armies, waiting for the day;
But, Orlov, 'twas a feeble guard
To keep thee to the eastward barred!

Through Olga's casement, all that night,
Had filtered tiny rays of light.
Returning home at sunset, she,
Who had borne all so patiently,
No single mocking laugh had heard,
Nor whispered sneer, nor saucy word.
She heard some frightened talk of war,
But what cared she? Across her door
She drew the bolt: the curtains blue
Across the gilded casement drew.

The crimson peasant dress slipped down;
 She robed herself in royal gown,
 Tied the pearl girdle as of old,
 And clasped her armlets of pure gold,
 With hasty fingers lit a row
 Of Easter candles: in their glow
 She sat and dreamed, and reared once more
 The palace on the Neva's shore.

She saw St. Isaak's gilded dome
 Beside the gray walls of her home,
 With rounded pillars of red stone;
 She saw the crystal spires that shone;
 And then, forgetting bar and bau,
 She met—and, meeting, loved—Ivan!

Ivan, of fierce and warlike race!
 Ivan, of noble birth and face!
 And Olga, as she dreamed, was there
 Of gayest gay, of fairest fair.
 Her soul was white as Valdaï snows,
 But love had tipped her life with rose;
 And never woman gave to man
 Such love as Olga gave Ivan!

But Baron Loska shook his head;
 "The Emperor hates Ivan," he said;
 "And Countess Vera would declare
 That Olga's face was far too fair."
 It was the Emperor's will that planned
 Ivan's disgrace, the Emperor's hand
 That robbed him of his robes of state
 And doomed him to the awful fate
 Of him who, guiltless, slaves and pines
 And dies in dark Siberian mines.
 So died Ivan! And when death came,
 He answered gladly to his name;
 For death, upon those frozen plains,
 But gives men peace and breaks their chains!

It was the Emperor's cruel love
 That followed Olga then, and drove
 Her from her home, and made her rest
 A torture and her name a jest.
 May God have mercy on the Czar,
 Who stands before the judgment bar
 And answers for his sins to man,
 When once more Olga meets Ivan!

Not of all this was Olga's thought;
 The golden threads alone she sought
 From out the past: she tried to weave
 A shining web that might deceive
 Her lonely heart—tried to forget
 They parted, knowing they had met.

The tiny candles flickered out—
 Her dream was over; from without,
 The sound of trampling feet she heard
 And voices, now and then a word.
 "The eastern road—the bell—the tower—
 To save the town—within the hour
 Orlov is lost!" In haste she drew
 The door ajar: the voice she knew.
 VOL. CI—21.

Old Jans, whose hut of blackened wood
 Beside the eastern roadway stood.
 Was speaking: "Time speeds—there is none
 To send a message; there is one
 And but one way. Who rings the bell
 In yonder tower shall sound the knell
 Of his own life—but give the call
 For aid, and Orlov shall not fall!"

Forgetting, in the hour's distress,
 The courtly splendor of her dress,
 Fair Olga ventured forth and crept
 Near the excited group; there swept
 Across the maddened crowd, that night,
 A wave of anger at the sight.
 "See! see!" they cried: "she comes to jeer
 At our distress. What does she here
 In such a dress with honest girls?
 From her proud neck we'll strip the pearls
 Before we die!" A moment there
 She stood, no marble half so fair:
 The starlight on her jewels shone,
 Her dress hung folded like white stone.
 Then, through the angry hands outspread
 To stay her, like a wraith she sped.

Far up the slope of the great hill,
 A ruined tower stood; and still
 The monster bell of Orlov hung
 With iron frame and iron tongue.
 The tower had fallen to decay,
 And many a great beam prostrate lay;
 Only the framework, black and bare,
 Stood shivering in the frosty air.

Still faster up the long white slope
 Sped Olga, and a feeble hope
 Within the peasants' hearts arose.
 That royal dress, white as the snows
 On which she trod, was her disguise
 To shield her from the hostile eyes.
 She knew that hostile weapons swept
 The bare white hillside; yet she kept
 Her way. Between the four black beams
 She stood at last, the surging gleams
 Of weapons to the east; below
 Lay gray-walled Orlov, roofed in snow.

One stroke she gave—one mighty clang
 That through the startled valley rang,
 And Orlov saved! No time was there
 To ring again; the very air
 Was darkened with a leaden shower
 That seamed and scarred the ruined tower.

And Olga, like a princess dressed,
 With jewels blazing on her breast,
 Lay dead. . . .

But Olga's spirit, freed
 Forever, by that noble deed,
 Had gone beyond the hate of man
 To lands of love—to meet Ivan!

FOOLISH KITTY CLIFFORD.

BY WILLIAM BILBO.



HOW selfish you are, John!"

"I should be sorry to think I am, where you are concerned."

"You are! And overbearing, too."

"I try not to be either, Kitty."

"You have no right to dictate

who shall come to see me, nor whom I shall go with."

"I do not mean to dictate; yet I think you should respect my wishes."

"I do, when they are reasonable."

"There is nothing unreasonable in asking that you do not go to the picnic with this dissolute fellow."

"You are jealous! I do not know anyone half so handsome or agreeable as he."

"You are unkind. I know more about this person than I should like to tell you. He is not a fit companion for any respectable girl, much less for you, Kitty."

"I wish you were more like him!" she retorted.

"You will regret saying this. Remember, we are to be married in two months."

"We are not, either; here is your ring!"

She tossed him the pretty gold ring he had given her when she had promised to marry him.

"Kitty!"

"Well?"

"You do not mean this?" He was pale.

"I do mean it! You are cross and disagreeable. You would be tyrannical to a wife, if you had one. I will never marry such a man!"

"Consider what you are doing. I never trifle. If you mean what you say, I shall be off to the West within a week."

He was paler still. His voice had an unnatural ring she had never heard before.

There was a pathetic yet resolute look in his eyes.

She started; her color swiftly came and went, but she was on her mettle.

"You may start sooner—to-night, if you wish!"

"One word more: You do not love me; you have thought before of doing this?"

John Pennington's honest bronzed face was stern yet eager now.

She winced and evaded his glance. She was paler now than he, yet she answered without a tremor:

"I do not love you; I have thought before of doing this."

"Good-bye, Kitty!"

"Good-bye, John!"

Then he turned away, with more of pity than anger in his white set face.

This parting meant much to him. Young, earnest, and brave, the future had seemed very bright; and his life had no thought apart from Kitty Clifford. He could not remember the time when he had not loved her. Squire Clifford's farm and his father's lay adjoining; the houses were almost within speaking distance; scarce a day had passed for years that he had not either seen or spoken to her. A ribbon, a glove, a trinket that belonged to Kitty, had been sacred to him almost as far back as his memory went.

Hardly a cross look or word had passed between them until a dashing young fellow from a neighboring summer-resort chanced to meet her at a social gathering. He was marked in his attentions to her. He said a great many soft and foolish things which she was soft and foolish enough to listen to. His very audacity charmed her. And then he was said to be rich; he was certainly very aristocratic; handsome, too—much more so, with his waxed mustache and stylish clothes, than any of the country boys of Kitty's acquaintance.

From that day, John saw a change in her, and it grieved him. He was not jealous, as she had said. Had a better man than he won her from him, he would have given her

up, consoling himself with the thought that the sacrifice was for her good, and gone on loving her with an unselfish devotion all his days.

But that she should be taken from him by a bad unprincipled fellow, to be flattered and enslaved, then cast aside, grieved him to the heart's core. He had remonstrated gently at first, then spoken in plainer terms. When he saw that she would not heed, he said no more, hoping that the city-bred chap would go away, and then the affair would end. He made allowances for Kitty's youth and her scant knowledge of the world. Unlike a less loving, less generous man, he had no thought of breaking with her. She was a good girl at bottom; he knew that. Nor could she have done anything to change this opinion of her. Had she gone wrong in any way, his big heart would have found an excuse for her.

She had led him to suppose that he was to take her to the picnic. At the last moment, she told him that Proctor Havergal had begged to go with her, and that she had accepted his escort. This brought the remonstrance that ended in rupture.

Kitty was hasty, very hasty.

When John left her, she tried to feel careless; in five minutes, she was serious; in ten minutes, she cried.

She loved John; she did not love Havergal. But John was honest, blunt, and plain. In his heart, he believed her the sweetest, brightest, prettiest creature in the universe; yet he did not know how to tell her all this. Havergal had no such extravagant opinion of her, yet knew well enough how to say that he had. No rascal ever owned a more ready tongue.

Kitty was not unlike others of her sex. She was the more susceptible, because no one had ever flattered her before. John talked to her of the practical; Havergal, of the beautiful.

The contrast at first was charming; soon it became painful. She remembered that it was to John—plain prosy John—that her troth was plighted; to the dull fellow who had never said a pretty thing to her in all his life. What did he know about damask cheeks, red lips, and glowing eyes? Her charms had all been wasted on him. Silly child, if she could but have known of the poetry down in his loving heart!

She became dissatisfied, then she brooded. All this was the girl's vanity.

John's visits were not quite so regular as formerly. Sometimes she watched the lane for his coming; again, she started when she heard a step that might be his. This was her love.

She was not a wicked or a fickle girl. She was foolish, that was all. Vanity obscures, but never smothers, true love.

As time wore on, she became conscious of certain comparisons in John's favor. This grew on her, and finally she would have seen completely through Havergal's thin guise of deceit and cunning, for she was a bright quick girl.

Unfortunately, John brought matters to a crisis.

He had arranged to take his cousin, Sally Baker, along to the picnic with Kitty. He would now have gladly staid away, but was unwilling to disappoint Sally. So he hitched a pair of horses to a light spring wagon, and he and Sally went.

Havergal and Kitty came soon after. He was attentive, she was gay. In a pretty white dress, with a bright ribbon at her throat, another binding her shining hair, her face radiant, her eyes sparkling, John thought Kitty had never appeared so beautiful.

His heart ached, and his look was serious. He made no effort to assume a lightness of spirit he did not feel. He was not an adept in deception. He greeted his friends and acquaintances with a grave smile, and bore with patience and without wincing the banter of those who sought to tease him. His engagement to Kitty was an open secret; young and old, for miles around, knew all about it. Indeed, this match had been the talk of the neighborhood for so long that people had almost ceased talking, having accepted and settled it as a fact about which there was little more to be said. To see John and Kitty together at all social gatherings and on all public occasions had been no more thought of than to see Farmer Brown and his good wife drive to the meeting-house, on a Sunday morning, in the big cart they had ridden in as far back as the younger generation could remember. Some people had wondered sometimes when the two were going to require the parson's services, yet, as the marriage was sure to take

place sooner or later, there was little speculation even about this.

After Havergal appeared on the scene, however, the gossips had had more to say; and, I must admit, not without reason. Two or three girls of uncertain age had said some very ill-natured things about Kitty, and even wiser people shook their heads doubtfully whenever her name was mentioned. Deacon Smith said it was a pity that Squire Clifford allowed Kitty to keep company with a sleek good-for-nothing fellow like Havergal; he even went so far as to say that he would set the dogs on any such character that might come fooling around his girls. But I suppose the threat was likely to prove harmless, for Sarah Ann Smith was red-haired and freckled, with a big wart on her nose besides; Nancy Jane was cross-eyed, and these were all the daughters the old man had. Yet I have no doubt that he was sincere in what he said, and that he could have done nothing better, had the occasion offered.

Two things happened at the picnic, which had an important bearing on the events that followed. The first, John knew nothing of; which was fortunate for Havergal. The second, John saw; which was also fortunate for Havergal—fortunate for Kitty too, and possibly for John himself.

Kitty and her escort strayed into the wood; how far, she scarcely knew. Indeed, she was unlike herself all the day long—preoccupied, ill at ease, now unnaturally gay, now suddenly quiet and solemn; laughing when there was nothing to laugh at, sober when her companion said witty things that ought to have amused her greatly. Hot flashes came over her, and then her cheeks seemed on fire; again, the color seemed to go out of them. Twice she felt faint and asked for water, which her companion gave her from a brook, she showing him how to make a cup out of sycamore-leaves.

The day was an ideal one for a picnic: a soft fair day in the early summer, with just enough breeze to rustle the leaves and temper the sun; at the season, too, when the woods are greenest, and every twig and flower fresh and sweet. Kitty loved the wild woods—every tree and shrub had a charm for her; but to-day nature's charms were lost upon her.

With a cunning smile, Havergal observed her fitful moods. He interpreted them as any vain puppy might have done under like circumstances. The deeper they went into the wood, the softer grew his speech and manner. He helped her over the rough places, softly pressing her little brown hands; gently disengaged her skirts from thorn and bramble; twice, as if by accident, his arm was very near her dainty waist. A vine caught her hat; in releasing it, his hand brushed and lingered an instant on her soft hair. She did not seem to notice; indeed, she was not thinking of the silly fellow at all, and was wholly unconscious of his stolen caresses.

Had he been an honest man, I could not blame him for the desire to kiss her. Her lips were like ripe cherries, her breath as sweet as the soft-scented air. Such desire could not have been greatly wrong nor done him discredit. But, when he seized and kissed her forcibly without warning, I cannot be sorry that her plump fist left a deep bruise where it hit his cheek.

Kitty should have left him then and there, and to do so was her first thought. But her rupture with John and his warnings, which she had defied, flashed into her mind. Others too had warned her; some of the girls were jealous of her city beau, and had said unpleasant things, but older and wiser women had shaken their heads gravely and dropped dark hints about him. She had defied them all. Could she now publicly acknowledge that they had all been right, and she wrong? She lacked the courage; almost any other girl might have lacked it, too. So she swallowed her wrath and indignation as best she could, and the pair returned together to the picnic-grounds. Some explanation had to be given about the bruise on Havergal's cheek, which began to turn black; he invented a plausible story which she did not contradict.

Her next adventure was of a more serious kind.

The picnickers were gathered on the bank of a stream, which was swollen by recent rains. Kitty saw some flowers on the opposite bank and admired them. Instantly, Havergal, who wished to recover the girl's good opinion, proposed to take a boat and fetch them to her.

Someone suggested that it might not be

safe to attempt to cross the stream. Then she, not being in a good humor with anybody, perversely declared that she would not be afraid to go herself. An ill-natured girl smiled at this, and Kitty pretended that she meant to get into the boat, though she had no serious intention of doing so.

Here John interfered. She resented this liberty and did get in. It was a small rickety thing, and she repented her rashness a moment after. Havergal came near upsetting the boat before he took up the oars. John looked anxious.

"If she will go, I think you might better let me go with her," he said to Havergal.

The fellow was willing, evidently; for the ill-shaped craft rocked dangerously with every movement.

Kitty spoke up quickly:

"I would rather risk Mr. Havergal's rowing."

The boat drifted from the bank and dipped water, then it went into the current and shot down-stream. Havergal tried to head it toward the shore, but could not succeed. Kitty looked at him with contempt, and then helplessly back at John.

They might have drifted safely, however, had the fellow kept still, as his companion bade him do. The boat rocked from side to side till it dipped nearly full of water. He dropped the oars in sheer fright and then he upset the boat.

If he could not row, he could swim, and he did swim—right away from Kitty and the sinking boat. But the swift current bore him from the shore, and he laid hold of some driftwood that had lodged in the bed of the river. Clinging to this support, he yelled for assistance.

And Kitty? John saved her, of course. Not without great difficulty, though; indeed, almost by a slender chance, for she clung to him convulsively and came near dragging him to the bottom; but he brought her out unharmed, amid the shouts and cries of the spectators.

No one paid the least attention to Havergal; in the intense excitement of Kitty's rescue, he was forgotten, although he had shouted louder every moment. Even after she was safe on dry ground, everybody gathered about her, and not a hand was raised to help him. I believe firmly, if it had not been for the courage and magna-

nimity of John Pennington, that it would have become my duty to record here the death from drowning of Proctor Peterman Havergal.

Kitty watched John's movements.

"What are you going to do, John?" she gasped. She could hardly speak yet, she was so agitated.

No answer. Some of the other persons regarded him with inquiring looks.

"What are you going to do, John?" repeated Kitty, breaking away from the two friends who supported her.

"To bring him out," grimly.

She sprang forward and laid her hand beseechingly upon his arm.

"Don't do it, John!"

He put her back gently.

"Don't do it! Don't—for my sake!"

He stripped off his wet coat.

The people all crowded around him now.

"You are crazy, John!"

"Let the fellow drown!"

"Throw him a rope!"

"He can swim as well as any of us!"

"Let him get out himself, the coward!"

Similar protests rose from half a hundred voices. Two men laid hands on John, but he shook them off and plunged into the water, and by a desperate struggle brought the craven fellow out.

Kitty looked at Havergal, eyed him up and down. His wet trousers clung to his thin legs, his coat to his sharp shoulder-blades; his face was pale, his teeth chattered from nervousness.

Kitty's lip curled. She looked at John. His wet garments showed the bold sinewy outlines of his fine athletic figure, and his manly face was deeply flushed. Her eye kindled. John wrapped a big shawl around her. Then he put her and Sally into the spring wagon and drove briskly toward Squire Clifford's. Kitty covertly watched him all the way. She was thinking. He was grim and spoke in monosyllables. Sally found talking difficult and fell into a brown study, every now and then stealing a glance at John, then one at Kitty.

When John left Kitty at Squire Clifford's gate, she said:

"John, I would thank you if I could."

Her voice trembled, and she trembled. Her big brown eyes were wistful. He scarcely looked at her.

"I would have done as much for anyone," was all he said.

The words chilled her; the tone chilled her more.

He did not mean to do this. He was not a fellow to take advantage of a repentant girl. Yet there was nothing of the spaniel about him, that he could be spurned one day and coaxed the next, when the mood or circumstances were changed. Kitty had said that she did not love him—that he might go away when he pleased. That settled the matter.

John was not romantic. Performing the act of a hero and saving her life changed nothing between them, that he could see. His heart had leaped into his throat when he met her eye after he dragged Havergal from the water, but fixed impressions came to him slowly.

A circumstance not necessary to relate kept him from going away at the time set for his departure. Had it not been for this, he would have gone, and perhaps never seen Kitty again. He was not a person who did things over and over. He had said good-bye once. Without a strong reason, he was not likely to say good-bye again.

One Sunday, he saw her at church. She was pale, very pale, and worn.

"That drenching has made her ill," John thought. Then he looked at the preacher and tried to recall the text. But he had no ears for the Gospel that day—the last day, he thought, when he and Kitty would ever sit together in that little church. How often they had been there in the years gone by, side by side, in the same pew! When indeed, on a Sunday, unless one was away—which he could well remember had happened but twice—had they not been there together at the morning service, and in the evening too, unless the weather was bad, and then he staid with her at home? Out in the little church-yard were two white slabs—he could see them from the window where he sat and could read the names, Margaret Clifford and Rachel Pennington, Kitty's mother and his. There he and she had stood when the one was buried and when the other was buried, and mingled their tears. That was long ago, when they were children. They had loved each other then, he had loved her ever since.

He looked again. Her forehead rested

heavily on her hand; she had a weary listless expression he had never seen on her face before. It touched him. He hoped, she would not be ill. He felt strange, too, to think of her being ill; she had never been so but once, and then he had watched at her bedside day and night until she recovered.

Kitty was now looking at him—not as a girl would steal a glance at her lover, not as he had looked at her; her eyes rested full on him—tender, pathetic, hopeless. He colored and looked at the preacher. He felt his cheeks burn and his pulse throb. He tried to compose himself, and wondered why he could not. He thought everybody in the house would see how red he was. He kept his eyes steadily on the minister, wondering all the time whether people were looking at him, whether she still looked at him. In spite of himself, he turned to see. Straightway the hot blood went up, higher—up, up, up—till it swept the crown of his head; and it tingled through all his veins. Almost instantly he looked at Kitty again. Her cheeks were rosy enough now, and her eyes drooped timidly.

Most lovers would have jumped to a conclusion. John did not, but went home, feeling very odd; and every little while, on a sudden, his heart started like a trip-hammer.

Yet he went on getting ready to go away. Just three hours before he started, he did something he had not counted on.

If he had looked once toward Farmer Clifford's house that day, he had looked a thousand times. He had hoped to catch a glimpse of Kitty about the yard, in the orchard, in the meadow, at a window, somewhere, but he did not. He was sure that in the afternoon she would take a stroll in the open grassy woodland back of the house, as was her custom when the midday meal was over and the dishes put away. He was disappointed.

Near sunset, he saw Kitty's dog in one of the fields. Rover always went with her when she went out. His eye followed the dog long and intently; his mistress was nowhere to be seen. If she were about the place, she did not stir from the house.

Could she have gone away on the last day that he should ever be at home? Yet why not?

He struck across the fields. He climbed on a fence, and sat there fanning himself with a big broad-brimmed hat. The day was very warm; he felt as if burning up, his blood flowed so fast.

He whistled to the dog. Rover came instantly, bounding through the tall clover, leaping headlong over ditches, for he loved John next to Kitty. He was a beautiful animal, with great brown eyes, almost human in intelligence. John caressed him, talked to him about going away, about his mistress. The dog's big wide eyes rested on him with strange intentness.

"Where is Kitty?" said John, desperately.

Rover wagged his tail and glanced toward the farm-house.

John's courage forsook him. He could resist no longer.

"Rover, take me to Kitty!"

Rover wagged his tail again, looked toward the farm-house as before, then whined.

"Away, Rover! Away to Kitty!"

He was off at a bound. And John, not far behind, followed with beating heart and flaming cheeks. He saw what he had so longed to see—Kitty standing in the farm-yard.

She saw him coming. He thought she would run away, but she did not; she waited till he came up.

"I have come to say good-bye, Kitty."

She did not speak a word. She was paler than when he had seen her at church; he thought she looked ghastly now. She was thinner too, and there was a strained look in her hollow eyes. Had the accident in the river brought all this change?

His heart smote him.

"Won't you speak to me, Kitty, and—say good-bye?"

"No."

"Kitty!"

"Oh, John, I can't!"

She put her hands over her face; he went up to her and took them in his—how his heart beat! A great light was dawning on him, and with it a great joy.

"Do you love me, Kitty?"

She tried to pull her hands away; he held them tight. Her cheeks were scarlet; she dropped her head to hide them.

He trembled like a big boy, yet he was resolute. He slipped his hand under her chin and lifted her face to his.

"Oh, John!"

"Answer me, Kitty!"

Oh, what sweet confusion in the lovely face and averted eyes!

"Do you love me? Yes or no!"

Why would he make her say it? How happy the handsome sunburnt fellow looked!

"You know that I love you!"

"You have thought it all over—it is not that I have come to tell you good-bye and you are sorry?"

"I have always loved you, John; I always shall."

She did not tremble and shrink now; she looked straight at him. Her eyes shone with the light of a woman's love. No doubts longer, no more mistakes; she belonged to him.

And, for the first time, he took her in his strong arms and kissed her—kissed her lips, her cheeks, her brow; kissed her beautiful hair, which came down and fell all over her shoulders and his.

With a light and happy heart, John took the west-bound express that evening. When he came back, a few weeks later, he told Kitty of the little home he had out there in waiting.

They are old and gray now, and well-to-do in the world; and no cloud has come between them in all these years.

WAITING AT THE GATE.

BY GRACE HIBBARD.

THE birds are singing sweet vespers
As I stand by our cottage gate;
In the glory of slanting sunbeams,
I watch for my loved one and wait.

The city across the waters
Seems fading into the sea,
As I watch a boat coming, coming,
That's bringing my loved one to me.

I often think in the sunset,
As among the flowers I wait,
And the birds are singing sweet vespers,
Shall I stand by the pearly gate?

Shall I stand in untold glory?
Shall I watch a boat stem the tide?
Shall I welcome, as now, my loved one
To our home on the other side?

THE COLONEL'S STRATAGEM.

BY ROBERT B. GRAHAM.



INNESWOOD was a typical English country-house, perfect of its kind. At least, so thought Clarisse Ventnor, who had lived there since she was a tiny child. She loved every nook and corner of the place, inside and out. Devoted as she was to Mrs. Farnsworth and attached to Carl, the old home sometimes seemed nearest of all; she felt as if the very ivy which draped its gray walls had twined itself round her heart.

Carl Farnsworth himself cared less for his birthplace and inheritance than did this little alien with a dash of French Creole blood in her veins; but then, he had seen more of the world. It seemed to Clarisse that dear old Inneswood was never quite so dear as on the occasions, growing more frequent of late, when she told herself that she must either accept it as her chosen home for life or leave it altogether. They were trying occasions to the poor girl, who did not want to make her final choice just yet. The morning Carl asked her to sit with him in the conservatory awhile, she was certain would be one of them, and she was not mistaken.

The conservatory was one of the pleasantest things about Inneswood, everybody thought. It was delightful either in winter or summer, and was a favorite resting-place for the two young people. Of late, however, Clarisse

had fought rather shy of it; indeed, she had fought rather shy of tête-à-tête interviews with Carl anywhere. But it was easier to yield than to refuse, when she was cornered; so, on a pleasant spring morning, which proved afterward to have been also a momentous one, she found herself in her accustomed place among the flower-pots, her early playmate and would-be lover sitting opposite. Clarisse had brought her work as a protection and ally, and Carl's first remark, made in the tone of a spoiled child, was—

"I wish you were less industrious."

"I wish you were more so."

The tone of the rejoinder was grave enough, though it was accompanied by a smile; but it proved an unfortunate speech for Clarisse, introducing the very subject she desired to avoid. However, almost anything served as an opening for Carl, who was cleverer in finding opportunities to tease her than in anything else, she thought.

"I could be industrious enough, not to mention all the rest of the virtues, if I had any object in being so."

"Nonsense!" The reply was concise but energetic, then she went on: "As if such a mother as yours were not sufficient object!"

"My mother has enough to live on," said Carl.

"So have I."

Clarisse regretted this remark the moment it had escaped her, but the young man answered eagerly:

"I mean an object for my ambition, you know very well. My mother is not likely to live to see me famous."

"I should think not," was the dry response; but, nothing daunted, Carl continued:

"You are fond of me—a little—Clarisse?"

"Oh, yes; but that doesn't mean I love you well enough to marry you," she replied, with a faint blush. "For I don't."

"I should be satisfied," he answered.

"What is the good of repeating the same old arguments that we have been over again and again?" said Clarisse, wearily. "I am

so tired of them, it will end in my hating you. It is too lovely a morning to quarrel."

"Because," Carl's tone was so direct as to be both unusual and unexpected, "I have something special to say to you, with which your answer has a great deal to do." Clarisse took a last stitch in her embroidery, then, laying it down, looked up in surprise. "I have had an excellent offer, through a friend"—a peculiar smile curved the corners of

a vision of what her son's going away would mean to poor Mrs. Farnsworth, besides a sense of personal loss tugging at her own heart-strings. She had been used, most of her life, to seeing Carl about. Was she prepared to let him go? But, after all, her own pain was small when compared to her



young Farnsworth's mouth as he emphasized the word "friend"—"to enter the Indian civil service. Whether I accept or refuse depends on you."

There was a dead silence in the conservatory. Clarisse took up her neglected work to steady her trembling fingers. She had

sympathetic realization of the terrible grief of the woman she loved like a mother. This was even worse than the alternative which had always presented itself to her, that of leaving Inneswood, for it involved so much suffering to other people—people who had been kindness itself to her—and all through her own fault.

If Carl Farnsworth knew, which I am not sure he did, what a powerful weapon in his favor the innocent-looking letter lying on his knee had proved, he might have been satisfied. At any rate, he did not attempt to reinforce its strength with words.

"Will you please let me go and think this over? It is very unexpected."

Clarisse's tone was wonderfully quiet and restrained.

"Think as long as you please, dear; there is no immediate haste about my answer. Only, think in my favor in the end."

Clarisse could not trust herself to answer, but hurried away to her own room. Carl picked up the work she had left behind on the seat. It was patent, even to his ignorant masculine eyes, that the last few stitches were entirely out of their proper place. He had never seen his beloved so moved, and a triumphant smile lighted up his face for a moment.

Poor Miss Ventnor was not left long in peace. Soon after her retirement to her own apartment, she received an urgent summons from Mrs. Farnsworth to come down to the latter's sitting-room. The invalid was leaning back in an easy-chair, but immediately on Clarisse's entrance she sat up and cried out eagerly:

"Has Carl told you?"

"Yes, but I was in hopes he had not told you—would not unless he decided positively to go."

As she spoke, Clarisse took a chair close to her friend. Both women knew perfectly well why the mother had not been left in ignorance.

"There is only one thing will keep him from it, dear," said Mrs. Farnsworth, looking anxiously into the young girl's face.

"Let us hope not," responded Clarisse, drawing the invalid's trembling hands into the clasp of her own fingers. "For your sake, he may be induced to stay."

"There comes a time, my child, when the mother no longer stands first," was the reply, with a slow shake of the head. "I should be quite content in this case, more than content, if only—" Here her voice broke, and she began to cry quietly but pitifully.

Clarisse drew the widow's head down on her shoulder with a sense of diminished resistance. As long as Mrs. Farnsworth had confined herself to words, it was easy to stand firm; but now—Clarisse gazed up at the portrait of the dead Mr. Farnsworth which hung above them, and saw him in imagination blessing her as his future daughter-in-law. The mother's grief had decided her fate. To this ardent young soul, the thought of causing so much suffering to her best friends seemed the decisive weight in

the scale, and she had no actively clear imaginations or prepossessions concerning any different destiny.

This was fated to be an eventful day to Clarisse, for hardly had she comforted the mother with the one assurance that could comfort her when the luncheon-bell rang, and hardly was the meal over when Colonel Sinclair arrived. The three people who sat down to the table could have dispensed with the midday repast very easily on this occasion, but well-regulated English households must go on as usual, though destinies are decided and lives made or marred.

The appearance of Colonel Sinclair, though not in general equally welcome to all three of the inmates of Inneswood, was probably a welcome diversion at this particular time. After a little, Mrs. Farnsworth, as was her habit, pleaded fatigue; but she departed from her ordinary rule by requesting Carl to accompany her, and Miss Ventnor was left alone in the drawing-room with her other guardian. He was full of apologies for the non-appearance of his maiden and only sister, apologies which the young lady answered with polite but meaningless regrets.

Colonel Sinclair was a potent though unsuspected factor in Clarisse Ventnor's previous decisions, or rather indecisions, as to her lot in life. He and Mr. Farnsworth, her father's most intimate friends, had by his will been constituted joint guardians of the girl, left an orphan when she was scarcely more than a baby. As the colonel was unmarried and in the army, Clarisse had naturally been brought up by the Farnsworths; but Colonel Sinclair had always manifested a warm interest in her welfare. He was retired from active service now, and living with his sister a few miles away; so, since she had grown up, Clarisse had seen a good deal of him and regarded him with that deep admiration a young girl so often feels for a man much older than herself, who has won some renown. What he felt for her, nobody knew, though people said it was only fear of his rather formidable sister which kept him from proposing. At any rate, it was evident enough that he did not approve of his ward's marrying Carl. Was it consciousness of this silent disapproval which caused Clarisse to tell the colonel of her promise to Mrs. Farnsworth? However that might have

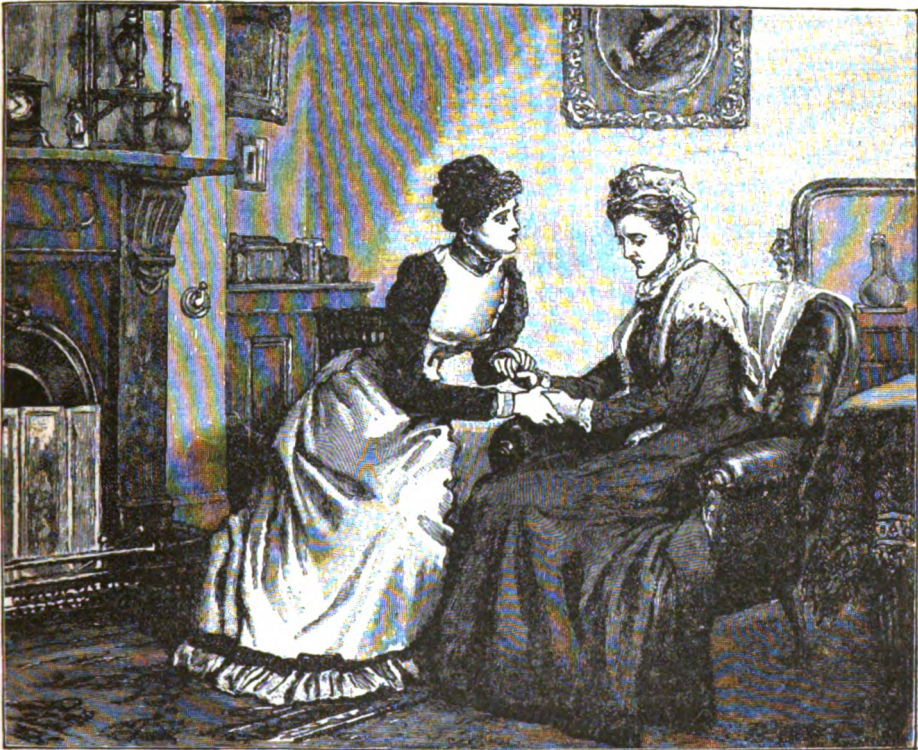
been, she was shocked at the effect of her news on the usually self-contained veteran. He seemed deeply moved.

"You are throwing yourself away—sacrificing yourself!" he cried, passionately. "He is nothing but a fortune-hunter; you know he is in debt—"

"He has made no secret of that," interrupted Miss Ventnor, "but I thought he loved me for myself. Prove what you say, colonel, and I will give him up to-morrow, even though his mother should plead with me on her bended knees."

embrace; and, if he felt hurt or disappointed, he made no sign.

The next two weeks went by rather unhappily for Clarisse. It hurt her to have the genuine affection she had always felt for Carl poisoned by the seeds of distrust which the colonel's words had sown in her mind. She believed that, had it not been for this rankling doubt, she might have been satisfied with her chosen lot and filled her days with a calm content. As it was, she went about restless, full of caprices, in hourly expectation of a volcano's bursting.



"I will!" exclaimed the colonel, pressing Clarisse's hand. "You trust me? Good-bye," and he was gone, leaving his hostess dazed and almost overcome by the whirl of emotions which she had gone through.

The day ended in an interview between the now engaged pair. Clarisse could not help feeling a sense of treachery when she allowed Carl to kiss her in token of the new relationship between them.

"You must give me time to get used to it," she said, withdrawing herself from his

Carl must have had a hard time, those weeks.

At the end of that time, the explosion came.

Standing at the window and gazing idly down the village street, Clarisse perceived two equestrians approaching. As they drew near, she recognized them as Colonel and Miss Sinclair, accompanied by their groom. It was nothing unusual for the brother and sister to ride over on horseback; but, as she had not seen her guardian since the memorable day of her engagement to Carl, Miss

Ventnor felt certain that something was going to happen. As the riders drew rein in front of the house, Clarisse noticed another visitor standing on the doorstep. It was Miss Holly, a spinster of gossiping tendencies, who lived in the village, and, being of good family but much reduced in circumstances, was received kindly by Mrs. Farnsworth on a footing of pitying toleration.

"Of all days for her to come!" thought Clarisse, so sure was she of some impending crisis. Then, remembering that she could be seen from below, she withdrew from the window.

In a few moments, the summons to go downstairs came, and, somewhat reluctantly, Clarisse went. She found Mrs. Farnsworth and Carl already in the drawing-room, receiving their guests, so she had only to add her welcome to theirs. They talked commonplaces for what seemed to the poor girl an interminable time, and still Miss Holly, though she must have suspected that she was in the way, made no motion to depart.

"This is intolerable; why don't they make her go?" Clarisse groaned inwardly, growing more and more nervous and conscious that the colonel was watching her. At this juncture, that gentleman spoke:

"I am sorry to interrupt such a pleasant interview," Clarisse drew a long breath of relief, "but there is some important business"—here the spinster pricked up her ears—"which I must discuss with my ward. I know Miss Holly will be good enough to excuse us, even if I must ask Mrs. Farnsworth's presence also."

Miss Holly declared her readiness to do this, as the colonel finished his speech with a courtly bow in her direction; but she still made no move to go, so the three withdrew into the library, leaving Carl to gnaw his mustache in ill-disguised annoyance.

"Has not Carl a right to hear this?" asked Miss Ventnor, as she took the chair proffered her by the colonel.

"Certainly; we will send for him later," was the response. And what else was it he went on saying? Clarisse listened in bewildered silence. About the failure of the Northwestern Bank, meaning not only the loss of the portion of her money invested there, but also the failure of the company in which he had placed the greater part of her fortune. Of course, he did not say this

without some prefatory apologies and preliminary hints; but she scarcely heard these, she was listening so intently for what was to come.

"Do you mean that there is nothing left, then?" asked Clarisse, calmly, when the agitated speaker had finished.

"Oh, a very little, a mere trifle—"

"When did the Northwestern Bank fail?" asked Mrs. Farnsworth. She had felt a strong inclination to faint, but had controlled herself, and now leaned eagerly forward, pale and trembling.

"Three days ago," answered the colonel, "but we thought it meant only a slight loss."

"Will you send for Carl, please?" All this time, Clarisse had been thinking. Was this news true, or only a stratagem of the colonel's to test Carl? She could not tell. For such a composed person, her guardian seemed terribly shaken. Perhaps, after all, fate had given them the very opportunity the colonel had promised to make. At any rate, now was the time to settle the miserable doubts which had spoiled her peace of late; and, at this point in her reflections, her betrothed entered.

"Tell him, please," she said, turning to the colonel.

Colonel Sinclair repeated in substance what he had just said, and, when he was through, before Carl could speak, Clarisse returned him his ring. Would he give it back? He made no move to do so, but instead asked almost sternly:

"Did you think this would make any difference, Clarisse?" She could not say no, and she would not say yes; so, after waiting her response a moment, he continued: "This is no news to me. I know what Colonel Sinclair must be aware of himself, but what he believed, from my indifference to business, I would not know: that the company in which your money was invested was in danger for a while, but is now free from it. You entered into a plot to test my love, Clarisse—"

"No, no," she interrupted, faintly. "Please tell him the truth, colonel."

"It was all my doing," cried the latter gentleman, to which Carl answered:

"I can pardon you, colonel—all's fair in love and war"—but Clarisse has doubted me; it was better to discover this before it was

too late. In the past few weeks, I have learned what a terrible mistake it is to force a woman's inclinations. Forgive me, Clarisse, and be friends; we have both wronged each other."

So she was free again! Yet, with the strange inconsistency of human nature, Miss

The next day, however, he rode over to try his fate. When the interview was ended, Mrs. Farnsworth sent for Clarisse. By the manner in which she was received, the young girl knew that Carl had induced his mother to forgive her, for which she felt very grateful. After kissing her tenderly, the widow said:



Ventnor did not experience the sense of relief that she had expected.

"I think you will have to excuse me to my visitors, colonel," said Mrs. Farnsworth. "Help me to my room, Carl."

"And me too," added Clarisse, rising. The colonel was wise enough not to detain her.

"Am I to congratulate you, my dear?"

"Please don't talk to me of lovers or marriage!" cried Clarisse. She would have added: "Only let me stay with you," but she feared that was now impossible.

"Then I shall still have my daughter with me; Carl is going to London, to practice his profession," answered Mrs. Farnsworth.

"I am driving him away!" murmured Clarisse.

"No, my child; it is better for him. He is a man and should play a man's part. You know I have long wanted him to do it. Possibly, when he has proved himself a good lawyer, he may come back and stand for the county; that, you know, is my dearest wish."

"Perhaps it will be granted now," Clarisse answered, softly.

And so it was settled.

Clarisse found it a great comfort at first to be alone with Mrs. Farnsworth in the quiet house, with nothing to disturb or distract them. The two once more returned to the old footing of mother and daughter, on which they had stood before Carl's wishes had brought some constraint between them. For some time, they were not even disturbed by visits from the colonel or his sister. The former saw that he had been hasty in pressing his suit; and the latter, though she did not wish her brother to marry and would have made it uncomfortable for the woman who dared to accept him, was equally inclined to resent a refusal of the honor of his hand.

In this peaceful atmosphere, Clarisse soon recovered her peace of mind; and, when

visits between the Sinclairs and Inneswood were again resumed, she had regained her usual serenity. In those quiet months, she learned to know her own mind, and, unvexed by solicitations from either Carl or the colonel, at last saw clearly what was her final choice. The lesson she had received was a painful one, but she was thankful for it; it had taught her what nothing else probably could.

And so it was settled.

On the rare occasions when Carl took a holiday and ran home, he found a warm welcome awaiting him. Clarisse's was less demonstrative than of old, but more encouraging on that account. In the course of the following year, she refused several offers of marriage, besides repeating her refusal of the colonel. When Carl heard of this, on one of his visits, he was bold enough to demand the reason. Her blushes and silence gave him courage to ask another question, and this time her answer must have been favorable, for Mr. Farnsworth is going to live at Inneswood, and hopes some day to stand for the county. So Mrs. Farnsworth has her heart's desire, in spite of the COLONEL'S STRATAGEM.

SIXTEEN.

BY MARIA CALLAHAN.

SIXTEEN! With all youth's ideals fresh within
you,

And this bright world of promise at your feet,
Your future life a fair unwritten story
Whose days seem crowned with happiness
complete.

And, stepping from the careless joys of childhood,
With smiling lips and brave bright eyes you
stand

Strong in youth's trustfulness, to meet and
welcome

The wonders of that glad untraveled land.

Sixteen! And every heart seems warm and
constant,

And all the world is beautiful and true;
The unknown paths your feet shall know in
future

Are radiant with coming joys for you.
Keep with you always, in the fair days dawning,
The youth and trust within your heart
to-night.

God shield you, dear, and guide you through the
years

That lie before you now in promise bright.

CUPID.

BY A. J. C.

THEY say that Cupid's blind; yet I,
In doubting mood, would question why.
For, if he's blind, then why sees he
So many things we fail to see?

'Tis true, by maidens' arts when caught
He sees, of many failings, naught;
Still, when unto their virtues nigh,
He sees far more than you or I.

If Cupid's blind, then blind is he
Unto the things he would not see;
For unto things too oft unseen
He brings a vision that's most keen.

Then blame him not, but rather try
With him, in seeing good, to vie;
And, when in others faults we find,
With him to be, to some things, blind.

THIS MAN AND THIS WOMAN.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 223.

IV.



NE night, Arbury heard Mrs. Rosa going on at a great rate, and, as usual, poor Tilly was her victim.

"You may think you are deep, Tilly," said the irate sister;

"but I'm a match for you, you know. Your philandering at sunset, your neglect of your practicing—what does that mean? Don't I know who you walk with? Bah! he never notices you; you tire him to death, you little fool. Oh, no, Tilly, you've got my blood in your veins, and you are not entirely without sense. You're doing what you're doing to deceive me—me that's a mother to you. You're sly as the wind. It's not Mr. Arbury you're after, but you use him as a cloak. You know what I think of young Blight, and how I forbid you to look at him that time he tried to flirt with you at the fair where you won the callas you broke the other day? Well, I guess you see young Blight when you use Mr. Arbury for a cloak. Mr. Arbury! Why, his father's as rich as a Jew. As though he'd notice you! And as for that whipper-snapper Blight, that owes board-bills all over town and puts every cent he has on his back—well, go on, young woman, that's all I've got to say: go on."

Jim, up in his room, bit his lip as he listened. He was to blame for this also; he should not have gone to the wood when he found that she went there. And what was this about Blight, the greatest dandy in college? Blight flirted with every girl he met, and was going to run off with an elderly widow when he could afford it. Pshaw! But then, these timid girls are not to be trusted where their hearts are concerned, and, if Tilly thought she could make a cat's-paw of him—but that was all nonsense.

All the same, he kept thinking of what Mrs. Rosa had accused her sister, and with a

sort of disappointment in Tilly, a little feeling of anger against her, until he went for solace to an unreadable book that proved beyond peradventure the unquestionable fact that all the angels belonged to the male sex.

He sat up over that book till past midnight, and had decorated the margins of its pages with the word "Blight," "Blight," written in all manners of ways, with little skeletons springing out from the word at the most unexpected angles. He did not know why he should write that name, though the skeletons were a sort of inspiration.

"Well, he sat there regardless of the building-up of Mrs. Rosa's gas-bill, and all was quiet without and within. All at once, there came a low muffled knock on his door. There was Tilly, wild of eye and breathless.

"Tell me," she said, almost fiercely, "do I tire you? Do you—do you make fun of me? Wouldn't you notice me?"

Evanish, all thought of Blight!

"Poor little Tilly!" said Jim. "I to make fun of you! And why shouldn't I notice you?"

She sank down in the doorway for a moment, her hands up over her eyes. Then she rose to her feet. The light from Jim's room streamed out over her face, that now had a strange rapt look in it.

"I knew it," she said, softly, "I knew it," and moved swiftly away in the dark; "I knew it."

And what was it that she knew?

For many days thereafter, she spoke to Jim only through her music, and he no longer met her in his walks in the twilight.

Mrs. Rosa was uncertain in her demeanor toward him, till, finding that he went and came freely, and in all ways acted unlike a coadjutor of flirting young Blight, she relaxed her severity in his case and concentrated it upon the only guilty one she could discover—Tilly.

But Blight must needs waylay Jim in college.

"Look here, Arbury," said he, "what the devil's the matter with old Rosa? She seems to be shadowing me; everywhere I go, she bobs up. She's never forgotten that I once said that little red-haired sister of hers would be pretty if she gave her any show. Venus herself would be ugly as blue mud if Rosa were her sister. Now, look here, Arbury: I don't like it. I'll strangle Rosa if she keeps this thing up. She's on the wrong track, and you can tell her so. There's a handsome widow I know that is just dying for me, and the sooner Rosa knows it the better. Say, Arbury, how do you like this coat? I hope the tailor won't get tired waiting for his money. I guess you're thinking of a sermon, you're so mum. Well, don't forget to tell Rosa I'll strangle her if she don't look out."

Perhaps Jim felt a little like strangling Blight for the moment. And why? Blight had done nothing to him, nor was he jealous of him in any wise. Besides, he could not but feel that strangling might benefit Mrs. Rosa. And why to this also? Was it because of Blight's allusions to "that little red-haired sister," and Mrs. Rosa's giving him the right to resent her watchfulness of him?

It was all so vulgar, so fifth-rate, quite revolting to him. And Tilly was such an innocent little pivot for such rudeness to revolve round, and such a busy little pivot just now. For Tilly led a life of it, I assure you, and her amount of practicing with pots and pans, when her work at the melodeon was ended, argued well for the ingenuity of her sister.

Then, one evening, when Mrs. Rosa went to the "Friendly," Jim found Tilly again in the wood. It wounded him to feel that he appeared to lead the little thing on to care for him, when he noticed that her first glimpse of him dissipated the dreary deadness which so much blame of her had begun to put in her eyes.

"I left the house open," she said, in great glee. "Maybe the thieves will get in. I hope they'll steal the exercise-books and the big bell-metal kettle I have to scour every day. I scour it with ashes, and my hands get so gritty sometimes they bleed. I love house-breakers; once they stole our other bell-metal kettle."

He was cheerful enough with her that

time, but he resolved that he would abstain from going to the wood any more.

V.

HE followed out this virtuous resolve for some days, and Tilly's music accused him of taking out of her life the only ray of light that had found its way thither since her sister had become her mother. She improvised so mournfully, so hopelessly, on the melodeon, that he could but think of the night she had come to him and asked him if she tired him, if he made fun of her, and also of the time she had said it was a pleasure to do something for someone we care for. He knew now who that someone was!

He could hear her sister taunting her daily, "young Blight's" name a fixed idea, and the constant threat that a useless girl should be thrown upon the world. He sickened for her suffering, and he passed an amendment on his resolve and determined that it all lay with him, and that if Tilly knew the truth she would not go on in this way, whatever it was that so exasperated her sister; yes, he passed an amendment on his resolve regarding staying away from the wood, and he went there one evening—when he knew it was Mrs. Rosa's "Friendly" meeting-night, and Tilly would perhaps take advantage of it—determined, if he met the little thing, to tell her all about Celia.

Mrs. Rosa, with her things on, met him in the entry below. She had a letter from Celia for him. It startled him to think that in the confusion of the past few days he had not missed Celia's monthly letter, which was now overdue. Celia could not find time to write oftener than once a month; of course, he wrote every week.

This letter was a very thin one, too, with a little hard lump in the lower left-hand corner—probably a flower she had worn, such gages were so poetic.

"One other thing, Mr. Arbury," Mrs. Rosa went on, her eye-glass cord agitatedly strangling an eye-tooth: "you have probably heard me reasoning with Matilda. I have never understood her; her quiet ways are tantalizing to an active body like me, and they often make me suspect her of meanesses she may not be guilty of. Then she never denies anything I accuse her of. That is always exasperating. The walls of this house are thin, so you must have heard me

talking with her. I am sorry to say there is a young man in your college who boasts of conquests with every girl around. Tilly is very unsophisticated; for which I blame my poor mother, who petted her too much. This young man has noticed Tilly on more than one occasion, and I have heard that he says her hair is Titian red, which I suppose is the same as Spanish brown, which I redden the bricks with. He also says her voice is like a flute. And I must say I never thought Matilda reminded me of a drum-chor, fifey, and all that. Now, no young man ever called me a fife; even Rosa, when he was most in love, never did—he never went below calling me a duck, and—Well, sir, I'll take it as a special favor if you'll tell me what sort of a man young Mr. Blight is."

Again Jim felt that twinge on hearing Blight's name mentioned in reference to Tilly. But this time the feeling was considerably modified: he had Celia's letter in his hand, and he was anxious to know what she had written in excuse for her delay.

He could only say that Blight was considered normal by the majority of people, and that if he were Mrs. Rosa he should not bother about the man, who was innocent of any harm, even though he might be guilty of everything else. Then he rushed off. He was anxious to know what Celia had to say—did he feel guilty that he had scarcely missed her customary monthly letter? But now he would read her letter.

He opened the envelope as he went along. Poor Jim! He could scarcely credit the evidences of his eyes. Surely Celia had sent something to him—that little hard lump in the left-hand lower corner of the envelope was the turquoise ring he had given her. And he read the words telling him that there was no engagement between them, that such a bond would be foolish in the extreme, he being merely a dear boy, and she a woman of the world!

He did not catch all the other words; the gist of them was that she had played with him as with a child, that she had deceived him, that she did not care for him.

He made for the little wood, where he might have it all out with himself, and no one ever know his suffering. He had once flung himself upon the ground there, when different thoughts of Celia had broken him.

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Now, as in that other time, a bird up in a tree caroled its evening song. The bird doubtless had its use, but of what use had Jim ever been?

He writhed there upon the earth, while that bird-song went on overhead and the flaming west paled and narrowed, pressing Celia's cruel letter up to his face, the little blue ring eating into his forehead till a drop of blood brightened the turquoise into a ruby. Was he alone in the world? had everyone forsaken him?

What soft voice was that swelling under the bird-song, invoking heaven to send down peace to this soul so sorely stricken?

"Lord, Thou knowest—Thou knowest my unworthiness, and yet Thou knowest my helplessness except for Thee! O give peace and rest to Jim!"

She was kneeling over him! And how often before to-day had that prayer gone up for him?

"Tilly!"

She looked at him. "There is blood upon your face," she said, shudderingly.

He loosened his convulsive clutch on the letter and the ring.

"What a pretty ring!" said she, reaching for it as it rolled from his fingers.

"There is blood on that too," he said, bitterly; "my blood."

She pressed the circlet to her lips, and the turquoise was a turquoise once more, while the ruby rested on her lip instead.

"Let me love you," she said, "now that you suffer so."

Let her! And Celia had let him love her! He rose to a sitting position.

"Come and sit beside me," he said, "and I will tell you what I meant to tell you to-night."

She crouched upon the ground, her hands clasped round her knees, and he told her of his home, his father, of Celia. Great tears rolled down her face.

"You are very lonely," she said.

"I am very lonely," he returned.

And that was all.

They sat there quite apart; the bird in the tree had stopped its song, and only the talk of the leaves was heard.

"It is getting late," said Jim.

Then he got on his feet, Tilly still beside him. He took her hand in his; the turquoise ring was in her palm.

"Shall I wear it?" she asked. "The color is blue and means truth. Shall I wear it?"

"No," he said, hastily; "no."

"No," she repeated, "for sister might know."

Sister might know!

He snatched the ring from her, threw it to the ground, and with his foot crushed it into the soft earth, making an ugly mark in the mold. But she kneeled and strewed some bright leaves over the place.

"For your blood was on the ring," she said.

He was past reasoning, past feeling. He had tried to make his father happy, and had failed; he had tried to make Celia happy, and had failed; he had tried for his own happiness, and what had come of it?

His eye fell on Tilly. Here was a weak little thing he had made happy without any trying at all.

"Tilly—"

"See how dark it is growing," she interrupted. "I must go home."

He took her hand in his again.

"Yes," he said, "we must go home. I wish, Tilly, that it were to my last long home."

"I would not be farther from you than I am now," she murmured, "even if that were so," and hand in hand they left the wood and went toward the village street.

VI.

TILLY was more quiet than ever, after that evening, she had so much to think of. Consequently her sister understood her less than ever. And Tilly's music, in which she expressed what words might not tell, was so exasperating that Mrs. Rosa began to believe in the manufacturing of bricks without straw, as a modifier of non-understandable qualities. She became more exacting with her sister—meaning for the girl's best, of course.

And there was Jim, with days and nights of torture over Celia's falsity, when he saw his own helplessness and the futility of everything. He went about his studies doggedly, cynically sneering at his own hypocrisy. Who was not a hypocrite in this world? he thought. The simplest creature he knew, even little Tilly, was an expert hypocrite and deceived her sister with a coolness that was admirable, and yet spoke of heaven in the same breath, looking like

some young saint waiting for the halo to grow round her head.

If he were no worse than others, again Jim thought, what a mask was this life! And how about the life to come? He knew that, if he kept on at this rate, there would be spiritual as well as mental death. But what of that?

Then Tilly's music would break in upon him—music jubilant and glad, with no more wandering through it of that lost note which he had detected on the night when he had broken the wax flowers. No, no: all was harmonized and complete in that music now.

This was in May. Till June, there was little change; and, till June, Jim hugged his sorrow, let it curl about his heart, and was as selfish as the rest of us when our cherished plan of life is shattered. He avoided everyone, pleased to be alone and let his pain and bitter disappointment gnaw at him. Evenings he would sit in the dark in his room, the melodeon music coming up to him and making him less lonely than he would otherwise have been, but that was all.

The week before the long vacation, he had a letter from his father. The doctor wrote on the eve of a trip to Europe. He enclosed a check for a generous sum; he said Jim might possibly like to take a trip now and then during the summer, in company with some serious young friend, to study up church-work or the heathen or anything equally filled with interest; or, if he were very much in earnest, he might use the money for church millinery, such as embroidered altar-cloths, lace copes, and the like. In fact, he finished this department of his correspondence by saying that Jim could do whatever he pleased with the money, even using it as he had always used large sums, for confectionery for silly girls. The doctor evidently still regarded his son as a very young person.

But in the letter, along with other generalities, the doctor mentioned the Winships; Celia and her mother were in London for the season, attended by their constant cavalier, Ethelbert Dawson.

Ethelbert Dawson! Jim laughed and tossed the letter away from him. Ethelbert Dawson! His rage turned to scorn for the meanness of woman. Why had he been such a fool? Why had he not seen the

truth before? And here he had been grieving and growing bitter against the whole world for as contemptible a woman as ever lived. Ethelbert Dawson, forsooth!

He left the house after he had read his father's letter, and he walked—he did not know how far he walked, only it took him hours. It was toward evening, and he was bending his way in the direction of his lodging, when all at once he thought of the turquoise ring. He hastened his step; he would go and dig up the thing and destroy it, otherwise he must always think of it lying out there under a few inches of soil, as bright and pretty as it had ever been, the tender gage of his old fondness.

He made for the spot where he had buried the ring. This caused him to deflect from the path he was on, and took him toward the main street. Here, as he turned a corner, young Blight spied him.

"Halloa, Arbury!" cried that gentleman. "You're just the fellow I wanted to see. Look here! Is old Mother Rosa subject to D. T.? or is hydrophobia in her family? I once thought it would give me joy to strangle her; now I am convinced she ought to be burned—made into a torch with tar and things, as Nero used to do with the early Christians—I think it was the early Christians. Only Rosa isn't an early Christian—she's a late heathen; so maybe she wouldn't burn. At any rate, she seems to have developed a morbid hatred of me. What have I ever done to her? What does she mean by running about and inquiring about me and my board-bills? If I weren't afraid of her as a sister-in-law, I'd run off with little Tilly with the spirituelle face. Only the little thing will not notice me when I meet her, and looks as though she is going into consumption. Sensible girl, that—better have any number of consumptions than such a sister as Mrs. Rosa. What's the matter, Arbury—tooth-ache?"

For Jim had passed on.

A hundred feet more, and Mrs. Rosa sprang from a corner and touched her lodger's arm.

"I saw him stop you," she said, excitedly. "He has been praising Matilda to everybody, even going so far as to pity her and say I treat her bad—badly! I told her this morning that she must have encouraged him, and she denied it—denied it for the

very first time, and so angrily and without respect for me that I became excited too and was rather harsh with her. I missed her an hour later, and I don't know where she is. Have you seen her? Do you know where she is? Does young Blight know?"

Jim could only say that he had seen nothing of Tilly, and that he was pretty sure that Blight was as ignorant as he concerning her whereabouts.

Then he hurried away—words fell heedless on his ears; he must destroy that ring.

He reached the wood, the spot where the turquoise circlet had been pressed into the earth. He dug into the sod with his pocket-knife—deeper, and deeper yet. He threw the mold in a little mound about him, but the ring was not there. Had he mistaken the spot? With burning eyes, he looked round—and saw Tilly.

She was standing there, hatless, her bright hair tumbled across her brow in a strange fashion, and there was a glitter in her eyes. He had not seen her for weeks, and he could but wonder what had changed her thus. For the first time, he acknowledged her beauty.

She came close to him. She raised her hands and lifted the mass of her hair—across her forehead was a vivid bar of red.

"She struck me," she said; "my sister struck me. Yes, she struck me!"

The words Mrs. Rosa had said to him a few minutes back recurred to Jim. He had been the cause of this mark on Tilly's white skin: she loved him, and she would not avow her love to her sister because she believed she was nothing to him. She loved him, a reckless man—and she was reckless too!

"I will never go home any more," she said. "The world cannot care for me when those who are of my blood hate me. It is harder to bear a little from those who should love us, than a great deal from those we care nothing for."

Jim knew that, and he knew the iron had entered Tilly's soul.

"Have you no one to go to?" he asked.

"I have the Lord," she answered. "I can go to Him."

He was startled.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Just what I say," she went on, passionately. "I want rest—just rest. It all came

up before me when she struck me—all my whole life of want and starvation. I am going away from it all."

"Where are you going?"

"I have told you; there is only One I can go to—only One."

Something fell from her trembling fingers; it was the crushed ring he had been looking for. She watched the bauble roll down to his feet.

"Even you avoid me," she said. "She always told me you cared nothing for me—that nobody did. It all came to me when she struck me. I dug up that ring, to take it with me for company at the last; for hadn't it been yours once? and haven't you said kind things to me? But you came after the ring; you care for the girl who fooled you. Forgive me if this sounds hard, but I cannot think if words are hard or soft. I am going away; I am all alone in the world."

"So am I, Tilly—utterly alone, without you."

"Without me?"

"Without you—poor, poor girl!"

She looked at him, dazed, bewildered; it was too much for her. Jim's eyes were as bright as hers—had as much fever in them as hers.

"Will you," she said, slowly and distinctly, "say that you are lonely except for me?"

"I am lonely except for you; I have not even the Lord to go to, for I have put Him aside."

"Oh!" she cried, "not that, not that! And you are lonely except for me?"

With a glad cry, she spread her arms and ran toward him, and he opened his own arms to receive her.

Long might Mrs. Rosa sit up that night, waiting for her young sister. Jim heard her pacing her room, heard her sobbing; but he said no word of comfort to her. He knew himself to be a coward now, if he had not been a coward before; for fear of his father stood out before him and sealed his lips.

A week more, he was in the house, daily

meeting his distracted landlady, and in all that time he never opened his lips regarding the truth. There were accusations of young Blight and the speedy clearing of that youth's name, though the accusations made Blight a devil of a fellow in his own eyes and in the eyes of the mythical widow—to elope with whom, current report had it, he was saving up the money that should have gone to liquidate his board-bills and other legitimate debts.

Then came the last day of the term. Jim must face Mrs. Rosa in settling money-matters with her.

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Arbury," she said, "and I wish you well; I hope you will comfort many a dreary soul. If you should ever come across my sister, tell her she has disgraced me and I never want to lay—lie—no, lay—eyes on her. The Lord knows I done—no, did—my duty by her, so I've got nothing to regret. If she didn't like my ways, that was her fault. I wash my hands of her; I don't care if she begs her bread in the street. You will not see me here next term, Mr. Arbury; I could never hold up my head here again. I am going farther into the country—summer boarders, an incubator, and that sort of thing. That's all, except that I can't believe in young Blight; a man of his age and complexion, who will willfully not pay his board-bill and brags about widows, is capable of anything. Besides, didn't he say Matilda's hair was Prussian blue—I mean, Titian red? What more do you want? Well, I won't bore you—and good-bye, and many of 'em, to you; and, when you get a pulpit, just you address your sermons to fit young Blight, and you'll hit half the people in your congregation. Good-bye!"

That day, in a city a good way off, Jim and Tilly mutually plighted their troth in an obscure rectory—this man and this woman became one, and only the heart of the woman made the union the holy thing the words intended it should be.

Jim was in for it now, indeed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SIMILE.

BE like the bird that, halting in her flight
On boughs too slight,

Feels them give way beneath her and yet sings,
Knowing that she has wings.

OLD-TIME THIMBLES.

BY HARRIET LATHAM.



THIMBLE-MAKERS IN 1568.

YOU must have tried to trace the history of certain things in ordinary use for ages, to believe how difficult and in many cases impossible it is to discover either the period or the country in which they had their origin.

How many women who use thimbles nearly every day of their lives stop to wonder when and by whom these indispensable articles were invented? I will answer my own question by asserting that I doubt if three out of every score of the many scores who will glance over this page ever gave the matter a moment's thought, and I am certain that nearly all such readers would add: "Of course, one can find out easily enough; it is only necessary to consult an encyclopædia!"

Oh, my dear souls, just begin the task, and accept in advance my best wishes that you may preserve your tempers and not utterly ruin your gloves and handkerchiefs in dusting the books which the smiling youths of the public libraries will lay on the table in answer to your demand!

One thing I know: you will exhaust the politeness of the callow males, if not your own patience, and before your search ends you will have gathered about you—if you possess genuine feminine perseverance—a heap of massive tomes wide and high enough to serve as your mausoleum, and the callow youths will wish it might and that they could have the pleasure of burying you therein! As for you, why, you will be so discouraged, dusty, disgusted, disappointed, and desperate that you would not much care if the young monsters were to slay you and heap the volumes above you as an avenging cairn!

If you doubt my word, oh! unbelieving Thomasina, search, and begin at once in spite of my warning; for, inconceivable as it may appear, the thimble, of all created things, has no first date—no beginning—no origin! I am prepared to take my solemn affidavit that I have at different times hunted through every work in this country or Europe, in which an account thereof could be looked for with any show of reason! I have consulted scholars, manufacturers, workmen, and one and all were as ignorant as my humble self or the wisest and heaviest of the encyclopædias.

Being a clever woman, of course I have gained some knowledge in the course of my intermittent but resolute quest, and I propose now to overwhelm you with an avalanche of my borrowed wisdom. I have my theory about the origin of the thimble; and as in this generation everybody has a theory on every subject, and most bodies mercilessly air, dilate on, and publish their theories, why should I hesitate to unfold my credence in regard to the little utensil in question?

Well, then, it is my belief that when Eve first stood before Adam's eyes, as he opened them after his deep sleep, she wore on her finger a thimble. I believe also that the ornament was designed for a distinct purpose—to enable Eve to flick the ears of her spouse and her sons, and the little implement,

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would to this day have been retained by her daughters, to put to a similar use and no other, if woman somewhere in the past had not fallen from her rightful estate so utterly that she allowed the thimble to become a



THIMBLE OF THE
14TH CENTURY.



NUREMBERG THIMBLE,
1595.

badge of slavery instead of a visible sign of her intended supremacy.

But to go back to my hunt: The first mention I can gain of the thimble is in the chronicle of one Hildegarde, the abbess of a convent near Bingen on the Rhine. She lived in the twelfth century, and, among other matters of which she wrote, she gives a list of articles and utensils in common use in her time, and the thimble is among them; which proves that it must have been invented long before, because in those ages new things stood no chance of being even generally heard of.

We can judge how the thimbles worn by Hildegarde and the women of her era were like, by looking at the illustration of a thimble of the fourteenth century, which is the oldest extant so far as I have been able to discover, and this is the most that I could learn in regard to it.

For centuries—how many, only antiquaries know—there had stood in the heart of the ancient German town of Darmstaadt an ugly old castle called the Burg Tannenberg, which was destroyed in 1399. "Once upon a time," as the fairy stories begin, when excavations of the ruins were going on, some workman's spade turned up this thimble, that found its way to the city museum, in which it still remains. It is not so odd in shape or design as many thimbles of more recent date, but is made of bronze, as were all of its kind until later centuries.

Now, whether princess or tiring-woman wore the thimble, it certainly was not fabricated in Darmstaadt. Like nearly every other household article of by-gone days, it must have been made in wonderful old Nuremberg, for the clever artisans of that

town were the sole manufacturers of thimbles in the fourteenth century. Of course, if you inquire of any Nuremberger to-day, he or she will boldly declare that the thimble was invented in that city of wonders; but so he or she would assert of anything and everything, from Noah's ark—I mean the original—down to knives and forks. But there is not the slightest evidence to offer in support of the assertion, which is of itself a pretty positive proof of its falsity; because the countless inventions, big and little, which saw the light there during the Middle Ages were carefully chronicled in the city records, from impossible watches to gun-powder, with their dates and their inventors' names beneath them.

It was a century later, however—I will not spare you a single date—in 1534, that the thimble-makers of Nuremberg became a corporate body, although during the previous hundred years the merchants had with pride and profit exhibited their thimbles annually at the great fairs of Leipsic, Hamburg, and other German cities, which of course they never failed to attend.

The two illustrations of the Nuremberg workshops of old days show how thimbles were manufactured. The initial cut is taken from a German book published in 1568,



SKETCH OF THIMBLE—1561 TO 1623.

which bears the following modest title: "A truthful description of all things on the earth, of all arts, handiworks, and crafts, illustrated by Jost Amman, the most prolific artist of the second half of the fifteenth century."

The other illustration is from an engraving by Christopher Weigel, of a thimble-maker's workshop in 1698. The furniture, tools, and other accessories, we perceive, had greatly

increased in number during the intervening decades. At the bottom of the engraving are some pithy sayings which may be thus translated:

"Patience is like a thimble;
If it cover heart and courage,
Then no vice (needle-like) can wound it.
Needles sharpened by the tongue of slander
Must break at last
When praise and fame ennoble virtue."

These thimble-manufacturers, like all the other Nuremberg artisans, were so completely and helplessly under the control of

There was one excellent rule rigidly enforced, which might well be revived in our day in many branches of trade, though why it was then especially confined to the thimble-workers does not appear. It was this:

"No inferior workmanship shall be allowed to leave the city and thereby injure its reputation."

Perhaps these, for some unknown reason, especially stringent restrictions united to prevent thimble-making becoming a very lucrative craft, though it was not the only trade which possessed this drawback, to



A THIMBLE WORKSHOP IN 1698.

the authorities that they were allowed no freedom of action even in the merest trifles connected with their craft. The regulations issued and rigidly enforced were often such as must have repressed even inventions calculated to assist the trade, though in some cases they were imposed for sufficiently good reasons, as in the following instance: In 1572, one Jörg Endthor, a thimble-maker, invented a twisting wheel; but, as he desired to keep it for himself, he was forbidden to use it on pain of punishment, because so doing would give him an advantage over other members of the craft.

judge from the following statement in a quaint old book: "The bath-keepers, coopers, and thimble-makers amass no wealth."

The group of thimbles in the next illustration are exceedingly quaint. The smelling-bottle and thimble on the top line belong together. The thimble-case fits over the bottle, which is hollow at the base to admit the finger, while the top has a tiny cavity with a stopper, in which a few drops of musk can be put—our great-great-grandmothers used musk! This odd conceit is supposed to have been devised in Nurem-

berg, although it found its way to England nearly two hundred years since, and remains still a prized possession by the descendants of the lady who first owned it.

The specimen of a sixteenth-century thimble shows the perfection of shape which had been reached, although this example, like the Darmstaadt thimble beside it—described on a previous page—is made of bronze. It is curiously decorated and bears for inscription an old German proverb: "As God wills, so is my desire."

By this time, thimbles were plentifully manufactured of silver and gold for the use of noble ladies or as gifts to brides, and often a goldsmith would spend large sums in producing original designs.

There is an engraving of beautiful thimbles by a copper-engraver named Theodore de Bry, from which I give a couple of examples to show how handsomely they were decorated in that far-off century. Besides the elaborate designs on the sides, the tops are ornamented, one bearing in Latin the inscription: "Strength of love," with the same motto opposite translated into French, while the second specimen has "The power of love" inscribed on it in French.

Somewhere in sixteen hundred, Nikolaus von Benschoten made such lovely specimens that for a while he was declared in other countries to have invented the thimble, whereas what he did was to make it so much talked about and so generally known that it speedily became a necessity. He deserves, however, the credit of being the first really artistic decorator of thimbles.

Although in England thimbles did not get into common use until the end of the seventeenth century, when a Hollander named John Lofting established a factory at Islington as early as the fourteenth century a

leather shield was worn called a "fingerling." But, in Shakespeare's time, thimbles were

certainly not uncommon in Great Britain, because in two places that I remember the dramatist mentions them. In act fifth, scene second, of "King John," we find:

"For your own ladies and pale visag'd maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed lances change,
Their needles to lances."

Again, in "The Taming of the Shrew," in the third scene of the fourth act, Grumio says to the tailor:

"And that I'll prove upon thee, though
Thy little finger be armed in a thimble."

The two illustrations at the foot of this column are from drawings in the South Kensington Museum in London. The first belongs in a box which holds a needle-case and scissors. The thimble is of silver gilt, covered with open-work scrolls filled in with colored enamel, but it dates no further back than the last century. This is true of the second, which is of open filigree-work and scrolls.

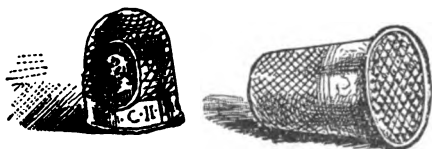
The other sketch is from thimbles in the British Museum, one of which evidently belongs to the reign of Charles II, as it bears the portraits of that monarch and his queen, poor Catherine of Braganza, along with initials and marks which show it to have been of English manufacture.

I have frequently heard questions asked as to the derivation of the English word "thimble," followed by the remark that the name seemed to possess no significance, while the German term "finger-hut" (finger hat) was suggestive and appropriate.

But this slander on our own term is undeserved; the word "thimble" was evidently derived from the Scotch term "thummel," which was a corruption of "thumb-bell."



THIMBLE AND PERFUME BOTTLE.



17TH CENTURY.



18TH CENTURY.

Now, I am sure that very few of my readers are any wiser than before, so I hasten to explain—having hunted the fact out of the dustiest of all the dusty old books I ever examined. A thumb-bell was a kind of shield worn originally on the thumb. Something of the sort may be seen even in our day, at least occasionally, for with my own eyes I once watched a Scotch sailor patching the heel of a sock with a piece of red flannel, and, instead of a thimble, he had the finger of an old buckskin glove drawn over his own callous thumb. When, possessed by a laudable spirit of inquiry, I asked him why he did not wear a thimble, he replied:

“Canna ye see, mem, that I hae my ain thummel, as a sailor wad?”

Still not satisfied, I ventured to ask why he did not wear it on his second finger, as any sempstress would. A touch of scorn mingled with his commiseration as he rejoined:

“Ony seemstress wad be a woman naiturally, and sae wad hae her sma’ feminine weaknesses.”

I turned away without asking any more questions.

In modern times, nothing noteworthy has happened in connection with the universal trade of thimble-making except in 1884, when the good people of Amsterdam celebrated the bicentenary of the famous Nikolaus von Benschoten mentioned on a preceding page. At this celebration, some inventive genius exhibited a new kind of thimble which received the name of Dorcas, and was ingenious enough to have become more widely popular than it has. In order to avoid the faults of the ordinary steel or silver thimble, it was composed of three distinct parts: the inner and outer of silver, and the intermediate of steel; thus rendering it fairly impenetrable, and of course almost impossible to wear out.

And, with this last bit of information, I must stop abruptly, for two reasons: one, because I have come to the end of the space allotted to me; the second, because I have told you all I know on the subject.

CHANGES.

BY GERTIE V. GUERNSEY.

SWEET smiles through clouds the April sky,
The south wind whispers fresh and bland;
I lean from out my casement high,
And look across the happy land.
I hear, among the maple leaves,
The swallow chirp in gay unrest,
While silent underneath the eaves
His mate is brooding on her nest.

Midsummer's long and fervid heat
Withers the young spring's vernal bloom.
Too lone to feel that life is sweet,
I linger in my darkened room.

Without, a fitful sound is heard;
I sigh and muse how strange is fate!
As if in sympathy, the bird
Calls—vainly calls—his lifeless mate.

An autumn storm is in the sky,
The meadow grass is dank with rain;
In fitful gusts the wind goes by
And beats against the dripping pane.
Dead leaves have filled the lonely nest;
The bird has flown, I know not where.
I too shall soon be gone to rest,
Far, far from mortal ken or care.



A CROWNING INDISCRETION.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.



THE morning had been the loveliest that changeable May could offer, but late in the afternoon a frantic gale

sprang up without warning.

A February wind must have fallen asleep on one of the sunny days which in our capricious climate often brighten that treacherous month, and, instead of lying quiet until the following year, suddenly wakened from its nap. Its outrageous conduct might have been caused by fright at finding itself belated, or by ill temper at seeing everything look gay and smiling when it felt cross and aggrieved as a human being does after oversleeping himself; but, whatever the cause, it behaved in an outrageous fashion that would have appeared unseemly even during the season in which it rightfully belonged.

It performed all sorts of disagreeable antics; indulged, too, in various practical jokes—always inexcusably vulgar in wind or mortal—the most disagreeable among which was to blow Miss Poyndexter straight into the arms of an utter stranger with such violence and unexpectedness that each instinctively clutched the other tightly in order to keep from falling.

In a second or so, which seemed a thousand years, Miss Poyndexter recovered breath enough to release herself from the unknown man's involuntary embrace, and then she stared at him, and he at her, in wide-eyed astonishment.

"I beg your pardon," the gentleman ejaculated, as penitently as if he had been in fault.

"Don't mention it," rejoined the lady, conscious that her remark was absurd, yet somehow feeling that she was very magnanimous graciously to accept the apology, as is the case with persons when they forgive somebody who has done nothing to require forgiveness.

Both spoke in gasps, owing to lack of breath; then the gentleman began another sentence.

"A terrible wind," said he, dolefully, but could get no further, for away went Miss Poyndexter's veil in one direction and his hat in another, and in his bewilderment he attempted the insane feat of trying to run two ways at once. The manœuvre naturally ended in ignominious failure, but fortunately the lace caught on a friendly bush and the head-cover rolled into a damp hollow. While he clutched the veil—pricking his fingers severely with the sharp thorns—Miss Poyndexter picked up the hat, that had landed near the fence against which she had tottered when she wrenched herself free from the undesired shelter of those tweed-coat-sleeved arms.

The blast, which had turned the corner of the path leading to the wood from which the young lady had emerged a few moments before, now darted back to give the pair another shaking-up so effectual that for a few moments both were obliged to hold fast to the fence with all their might and main, while the snap of tree-boughs and the thud of an uprooted sapling as it struck the earth were near enough to be unpleasantly suggestive.

The gentleman wished to say something to reassure his companion, but the wind roared so loud that he knew he must shout in order to make himself audible; so, with an effort that crimsoned his face, he began in a tone that sounded as if emitted through a brazen trumpet:

"I think the worst is over; we are safe enough—"

The gale swept on, and to his horror he heard himself thundering close to the ear of the young lady, who actually jumped in her astonishment.

Of course, he tried to apologize; of course, in spite of themselves, both burst out laughing, which was the best thing possible for relieving the awkwardness of the situation.

"I beg your pardon," said the gentleman again, as soon as he could speak collectedly.

"That wicked wind is to blame," she answered. "It seems really to have gone

this time; I think I can safely go on down the hill."

"Let me walk with you; there may come another blast," he said, then added interrogatively: "Miss Poyndexter, I believe? I know your brother-in-law and sister slightly, so perhaps I may introduce myself—Roger Erroll."

Miss Poyndexter smilingly accepted the introduction, remembering to have heard the speaker's name mentioned several times during the week which had elapsed since her arrival at the home of her relatives, on a visit which she had promised should last till her grandmother summoned her back to New York to prepare for their usual summer visit to the seaside.

Mr. Erroll's name had lived in her memory, owing to the fact that her brother-in-law had spoken in his praise—something a man so seldom does of another man whom he only knows slightly, that it was no wonder Miss Poyndexter recollected the fact.

"That Roger Erroll seems a capital chap—excellent form in every way," Mr. Allison had pronounced, and his witty and rather satirical wife had added: "Fred's praise could no higher go, my dear Grace; be prepared to admire this 'mould of form.'"

"He is safe to admire her, which will be more to the purpose," said Allison, and then naturally Miss Poyndexter had asked for more information. She learned that Mr. Erroll belonged in the South and had lately come to stay with his uncle of the same name, the richest and most cross-grained old bachelor on record, who owned the handsomest place in the county, to which few persons were ever invited.

The uncle and nephew had gone off on some business a couple of days after Miss Poyndexter arrived, which accounted for the fact that she had not seen either of the gentlemen.

There was a walk of nearly half a mile before the pair reached the gates of Meadowbrook, and a young man and young woman gifted with conversational readiness and mutually pleased with each other can get a long way on the road of acquaintance in the time needed to traverse that distance at the slow pace adopted by this pair, because Mr. Erroll insisted that Miss Poyndexter must be tired after her struggle with the baby cyclone.

The Allison spouses were seated in the veranda when the new-comers approached, and of course the explanation given as to their appearance in company caused much merriment, though in their joint account the involuntary embrace was so slightly mentioned that their hearers gained a very faint idea in regard to it.

"I hope we shall see you often," Mrs. Allison said to the guest as he was taking leave, and her invitation was warmly echoed by her husband. "Your uncle is the most unsocial of human beings; it seems he quite hates women, so naturally I am eager to subdue him on that very account."

Erroll had to admit the misanthropic tendencies of his relative, but declared that he should only be too glad personally to take every possible advantage of the neighborly invitation.

Now, it happened that the very next day he and Miss Poyndexter met near the wood again, and, though he had too thorough good taste to offer to accompany her home, they conversed for some time before parting. Two more visits Erroll paid at the house; Mr. Allison called on him, then the uncle was taken ill, and for several days the nephew was kept occupied. The crotchety old hermit conceived a fancy for his ministrations, and had a habit of making everybody about yield to his whims.

It was in the picturesque wood that Miss Poyndexter and Mr. Erroll accidentally met again, she having gone there to finish a sketch, and he for a short ramble, as his uncle's home was situated at the further extremity. For some time longer, the Allisons only saw their new acquaintance occasionally, as the old hermit recovered slowly; but Miss Poyndexter saw him more frequently, because she was making a series of sketches in water-colors to please her sister, and the wood was the place in which Mr. Erroll took the daily exercise he needed, except on the days when he discovered that Miss Poyndexter meant to go out on horseback; then he happened also to select that mode of locomotion and to cross her route.

Nearly another week went by; although, owing to his uncle's illness, the neighborhood at large had little opportunity to become acquainted with the younger Erroll, he was a frequent if hurried visitor at Meadowbrook, and he and Miss Poyndexter had come to

take the meetings in the wood as a matter of course. He had constituted himself temporarily her instructor, he proving to be a consummate draughtsman; while, though possessing a good eye for color, she was occasionally deficient in her drawing.

Grace Poyndexter was a handsome clever girl of two-and-twenty, owning many excellent qualities, numerous faults, and several misfortunes. Among these last-named possessions ranked a certain cynicism, a doubt of her own earnestness and that of other folk, a habit of analyzing, probing, and poking her feelings about until she decided they were of slight account. As these peculiarities arose from her reading and the example of older people, I call them misfortunes; she might, given the right influence and environment, grow mentally until she would recognize their pettiness and be as much ashamed of them as of indulging in any other sort of childishness.

It was a gorgeous afternoon, warm enough for midsummer, more than a fortnight after the wind-storm, that the two sisters sat in the wood together. Mrs. Allison was no walker; she had driven in her pony-carriage up the road that traversed the grove, and then wandered on foot to the place in which she knew she should find Grace sketching, it having been arranged that the latter should go with her to drive.

Miss Poyndexter had not finished her task, so Mrs. Allison established herself on a shawl, with her back against a tree, and sat talking while her sister worked. I am sure she had no idea how often Mr. Erroll had occupied the seat Miss Poyndexter arranged for her, and certainly still less that while doing so the young lady was half unconsciously regretting that the fact of the old uncle's requiring an airing had hindered his nephew's coming to bestow advice and criticism on her efforts. She thought definitely of him when she began her work again, for she was in doubt about it, and just then Mrs. Allison said:

"I want Mr. Erroll to dine with us to-morrow."

The words seemed so much an evidence of mind-reading that, in spite of her self-control, Miss Poyndexter started. Mrs. Allison laughed and said:

"I suspected it—now I am sure, miss! You have been at your old tricks!"

"Old tricks?" repeated Grace. "I've not the least idea—"

"Now, my dear, it's of no use—I'm a woman too!" interrupted Mrs. Allison. "Oh! oh!" The cry was followed by a jump. "Good heavens! what was that?"

"A squirrel among the twigs," said her sister, disdainfully. "Served you right for your wickedness."

"My wickedness?" with much emphasis. "Just answer me this: have you told Mr. Erroll that you are engaged?"

"Why should I?" demanded Miss Poyndexter, irately. "I told you when I came that I wouldn't have my stay here spoiled by advertising the fact."

"Yes, but in his case—"

"Nonsense! There's no case about it!" was the quick answer. "Remember this: to give information is always indiscreet, but superfluous information is a crowning indiscretion."

Then she turned away her head, remembering that her remark was not original; Mr. Erroll had made it when he managed to suggest that to keep up a little mystery about the drawing-lessons would add to their interest.

"That's delightful!" cried Mrs. Allison, laughing heartily. "Well, I can only hope Mr. Erroll is—"

"Don't be silly!" interrupted Miss Poyndexter. "Come: I can do no more to-day."

She hastily put up her sketching apparatus, and the two ladies walked away to the pony-carriage.

When they had disappeared, from behind a great tree-trunk at a little distance emerged Roger Erroll. He had spied the ladies, and was going forward to speak just as the utterance of his own name caught his ear. The ensuing conversation between the sisters had followed so quickly that he could not make his presence known until to do so would have been as embarrassing to himself as to them.

Mr. Erroll stood for a few moments in deep thought, and many varying expressions—some stern, others full of pain—passed over his mobile features, then finally he turned back with a queer smile curving his lips and a settled resolve darkening his eyes.

The next morning, Mr. Allison received a telegram announcing the sudden and dangerous illness of his mother, and he and his

wife started by an early train for Buffalo. Miss Poyndexter was left to the companionship of a very deaf old second-cousin of her brother-in-law's, who wanted no companionship but that of her pet cat and the latest novel. She never left her chamber till noon, drove out as seldom as possible, and, if she staid in the drawing-room after dinner, was either lost in the interest of the book she had in hand or deeply immersed in some complicated game of patience which required three packs of cards and drove anybody frantic in five minutes who attempted to watch the working-out of the multifarious combinations.

But Miss Poyndexter did not sit down and mourn over her desertion, nor did she make too many demands on the time of the young people of the neighborhood, all of whom were ready to entertain her. Indeed, she made her sister's absence and the deaf relative's aversion to going out an excuse for declining many of the invitations she received.

She sketched daily in the wood, for the weather remained delightful, rode on horseback, took long walks, and, whichever way she went, Mr. Erroll was sure speedily to appear on the horizon, if he had not arranged in advance to accompany her.

The old uncle had also been called from home, so it seemed only a charity on Miss Poyndexter's part frequently to offer her cavalier a share of her dinner, and the deaf relation played propriety quite as satisfactorily as if she had possessed the acute hearing of a wild animal.

The week ended; the Allisons were still detained, though the sick lady's improvement rendered their return a near probability. It should be said that Miss Poyndexter, in each letter she wrote, unselfishly urged them not to hasten on her account. Finally she wrote that she missed them hugely of course, but was getting through "such a quantity of reading and work that she could not help considering her enforced loneliness a blessing in disguise."

The brother-in-law thought this a very fine sentiment, and did not in the least understand why his wife laughed for full five minutes after reading it aloud.

Another fortnight elapsed, at the end of which Miss Poyndexter was unmistakably assured by sundry sharp pricks that she possessed a conscience—a fact of which she

was in the habit of expressing her doubts with the utmost freedom.

"But it really has not been my fault," she tried to assure her inward monitor. "Indeed, indeed I thought he would be too sensible! It is only just very lately that he has seemed in downright earnest, and how can I change anything now? Mary and Fred may be back any day. It wouldn't be worth while; then it makes a woman look such an idiot to suppose that a man must be in love just because he pays her some special attention, and anyway—"

A knock at her dressing-room cut short her soliloquy, and, in answer to her summons, the chambermaid appeared to announce:

"Mr. Erroll, if you please, Miss Grace, and he says he won't detain you if you are busy; only he has found the engravings you wanted, and—"

"I will be down directly," Miss Poyndexter interrupted, with chilling dignity, for it seemed to her that the little chambermaid wore a meaning smile which was especially exasperating under the circumstances.

She descended the stairs after a much longer interval than was necessary, since she did nothing during the intervening space of time but stare discontentedly out of the window and pull impatiently at some ribbons on her dress.

Even when she entered the library, she fully intended to plead some engrossing occupation and send her visitor away as soon as she had examined the prints and thanked him for his kindness. The truth was, however, that Mr. Erroll did not leave the house for a full hour, and, when he did, he was carrying Miss Poyndexter's sketching apparatus, while the owner thereof walked beside him.

"What a bit of Arcady it is," said Erroll, as they entered the wood, "and what a glimpse of real Arcadian days the past fortnight has proved."

"Rather too warm, though," Miss Poyndexter observed.

"Arcadian to me, I meant," he continued; "I was not intimating that you could share my feeling, so you needn't have ruined my little speech; you don't know what a lyric you have lost."

"Oh, then, pray go on—if it is poetry," she rejoined.

"But truth too—real poetry must be!" he said.

"The weather makes one too lazy for anything so energetic as truth," she answered.

"It doesn't me," he asserted; "indeed, I have seldom in my life felt so impelled to tell it as I do to-day."

He looked full at her, speaking gayly, but with an expression in his eyes which showed that he meant exactly what he said.

The same sort of speech had escaped him several times lately; each time it had troubled his listener—now she was almost frightened.

"Don't do it," she said, with a laugh that was a little forced. "A threat to tell the truth on the part of one's friends always means that something disagreeable is coming; please don't ruin our lovely day."

"I suppose I must not, if you actually forbid it," he replied, hesitatingly.

"I do forbid it," she said, rather too eagerly.

"But I ought—I told you the other day I ought—"

"Ought not, I assured you," she broke in. "Please unstrap the easel and tell me what to do with that obstinate birch stump in the corner of my sketch."

"The queen wills, needs must," he replied; but, under the playfulness of his tone, Miss Poyndexter fancied that she heard the echo of a faint sigh.

The afternoon passed pleasantly; still, more than once Miss Poyndexter felt they were nearing dangerous ground, and had to exert her feminine ingenuity to lure her companion back from it.

Erroll returned to the house with her, and, on their arrival, the deaf relative was seized with an unusual spasm of talkativeness, and, as it was late, insisted on Mr. Erroll's remaining to dinner—would not even hear of his going home to dress.

After the meal ended, the deaf lady retired to her favorite corner and her book, and spoke no other word till Mr. Erroll held out his hand in token that he meant to depart. As it was nearly twelve o'clock, any elderly body except this special person would have decided he ought to have done so at least an hour before; but she only patted his fingers with her fan and said:

"It isn't late! Be sure and come to-morrow! I am so much obliged to you; I am

certain poor Grace would die of boredom if it weren't for you."

"And may I come?" he asked of the young lady.

"Oh, since Mrs. Belford bade you—my sister said I was to humor her in everything," rejoined Miss Poyndexter.

"I shall not come unless you say that you actually wish me to," he exclaimed.

"How can I tell what I may wish to-morrow?" she asked. "How unreasonable!"

But, in spite of her fencing, before he departed his laughing but unrelenting persistency forced her to admit that she wished him to come. He took advantage of this declaration to jump with startling suddenness back to the dangerous ground she was beginning to dread.

"Maybe then you will be in the humor to hear what I have been trying to tell you—that little truth, you know," he said, questioningly.

"Did you never tell one in your life?" she asked. "It must be a first experiment, else you wouldn't be so anxious. No—not to-morrow! I am not very sure of myself generally, but I am quite certain that I shall not be able to hear any truths to-morrow—of any sort."

"The queen wills," he replied, as he had done that afternoon in the wood. Then he raised her hand to his lips after a fashion which seemed so in keeping with his Spanish eyes and rather foreign manner, which he had inherited from an Andalusian grand-dame, that Miss Poyndexter, like numerous other women of his acquaintance, never thought of objecting to this decidedly un-Anglo-Saxon habit.

Grace Poyndexter did not pass a tranquil night, and it was a long while before she even began any preparation for bed. Not only was her conscience harder on her than ever, but, as she sat in front of her dressing-table, staring at her own image in the glass instead of undoing her hair, she was forced to listen to something away down in her soul asking questions so unexpected that they startled her as if put aloud by some unseen visitant.

Could it be possible that—that, if she had met this poetical dreamer before she became engaged to Cloudesly March, she—she might have learned to—to—

She hurried in a fright from the contem-

plation induced by those importunate internal interrogations. Of course, she loved Cloud dearly; he was not exactly her ideal: she had never found that—never should find it; but he was good, clever, and very devoted to her. What had she been about?

Oh, if she had only confessed her engagement in the beginning of her acquaintance with Mr. Erroll! Did he really care? Oh, she was sorry—sorry—ashamed! She had not meant to hurt him—would not have done it for the world! He had struck her at first as a man who could not be easily impressed—who, in spite of his imagination and passionate eyes, had passed through some experience which left him rather hard and stern under all his enthusiasm and bright fancies.

If only she could prevent his speaking—could spare him that humiliation! If she could summon courage to imitate his example and beg to tell the truth—no, tell it and be done! Assuredly, she would never flirt again; indeed, she was cured effectually of any wish to do so! But indeed, conscience was too severe on her; she had not flirted—

Well—for the monitor gave her a dreadful thrust—she had not meant to; she had thought Erroll a man with whom friendship would be possible. He was so talented, so fond of art, and then he looked so exactly as a man would whose past held a secret which rendered him proof against any woman's attractions. Indeed, indeed, she had not been so much to blame as conscience insisted! At least, she had not deliberately erred; and she was ~~grieved~~—grieved! As for any personal hurt—ridiculous! Of course she loved Cloudesly March, and would have chosen him no matter who might have appeared on the scene.

The next morning, while at breakfast, came a telegram from her brother-in-law; she was to send the carriage to meet the noon express. What a comfort that Mary and Fred were coming! Then arrived a note from Mr. Erroll. He had been summoned to join his uncle; the two would return together in the course of three or four days. The note was just pleasant and friendly, with the exception of one ominous sentence added as a postscript:

"All truths must be revealed at last! The special truth I have tried so often to tell can only wait till I return."

The next day but one, Mrs. Allison entered the breakfast-room, in which her husband and sister were seated, holding up a couple of cards and exclaiming:

"Only fancy! That old hermit has invited the whole neighborhood to his house for next Monday—a garden-party! Positively the world must be coming to an end! Grace, I believe it is on your account; he has never invited us before."

"Might one ask who 'he' is?" Miss Poyndexter inquired, calmly; though it required an effort to meet her sister's eyes.

"Old Mr. Erroll, of course—you know very well! He and his nephew will not reach home until Sunday night, the groom told me; they are to bring some friends with them."

Fortunately a letter which Mr. Allison had received from his mother demanded attention, so Miss Poyndexter escaped further discussion of the garden-party and its hosts for the moment, though she had to hear a great deal too much about it during the ensuing days.

Monday arrived and brought Miss Poyndexter a very unexpected telegram. Her grandmother had suddenly decided to go to Niagara Falls for a fortnight; she would reach Meadowbrook at noon that day, would remain until the next, and then take her youngest granddaughter on with her. Nor was this all; the closing line of the dispatch announced that she was coming accompanied by Cloudesly March.

"If they had only waited till to-morrow!" was the first distinct thought that rose amid the troubled confusion of Miss Poyndexter's mind.

"They will be just in time for the garden-party—how nice!" cried Mrs. Allison, as she read the telegram.

"Grandma will be tired," said Miss Poyndexter, reproachfully; "very tired after her warm journey."

"Well, Cloud won't, and of course he will go," rejoined little Mrs. Allison, with decision, then added wickedly: "I suppose you will want to introduce him to Mr. Erroll your own sweet self."

"I shall stop at home with grandma," said Grace.

"You can't do that," returned Mrs. Allison; but a quick glance at her sister's troubled face checked any further raillery,

nor did she say another word in regard to the festivity.

The travelers arrived, both in high spirits, and Cloudesly March looking so handsome and showing such ecstatic delight at meeting her that Miss Poyndexter for a while forgot her worries in the enjoyment of his society.

Over the luncheon-table, the question of the garden-party came up. The grandmother would not go, but positively forbade Grace to think of stopping away. As for March, he found there would be a dance, and, after learning this, nothing could keep him away.

"I should have thought a quiet afternoon with—with me—" Miss Poyndexter began, when they were alone.

"A dozen round dances with you will be better still, my precious girl!" cried March. "No, no—I don't mean to be a spoil-sport! Everybody would vow I kept you at home, and consider me a regular Turk."

And she could not retort that "everybody" knew nothing about him—at least, the one special body who—who—

"Yes, yes, Mary; I am going to dress!" This exclamation was in response to a warning uttered by her sister as she entered.

It was half-past four when the Allison carriage drew up before the steps of old Mr. Erroll's great house, and there in the shade of the immense veranda stood the old gentleman, leaning on his stick and looking more amiable than the generality of his acquaintance would have believed possible.

Miss Poyndexter had only met him once, but he greeted her with special friendliness. She was glad to draw her brother-in-law on while the host greeted Cloudesly March. She wanted to see Mr. Roger Erroll, to tell him—oh, she did not know what!

"So very, very glad to see you, Miss Poyndexter," pronounced a voice close beside her. As she raised her eyes, she saw Roger Erroll, and beside him a dainty little lady exquisitely dressed, who looked more like a figure off a Watteau fan than anything else. Then Mr. Erroll added: "Let me make you and my wife acquainted—Laura, I was speaking to you of Miss Poyndexter."

"So happy to meet you," smiled the Watteau-fan-figure lady, with a rather questioning expression in her blue-gray eyes. "I must help uncle receive now. Roger dear, do get Miss Poyndexter a cup of tea."

Then, like a change in a strange dream,

Miss Poyndexter knew that her sister and March were standing near—other people too. The crowd swayed and divided; still in a dream, she heard Roger Erroll saying:

"I was very glad to have an opportunity to congratulate Mr. March; I knew your pretty secret, you see! You never would talk about it, though, any more than you would hear the prosaic truth that I had been a Benedick for three whole years. Ought the fact to rank as a crowning indiscretion?"

Their eyes met; Miss Poyndexter knew that Erroll had overheard the words spoken to her sister in the wood.

An instant more, and several ladies were greeting them both; then Miss Poyndexter found herself moving away, leaning on some man's arm, but not Mr. Erroll's.

Talk—tea—dancing—more people than she had supposed the entire county held; but still Miss Poyndexter could not recover from that dream-like sensation, and felt besides as tired as if she had walked a thousand miles in half that number of hours. Then she heard her sister say:

"Why didn't you tell me he was married? Something odd about their affairs, evidently. Mrs. Train declares they had had a quarrel and been separated for months. There was talk of a divorce, too—oh, only on account of incompatibility of temper! It seems the old gentleman patched matters up, and they have made a fresh beginning."

Another change in the dream; more dancing, more talk, then, as she and Cloudesly March were standing side by side in the pause of a waltz, across the breadth of the great room Miss Poyndexter's eyes again met those of Roger Erroll.

What did each read in the other's face? Did she perceive in his a consciousness of having beaten her at her own game, mingled with contrition for his victory? Did he discern in hers both penitence and relief? Beneath all, did each catch in the other's eyes a vague longing, an unacknowledged regret, a feeling akin to Browning's passionate lament:

"Oh, the little more and how much it is,

And the little less and what worlds away"?

Under the circumstances, speech would, to put it very mildly, have been indeed worse than a crowning indiscretion; but such possibility was effectually prevented, for the two never met again.

NEW FANCIES FOR EASTER.

BY MARTHA CAREY.

EVERY child can color Easter eggs, but let me tell you how to make a few new trifles.

The Easter water-lily is made in this way: Take a small bit of cotton batting, roll it tight, fasten it over the end of a fine wire such as is used in making artificial flowers, and over this put some tissue-paper.

Procure the exact half of an egg-shell, and, with pen and ink, draw on its surface a face that pleases your fancy. The cotton must be just large enough to fill the half-shell when fitted over it.

Take yellow tissue-paper and cut enough fringe to go entirely around the shell just where it joins the stem of wire. Fold white tissue-paper so that it may be cut into six circles, using it always doubled. Now again fold the doubled circles and cut them so as to form eight points or petals, the edges of which must be crimped a little. These circles are the petals of the lily. The three outer rows must be turned outward, and the three inner rows toward the centre.

To form this curve, use a strong bonnet-pin or a knitting-needle. Finish the flower with a little circle of dark-green tissue-paper, cut in points.

Water-lily buds are made in the same way, but must curl in far enough to meet at the centre. The stem must also be covered with dark-green paper.

Pansy Easter eggs are made in a similar manner. When the egg-shell is ready, the pansy petals are cut out of yellow and wine-colored or dark-purple tissue-paper, using three heart-shaped pieces of yellow and two of the other shade for each flower. These petals must be about two inches long, and of a proportion to suit. Mark the yellow petals with some dainty lines of ink, and curl the edges a little outward.

Fasten the two leaves that are of a purple or other dark color at the top, and one yellow petal at each side, with the third directly at the bottom, arranging them so that the edges will slightly overlap each other. To do this, it would be well if you

had a real pansy or a good picture for a pattern.

Cover the back of the cotton with dark-green tissue-paper. Now a few leaves made of green paper, and perhaps a pansy made also of the paper, but without the egg-shell, will complete the bouquet and make a very dainty and novel gift.

To make an Easter egg with the new chick just coming out, take pale-yellow zephyr and make a ball by tying a number of strands in the middle, and clipping the bunch until it is round and even. To make it extra fluffy, it must be held over the spout of the steaming tea-kettle. Take three of these balls, and run a fine wire through their centres. Now cut a bit of pine wood into the shape of the tiny bill of a young chick, and glue it to the side of the first ball, and insert two black-headed pins so that they will stand for the eyes of this same chick. Empty an egg-shell by piercing two holes in the usual way, and divide it carefully so that one part will be much larger than the other.

Cut a circle out of stiff card-board, as large as the top of a coffee-cup, cover it with dark-green tissue-paper and bits of moss glued here and there. Take the larger piece of shell and glue it to the card-board upside down, place the fluffy chick in it, holding it there with a bit of glue and pressing the head into a natural and life-like position. The other piece of egg-shell must be placed just in front of the chicken's head, making it appear as if it had just broken its prison-walls and come out into the light.

Another plan is to make legs and feet by winding brown yarn around three pieces of fine wire, spreading it apart for the toes, and make the chicken appear to stand by the ruins of his former home and look at it with wonder.

Many odd fancies are suggested by the empty shell, and those who can use paint-brush or pencil may try numerous experiments. A "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is made thus: Empty the egg-shell, and turn it so

that the narrow end shall represent the neck. With pen and ink, draw a childish face on one side of the more oval end. Now work up the faint outlines with water-color paints, making the lovely blue eyes and rosy cheeks so familiar in the original picture. If you are very neat and careful, you may use the soft yellow curls of some broken doll for the hair of your egg-shell boy, but the safest way is to use the paint.

When your colors are dry, cut a circle of pasteboard about the size of the top of an egg-cup, and in the centre of this cut again a small circle just large enough to hold the pointed end of the egg.

From each side of the pasteboard, cut in a

narrow strip, bend together, and tie. Around this for a foundation, place cotton batting enough to form a knob or "hold" for the shell. Touch it with glue and gently press it into the hole at the end of the egg-shell, so that it will be held securely to the pasteboard base.

Now the little "lord" can be dressed with his lace ruffles and his little cap and any other adornment that his owner fancies.

With this egg head for a foundation, there may be made sailor-boys, Quaker maidens, Martha Washingtons, and many other favorite characters. These odd designs can be utilized as pen-wipers, paper-weights, blotters, and various things.

SOME AMUSING GAMES.

EMERGENCY GAME.

THOSE who are to play seat themselves in a circle. Each whispers to his neighbor on the right an emergency, and, to the one on his left, a remedy. When all are ready, Mrs. A. asks Mr. B. what would he do in the emergency given to her? For instance: "What would you do if the Washington Monument were to fall on you?" He replies by giving the remedy whispered to him: "Wrap it in two yards of red flannel and apply a mustard plaster." Then Mr. B. asks what would be done if Mr. Blank should sing. Miss H. replies: "Apply the fire extinguisher and rush from the house."

The game is continued until each has given an emergency and suggested a remedy. If well played, the misfits are very absurd.

THE FARM-YARD GAME.

Those who play stand in a circle. The understanding must be, that all are to take part, and, at a given signal, make the cry of the animal whispered to them. Someone then goes round, apparently giving to each the name of some animal, but in reality telling each to keep perfectly quiet when the signal is given, the one on whom the joke is to be played having alone a sound to make; this may be the squeal of a pig, the crow of a rooster, or the baa of a sheep. When everything is ready, the leader admonishes all to do promptly what they were told to do, and then gives the signal—one, two. A solo performance is the result.

AN INFORMATION PARTY.

Suppose the party to consist of twentyfour persons, twelve of each sex. As soon as they are settled in their seats, the hostess hands to the ladies a tray containing twelve sheets of paper, each with a colored pencil tied to the corner. Each lady takes one. A tray of blank cards with similar pencils is handed to the men, then the man who has a pink pencil with his card has for his partner the lady who drew the sheet of paper with the pink pencil, and so with the blue, yellow, and other pencils, until everyone has a partner.

Then the hostess explains that each couple must think of a question and write it on the card. This done, the cards are collected. Someone not playing is handed the tray, and, picking up a card, reads the question. Five minutes are given to answer it. The partners decide on an answer and write it on their sheet, not conferring with anyone else. Another card is picked out, and so on until all the twelve questions are asked. Then the person calling the questions begins again with the first question (it is better to number the cards, then the questions can be asked in the same order), and each couple read their answers aloud in turn. Each couple having a correct answer mark it 10, a wrong answer 0, and a partially right answer 5. If any dispute arises, the couple who gave the question are the ones to decide. After the counts are added, two first prizes and two "booby" prizes are distributed.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a stylish gown for visiting. We give the front and back, showing how the basque is made. The skirt is the fashionable length, bell-shaped, with all the fullness thrown into the back. The edge of the skirt has four rows of narrow worsted braid stitched on. The basque has the outside material laid in fine plaits fitting closely on to the inside lining. This forms the fullness for the skirt of the basque, both back and front, as seen in the illustration. The front is also full into the neck, while the back is perfectly plain at the neck and shoulders. High puffed sleeves and standing collar to match the skirt. The material in our model is a fine pin-striped gray and black woollens. Mohairs or gingham will look well, made up in this style for every-day wear. From eight to ten yards of double-width material will be required, or ten yards of gingham. The latest letters from London and Paris announce that skirts just reach to the ground, but do not lie upon it as they do here. The long skirts abroad are worn principally in carriages, and it is to be hoped that the American women will adopt this sensible fashion.



No. 1.

No. 2—Shows a house-gown, with plaited basque sewed on. The skirt of this gown has a knife-plaiting up the back seam. The neck and front of basque are trimmed to match. High puffed sleeves. This model

will be useful for making up self-colored nun's-veilings, China silks—in fact, any thin material capable of being nicely plaited. Loops of narrow velvet ribbon ornament the neck and waist-line, sleeves, and front of

basque. Twelve to fourteen yards of China silk thirtytwo inches wide, or the same quantity of nun's-veiling, will be required.



No. 2.

No. 3—Shows a stylish gown of dark-blue or gray serge, trimmed with two widths of white worsted braid. The skirt of our model is cut bell-shaped and trimmed above the hem with a row of the wide braid and a narrow one a quarter of an inch above. This is repeated, with an inch and a half or two inches between. The long jacket basque opens in front over a full vest of soft blue China silk, crêpe, or surah. The vest ends in a point in front, finished by the two braids reversed. Pockets, edge of jacket, deep collar, cuffs, and standing collar all trimmed to match the skirt. Four large white buttons ornament the front of the jacket. High sleeves. This model will be most acceptable for making up a pretty gingham and trim-

ming it with linen or piqué braid. Of fortytwo-inch serge, eight yards will be required; yard-wide gingham, ten yards. A pretty straw hat, trimmed with ostrich-tips, is worn with this gown.

No. 4—Shows skirt and basque for a girl of thirteen years. The skirt is of plaid woolens, stitched above the hem by machine. The basque is of flannel corresponding with



No. 3.

the prevailing color in the skirt. Waistband, collar, cuffs, pocket-flap, and piece for the side are of a lighter shade or contrasting color, briar-stitched with silk the shade of



No. 4.



No. 5.

the flannel. We give the front and back view.

No. 5—Is a costume of marine-blue serge for boy of six to eight years, for seaside or mountain wear. The blouse is full. The pointed sailor-collar is of striped blue and white serge, over an under-collar of the plain, all briar-stitched in silk. A wide leather belt is worn over the blouse. Full knee pants.



No. 6.

No. 6—Shows knickerbocker pants and blouse for a little boy of three to five years. The blouse is of tartan plaid, edged on the skirt, the neck, cuffs, and belt with velveteen, briar-stitched as seen in the illustration.

No. 7—Is a simple frock for a girl of eight years, to be made of wash-flannel, China silk, or gingham. Our model is a pretty printed flannel for cool summer days. The waist is plaited into a yoke, and again at the waist-line. The sleeves are full at the



No. 7.

shoulders and into the deep cuffs. Cuffs, collar, and front piece are embroidered in a simple design. The sash is of the material, fringed at the ends and tied at the left side. Skirt plain and plaited into the waist in the same-sized plaits used on the bodice, so as to

give the appearance of the frock being in one piece. For gingham, use English embroidery for cuffs, collar, etc.

No. 8—Shows a storm-cloak of plaided tweed. This garment has a deep cape with



No. 8.

Capuchin hood and high standing collar, which is adjustable and a wrap in itself. A small gray straw hat, trimmed with black birds or wings, is worn with this cloak.

LILACS IN EMBROIDERY.

On the Supplement, we give a beautiful design of a branch of lilacs; the work can be done in outline, but will look better in Kensington-stitch, and worked in the nat-

ural colors of the flowers and leaves. The design can be used for many purposes, and is particularly suitable for a corner of a centre-piece for a dining-table.

INFANT'S BIB.

On the Supplement is a sketch for a baby's bib, to be done on linen in outline or chain-

stitch. The bib should be made double; it will either button or tie about the waist.

HATS. BONNET. JACKET.



PARASOLS. BONNET. HAT. SLEEVE.



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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL.



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COSTUME FOR A BOY: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



Our Supplement for this month is a stylish suit for a boy of eight years. It consists of eight pieces:

1. FRONT OF COAT.
2. BACK OF COAT.
3. SLEEVE.
4. BACK OF PANTS.
5. FRONT OF PANTS.
6. POCKET OF COAT.
7. CUFF OF COAT.
8. COLLAR OF COAT.

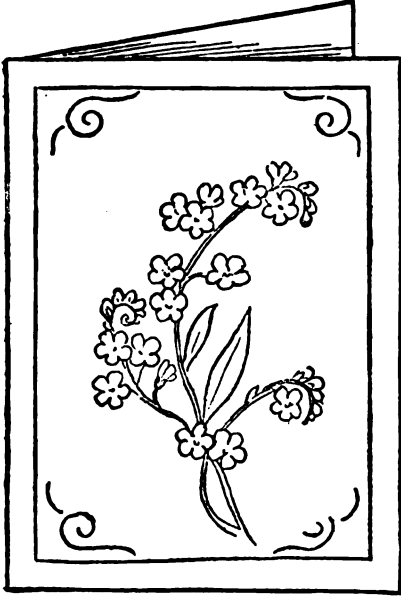
The letters and notches show how the pieces join. The sleeves are gathered or plaited into the cuffs. Our model is made of cheviot flannel, either white or colored, or of white duck or linen if for summer wear.

POMPADOUR PINCUSHION.

Stuff the cushion with wool, cover it with cream satin powdered with embroidered roses, daisies, forget-me-nots, in ribbon-work or simple Kensington embroidery in silks. The cord is of mixed chenille. Rosettes of narrow satin ribbons in several colors to match the embroidery.

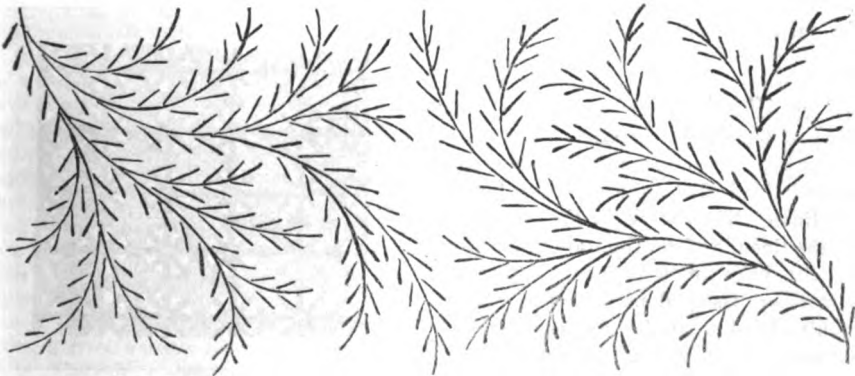


BLOTTING-BOOK.



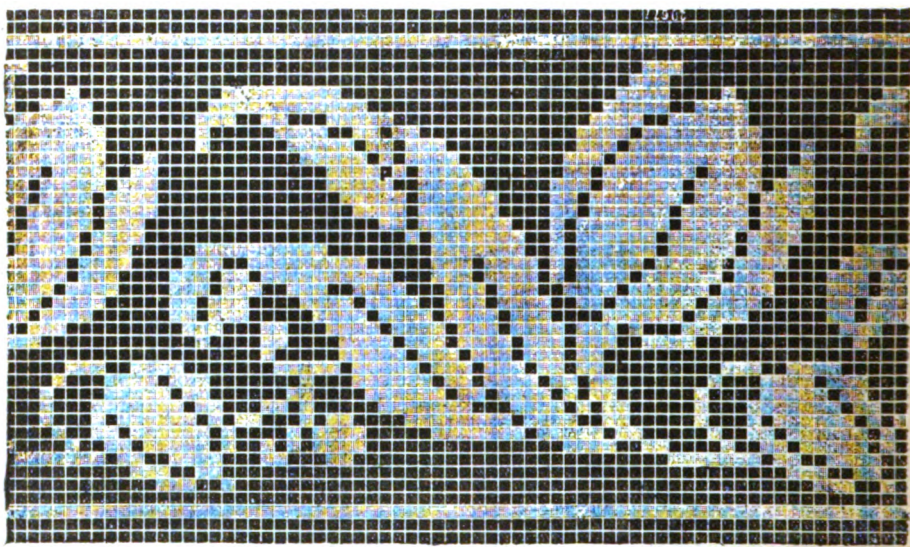
This can be made of cloth, velvet, or satin. Take a piece of material about fourteen inches long and nine wide. On the front half, work a fancy spray of flowers as seen in the illustration, or any other suitable design, in silk. On the other half, work monogram, initial, or crest of the person for whom it is designed. Take a piece of sarcenet the same size as the material: on one half, sew a pocket, opening at the back of the book, to hold note-paper; on the other half, place the same, stitching it down the centre so as to form two compartments—one for envelopes, the other for postals. Cut two pieces of card-board seven inches long and five broad; over these, stretch the outside material by joining the edges with long stitches, thus leaving about two inches of limp material for the back; an old book-cover would be found suitable for this purpose. Line the blotter with the silk lining by sewing it on the outer material. A silk cord can be placed round the edge; sew an elastic at the back, through which the blotting-paper could be passed and thus be kept in place. Ribbons stitched to fasten it to the centre of the edge complete the book.

EMBROIDERY IN STEM-STITCH.



This new and pretty pattern was designed for the bottom of a child's dress or apron; but, as will be seen, it is suitable for many purposes. It would look well, done in red washing-cotton on a white or blue cotton material, or in silks on a woolen goods.

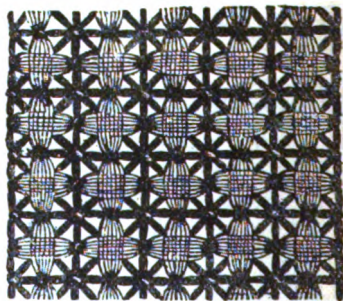
BORDER OR INSERTION IN DARNED NETTING OR CROCHET.



This handsome border is worked in cross-stitch over canvas tacked to crimson cloth, and in appropriate colors, each tulip of a different color—that is to say, white, yellow, crimson, pink, lilac, etc.—the threads of the canvas to be afterward pulled out; or it may be simply darned with crochet cotton upon a netted groundwork, or a groundwork of square crochet. It would make a pretty border for a centre-piece for the table.

DESIGN FOR STRIPE FOR CHAIR-BACK, IN DRAWN-WORK.

Materials, a quarter-yard wide of linen, half a yard in length, the threads drawn as seen in illustration. The work is done with ingrain marking-cotton, scarlet, or in yellow embroidery-silks. The threads of the linen are crossed lengthwise, making a tight buttonhole-stitch to confine the threads of the linen, and this is first done the whole length of the linen. Then work in the same way across the linen, to form the star; the cotton passes the back of the linen. Afterward these stars are fastened in the centre with a tiny white bead or stitch. On each side of this stripe is sewed a band of garnet plush or velvet.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

FLORAL NOTES.—As spring approaches, the flower-lover begins to look over the floral catalogues and to plan the summer campaign in the garden. There is pure delight in anticipation, especially so in anticipating what wonders of beauty the planting of the bulbs or seeds may bring us. I know of no truer pleasure than the growing of plants and seeds. There is a fascination about the employment that drives away every morbid feeling; a communion with nature in this form lifts one entirely out of the Slough of Despond.

In making your plans for the garden, do not neglect to purchase some of the pretty summer flowering bulbs. There are many sorts, but I will only mention a few.

Tuberose have always been favorites of mine, though I never felt satisfied with them until I had such an abundance that I could cut for the house and give great spikes to friends—in fact, do as I chose with them because they were so plentiful.

Purchase the bulbs of a reliable florist, pot them early indoors, so that they may have a good start before planting out. They are extremely sensitive to cold, and no frost must be allowed to come to the bulb, or the flower which is already formed inside will be blighted; and they must be started early, to insure their blooming before the frost can catch them in the autumn.

When planting, cut off the base of the bulb about half an inch; this throws the whole vitality into the one bloom-stalk and insures its blossoming, while, if left on, the bulb produces innumerable little offsets which exhaust it, and it is sometimes incapable of doing more than nourish them. A bulb that has bloomed is worthless, and it takes these small offsets three years before they are ready to blossom. If time is any object, the amateur may as well purchase fresh bulbs every spring, as they are very cheap. If wanted for bloom in the house during the autumn and winter, they may be planted in pots, and the pots sunk to the rim in the border, and, on the approach of frost, carried indoors.

For cultivation in pots during the summer months, if given a partly shaded situation, I find nothing superior in beauty of flowers to the Gloxinia. There are so many fine strains of them now, that one is lost in admiration of their beauty. They may be grown from seeds; but,

to one who is unused to growing the rarer plants from seeds, it is somewhat difficult, although many enthusiastic amateurs meet with excellent success in growing them thus. The seeds are very fine, and need such treatment as that given tuberous begonias, etc. Pot the bulbs in light rich soil early in the spring, and, when they have grown and bloomed during the summer, dry them off by gradually withholding water; then store them in the pots in a warm place until time to start them up in the spring.

Another summer blooming bulb, and one which never fails to give the cultivator grand returns for her labor, is the gladiolus. One must see it grown by the hundreds, and in as many varieties, to know the full capacity of this gorgeous flower. To have an extra display, it is better to purchase named varieties only. Plant in good rich garden-soil from April until the middle of June, for succession of bloom; you will then have blossoms from August until October. Cultivation once a week with the hoe is absolutely necessary, or until the plant is at least eight inches high.

Gladioli may be planted in rows, or in masses six inches apart; if in rows, about three inches apart. The spikes of blossoms will last a week after being cut, and are invaluable for large vases. Lemoines hybrids are perhaps the most beautiful of this class of plants; but, where all possess such superior merit, it is hard to determine between them. Many of the lemoines possess the markings and shape of the orchid. They are said to be hardy, but of this I cannot say. I have always lifted mine and stored them in the cellar, with the other varieties.

M. R. WAGGONER.

OUR PREMIUMS have proved popular beyond our expectation, and we are in receipt of scores of letters expressive of the writers' satisfaction to find their prizes so much handsomer even than they had looked for. In many cases, ladies have sent us second clubs, and in some instances even more. As one lady wrote: "I am so delighted with the china tea-service that I am going to work at once to secure the toilet-set." Of course she succeeded, and speedily, as a woman usually does when she puts her full energy into an undertaking.

HOUSE PLANTS, it is to be remembered, will not thrive when kept in a draught.

EGGS seem more tender when put into water that is cold, and allowed to boil gradually.

COLD FOOD.—Eat all cold food slowly. Digestion will not begin till the temperature of the food has been raised by the heat of the stomach to ninety-eight degrees. Hence, the more heat that can be imparted to it by slow mastication, the better. The precipitation of a quantity of cold food into the stomach by fast eating often causes indigestion, and every occasion of this kind results in a measurable injury to the digestive function. Ice-water drunk with cold food of course increases the mischief.

HOPE is itself a species of happiness, and perhaps the chief happiness the world affords.

Never encourage in a small child that for which you will punish him later.

Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak, and endeavor to protect all dumb animals from cruel usage.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Dreams of the Dead. By Edward Stanton. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—A record in the form of a story of the strange psychic phenomena of which we hear so much in late years. In his introduction, the author says: "The patient and thorough labors of a selected body of scientific men, organized as the English and American Psychical Societies, have proved to the minds of all who have given these questions intelligent study the most astonishing facts—facts which go far to establish the spiritual existence of the individual soul after the dissolution of the material body." This paragraph gives the keynote to the book, and, in this era of doubt, any work which teaches this faith ought to be heartily welcomed by earnest believers, whether or not it may wholly coincide with their special creeds. The chronicle is fascinating in the extreme, and persons who desire to know something of the much discussed doctrine of theosophy without being forced to enter into dry details will find in these pages a clear exposition illustrated by dramatic incidents and events.

Dr. Zell and the Princess Charlotte. By Warren Richardson. New York: L. Kabis & Co.—This is another romance which turns on psychology, occultism, and kindred subjects. The book possesses an unfortunate title, but it is one of great interest. The plot is novel, and the numerous incidents are presented in a fresh and original fashion, culminating in a startling denouement—which, however, develops naturally from phenomena familiar to scientists. The details of life in a royal German palace are said to be drawn from fact, and they certainly bear the stamp of actuality.

One Touch of Nature. By Margaret Lee. New York: John A. Taylor & Co.—A capitably done study of American life in its newest phase. The

book is realistic enough to please the most advanced critic, yet it possesses a good plot worked out to a decisive consummation, a thing which can be stated in favor of very few American novels at present. The story is condensed instead of being spun out, and, if not exactly a novel "with a purpose," it will prove very suggestive to a reflective reader, while its interest and numerous incidents will make it a favorite with that most insatiable of human creatures, the omnivorous romance-devourer.

Only Human. By John Strange Winter. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—The popular author of "Bootle's Baby" and numerous other novels is an exceedingly clever woman and has given us another very clever book. Her style is as individual as ever, and her characters as natural and attractive; and she introduces us also to several new personages. This is a noteworthy fact, for only too many very charming writers soon exhaust their list of strangers and keep on presenting us to old friends under new names.

Beyond the End. By Clarence M. Boutelle. New York: William H. Davis.—The book bears a second title, "The Story of a Ghost's Year," and purports to be the journal kept by a newly released spirit during that period. The story deals with the friends and enemies of the dead man left here on earth, and the complicated plot is unfolded with great skill. It is a very fascinating novel, written with a force and intensity which make it wonderfully living and real.

The Merry Bachelor. By A. R. Le Sage. New York: Worthington Co.—This is the third of the works of the great French author which these enterprising publishers have given to us in English dress. Le Sage's stories are all delightful; their wit and humor never grow old, and each succeeding generation feels their charm as keenly as did the one for which they were written. "The Merry Bachelor" is especially popular, brilliant in dialogue, and full of the most amusing adventures and situations. The book is handsomely bound, and illustrated with numerous designs by De Los Rios and other popular artists.

Love and Liberty. By Alexander Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—Stories connected with the French Revolution always possess a strong attraction for everybody, and few of the productions of that genius who wrote "The Three Guardsmen" and "Monte Cristo" can compare in interest with this work. It describes with thrilling vividness the arrest of Louis XVI and his family at Varennes, and goes on through the list of tragic incidents to the fall of Robespierre. The narrative gives certain new incidents and throws light on various matters unexplained in any other chronicle of the period. It is written in an autobiographical form, and Dumas insisted that he was merely the editor of

the record, which was really written by an eye-witness. The volume is issued in the publishers' twenty-five-cent series.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

HOW TO TRANSFER PATTERNS.—The simplest way to transfer the patterns on the Supplement is to procure one or two sheets of thin transfer-paper, on which the pattern is easily traced; with another sheet of carbon-paper, which is laid face down upon the article to be stamped, then the pattern over it in the proper situation, and the whole design gone over with a sharp-pointed lead-pencil (hard), the design will be found perfectly traced upon the material. We will send the carbon and transfer paper to anyone who may desire them. They cost fifteen cents per sheet each; thirty cents for the two sheets.

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and cucumbers: *Crème Simon*, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York. Druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

NO. XXVII.—ON THE CAUSE, DIFFUSION, LOCALIZATION, PREVENTION, AND CURE OF EPIDEMIC DISEASES.

6. PREVENTION AND CURE, CONCLUDED.

The rationale of the treatment given at the close of the previous article is this: Both the cold water and sulphuric acid tend to destroy parasites wherever met; the morphia allays any irritation of the capillaries of the mucous coat of the intestines, thereby preventing the dangerous sympathetic diffusion of such irritation; while the brandy acts as speedy stimulus to meet or overcome any exhausting influence now present or that might arise (Schmoele).

The parasites of yellow fever are of tropical origin, but may be reproduced wherever the temperature is 86 degrees or over, continuously for a time, outside of the alimentary tube, when imported by patients and deposited in their alvine evacuations in warm, damp, filthy places. The vapors of these excrements contain the seeds or germs which settle or are deposited upon food or about the mouths of persons, and thence carried with food and drink into the stomach. Hence it is apparent that it only requires similar methods of disinfection as in regard to cholera.

Articles of food coming from sick-rooms should be thrown away or buried, but supplies coming from infected districts may be rendered edibly safe by setting them for half an hour in a place in which chlorinated lime is placed in a saucer

partly filled with water. This lime, when fresh, is a very efficient destroyer of minute organic germs and formations, and is not deleterious to us.

When the parasites are fully developed, the chlorine gas thus disengaged is not sufficiently powerful. But these are not readily carried on the vapors of the air, but attack new victims generally by direct or indirect contact; and they must then be destroyed by strong poisonous liquid disinfectants, of which corrosive sublimate holds the first rank.

To destroy fully developed parasites of any of these grave epidemic disorders, twelve grains of this salt should be dissolved in one pint of boiling water, and, while still quite warm, the mouth, nostrils, throat, neck, and face—closing the eyelids firmly—should be mopped or sponged, even extending the washing to the arms, chest, and body in cases of measles, small-pox, and scarlet fever, so as to reach all the organic parasites which may be developing there; and we believe the further development of the infectious parasites will be arrested, the disease cut short, and the power of infecting other persons be destroyed.

In the incipient stage of diphtheria, the same treatment should be employed, and the further progress of the disease will be checked. In addition, the corrosive sublimate solution should be used with care as a spray to the throat or as a gargle several times a day—avoiding swallowing any quantity of it, of course. Small doses of the cyanide of mercury, say 1-100 of a grain, may also be given to check the disease, every two or three hours. A new disinfectant called asepsin, two grains to one ounce of water, is very useful to spray or gargle the throat, and is entirely safe. In epidemic dysentery, minute doses of arsenite of copper, say 1-100 grain tablet, dissolved in four ounces of water, of which one teaspoonful given very frequently will cure, and given at longer intervals will prevent the parasites from taking hold of the mucous membranes of the mouth and alimentary canal. This medicine also will prevent the development of typhoid fever, and cut short any attack that may arise, by destroying the infectious parasites.

Properly handled under the advice of an intelligent physician, miracles almost, so to speak, may be effected by and through the use of corrosive sublimate in cholera, yellow fever, small-pox, scarlatina, and diphtheria, while arsenite of copper is the specific agent in typhoid fever and all serious affections of the bowels, as diarrhœa, chronic dysentery, cholera infantum, etc.

Remarks on the cattle disease, and some deductions, will close this series.

COLOR AND COMPLEXION.—The artist will employ, for a brunette, brilliant yellows and splendid reds. A jonquil-colored ribbon, a scar-

let camelia in the black tresses, a poppy-colored bodice, partially softened by Chantilly lace, will give a dashing character to the figure so decorated, and, instead of diminishing its effect, will add to it new force. But, if we have to deal with a delicate brunette with slightly jaded features, or a brunette whose skin is comparatively fair and eyes of a velvety black, we must no longer make use of striking and decided colors. Here, on the contrary, soft tints should be employed, especially pale-blue, because that is the shade which approaches nearest to white, without having its rawness.

If the hair of a blonde is golden or red, it ought without doubt to be accompanied by its complementary color; a dark violet velvet bonnet, a tuft of violets in the hair, a deep lilac dress will go with it marvelously well. There is another color which suits all shades of red hair—green of a medium intensity. If the complexion of the blonde is delicate and fresh, an orange, Turkey, or ruby red will set off the freshness and delicacy, partly by similarity, partly by contrast. Women who are placed, so to speak, in the half-shades of color, may wear either what suits brunettes or blondes, provided the tones of their dress and ornaments be subdued in proportion to the degree of warmth in their complexion. Pure yellow or deep red does not suit chestnut hair, even if dark; but half-tints, such as pale yellow, maize, deep yellow, turquoise blue and hazy blue, harmonize well with the neutral character of these natural colors. As to those who have ash-colored hair, eyes blue as the sea or sea-green, their delicate and extreme softness calls for half-warm tints, with suggestions of neutral gray or pale blue. Black velvet gives them fairness without detracting from the distinction and delicacy which are the characteristics of their complexion.

ABOUT ORANGES.—As well acquainted with the orange as we all are, it is very seldom that we stop to think how many varieties of this fruit there are, or where they come from. Brazil alone produces forty-two different species; St. Michel's has two or more kinds, the pale thin-skinned variety and the large luscious sweet kind. The *Citrus nobilis* is the sweet orange of India, and has been there from ancient times, possibly indigenous to the northeast frontier, and has only been introduced into Europe in modern times; the tree is more slender than that of *Citrus aurantium*, the sweet orange-tree of Europe, the fruit is depressed at the ends, and the rind is full of large oil-glands, and separates easily from the pulp, which lies more or less loosely in the skin, as in a bag.

Jaffa oranges are much larger and finer than the Spanish, yet they have only recently been carried to other countries. Exportation is still

attended by considerable difficulty, owing to unavoidable delays in trans-shipment which often cause a good deal of damage to the fruit.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

COOKING FOR THE SICK.

Meat Jelly.—Cut some beef into very small pieces and carefully remove all the fat. Put it in an earthen jar with alternate layers of the best isinglass (it is more digestible than gelatine) until the jar is full. Then add a teacupful of water with a little salt, cover it down closely, and cook it all day in a very slow oven. In the morning, scald a jelly-mould and strain the liquid into it. It will be quite clear, except at the bottom, where will be the brown sediment such as is in all beef-tea, and it will turn out in a shape. It is of course intended to be eaten cold, and is very useful in cases where hot food is forbidden, or as a variety from the usual diet.

Savory Beef-Tea.—Take three pounds of beef chopped up finely, three leeks, one onion with six cloves stuck into it, one small carrot, a little celery-seed, a small bunch of herbs, consisting of thyme, marjoram, and parsley, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teacupful of mushroom ketchup, and three pints of water. Prepare according to the directions given in the first recipe.

The next two are recommended as useful in cases of lingering convalescence. The basis is beef-tea, prepared by any of the above recipes, and eggs, cream, and farinaceous foods are added to it.

Sago Cream.—Boil one ounce of sago in a quarter of a pint of water till it is quite tender; add one pint of boiling cream, one quart of beef-tea, and the yolks of four fresh eggs.

Beef Broth.—Take one and a half pounds of finely minced beef, one quart of cold water, a little salt, and two ounces of rice or barley. Simmer for four hours, then boil for ten minutes, strain, skim off the fat, and serve.

Beef-Tea Custard.—This may be served alone, either hot or cold, or a few small pieces can be put into a cup of beef-tea, which is thus transferred into a kind of *soupe royale*. Beat up an egg in a cup, add a small pinch of salt, and enough strong beef-tea to half fill the cup; butter a tiny mould, and pour in the mixture. Steam it for twenty minutes, and turn it out in a shape.

We began by speaking of "beef" tea, but it scarcely needs to be said that any of the above recipes can be varied by substituting, either wholly or in part, veal, mutton, or chicken for the beef.

How to make Beefsteaks Tender.—Prick them with a fork and sprinkle over with vinegar, and hang them up while they will keep good.

NEURALGIA.—The great prevalence of neuralgia—or what commonly goes by that name—should be regarded as a warning condition, indicative of a low state of health, which must render those who are affected with this painful malady especially susceptible to the invasion of diseases of an aggressive type. Neuralgia indicates a depressed state of vitality, and nothing so rapidly exhausts the system as pain, that prevents sleep and agonizes both body and mind. It is worth while to note the condition it bespeaks and the constitutional danger of which it is a warning.

A good store of fat for use of fuel is not to be despised in fortifying the system against this painful trouble, and hygienic principles should be adhered to. Systematic bathing the afflicted parts is excellent, and friction with the hand. Also a flannel wrung out of hot water and thickly sprinkled with black pepper is said to be good, and the following is recommended for neuralgic headache: "Squeeze the juice of a lemon into a small cup of strong coffee and drink." This will usually afford relief. Tea is said to increase neuralgic pain, and should not be used by persons affected with it. Hot mustard-water is also a safe application and oftentimes effectual in quieting the pain, but the constitutional treatment is the only permanent cure.

In speaking of this dread disease, an old physician once remarked: "After all, to build up and fortify the constitution is the grand idea," and I have thought of it many times. Needless waste of vitality in any direction is wrong.

Overwork, lack of sleep, undue exposure to cold, all tell upon the constitution, and, in the end, show results. Because someone with strong health and robust vigorous habits accomplishes a certain amount of work in a given time, is no reason why her neighbor, with much less life-force, should attempt the same. This is a common but very unwise ambition on the part of housekeepers, which often brings pain and trouble as consequences.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DELICATE FAWN-COLORED NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt has a ruffle at the bottom, with a narrow heading. The bodice, of the material, is pointed back and front and slightly gathered on the bust; the upper part is of rich brown brocade, both back and front. The sleeves have deep cuffs of the brocade.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS, OF BLACK SPOTTED NET, worn over a dark-crimson silk. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with three puffings of the silk, covered with the net. The bodice has a full silk plastron back and front, and bretelles are formed of the black lace. The

sides are also covered with the lace, as well as the sleeves. A full ruffle basque, which terminates in a jabot at the back of the skirt, is put on at the waist.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF THIN WILLOW-GREEN WOOLEN. The skirt down the front and at the side, as well as the right side of the bodice, is done in woven-in embroidery. Sleeves full. A silk ruffle on the left side, and a silk sash tied in a large loop, complete this pretty costume.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STONE-GRAY DELAINE. The skirt has one deep and rather scant ruffle. The blue cloth jacket has two rows of pearl buttons, as well as a button on each side of the collar and on each sleeve. Blue sailor-shaped hat, trimmed with cream-colored ribbon.

FIG. V.—DRESS, OF IVORY-COLORED NUN'S-VEILING, spotted with gold, suitable for house or garden-party wear. The skirt is plain. The bodice, which is slightly full, is ornamented by four bands of satin ribbon, the three upper ones of which are set on at the arm-seams; the lower one passes to the back and terminates in four or five short loops and short ends, giving the effect of a double bow and not of a sash. The sleeves are full, the lower part made of rows of the ribbon. Ribbon collar. Colored silk scarf. Garden-party hat of white muslin, trimmed with pink chiffon and pink roses.

FIG. VI.—VISITING-DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED INDIA SILK, figured with carnations. The skirt is trimmed in front with two graduated bands of dark-blue figured silk. The jacket bodice is finished at the waist with a deep plaited basque of the India silk, and opens over a pointed jacket of the figured blue silk. Sleeves of the blue silk. Small lace bonnet, trimmed with carnations.

FIG. VII.—DRESS, OF DELICATE GRAY FOU-LARD, spotted with white. The bottom is trimmed with a deep embroidered flounce. The waist has a pointed black velvet belt. The cloak is of gray cloth, with high-shoulder sleeves, and is embroidered in gray braid. Hat of gray straw, trimmed with bluets or ragged-robins.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK AND WHITE SHEPHERD'S-PLAID. The bottom is trimmed with a narrow band of black velvet. The full bodice has a Swiss-shaped belt formed of black velvet, and a Henry II puffing of the plaid below the waist. Full sleeves to the elbows; below that, tight sleeves of the plaid, with velvet cuffs. Velvet collar. Hat of black straw, trimmed with swallow's wings and buttercups.

FIG. IX.—HOME-DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE PONGEE. The skirt is edged with two plissé frills, and the basque with one. The bands which simulate a corselet on bodice, and the long ends on skirt, are of violet velvet. The front of neck has a V-shaped vest of embroidery.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GREEN AND BLUE WOOLEN PLAID. The skirt is quite plain, with a braided seam down the front. The deep jacket opens over a waistcoat of the material and is caught together by bone buttons; same kind of buttons on the pockets and sleeves. Black felt bonnet, trimmed with black feathers.

FIG. XI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED MOHAIR. The skirt is trimmed with three rows of shell-quilled blue silk. The bodice has a ruching of the same silk around the opening, which shows as a plaited front of blue and white striped silk. Sleeves of white silk, with cuffs of the blue and white striped silk. Hat of white straw, with a wreath of pink roses.

FIG. XII.—HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, trimmed with cream-colored crêpon and cream-colored jetted net.

FIG. XIII.—BLACK SURAH BODICE, made full with a plaited plastron of the silk, edged with a silk ruffling. Black satin belt, with a rosette in front. Full sleeves, buttoning at the wrist.

FIG. XIV.—BONNET, OF WHITE STRAW, trimmed with black velvet loops and full wreath of variegated pansies.

FIG. XV.—HAT, OF BROWN STRAW, trimmed with brown ribbon and feathers.

FIGS. XVI AND XVII.—TWO NEW-STYLE PARASOLS, one covered with plaid silk, the other with figured India silk. When a woman possesses several street-dresses, she frequently has a parasol to match one or more of them, as they are not very expensive if unlined and made of gingham or of the material of a cheap dress.

FIG. XVIII.—HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, trimmed with wings, ribbon, and a bunch of iris.

FIG. XIX.—BONNET, OF COARSE BLACK STRAW, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and a wreath of yellow cowslips with black centres.

FIG. XX.—NEW-STYLE SLEEVE, with stripes meeting in a point on the back of the arm.

GENERAL REMARKS.—*Changeable silks and foulards* are the newest spring things out, and very pretty they are; they are of all pretty and quaint designs, and the varying colors catch and fix the eye as no other goods do.

Shepherd's-plaids, small checks, and stripes are pretty in the woollen goods, and come in all colors.

Zephyr-cloths, which used to be called Scotch ginghams, are extremely beautiful in color this year. Some are in stripes, and others in plaids, large or small, and make charming summer dresses.

Foulards and India silks are more sought for than ever, and make perhaps the most serviceable dresses, as they are suitable for so many occasions. All sorts of flowers and other designs cover black, white, and other colored grounds, pale-blue and lilac being perhaps the prettiest.

Organdies and "painted muslins," as they were called in our grandmothers' days, have been revived, and pretty and dainty they are. The grounds are usually white; but *écru*, pink, and other colors are seen. On these are strewed roses and rosebuds, bluets or ragged-robins, pinks, morning-glories, chrysanthemums, and whole gardens of flowers, though but one kind only is seen on one dress; the flowers are not mixed.

The woollen dresses are usually made with a basque or with a postillion skirt at the back and pointed front; but, as the woollen material is not heavy, a gathered basque may be worn, set on the waist of the dress.

The ginghams and organdies and all thin goods are generally round-waisted and worn with belts, or are more or less full in the bodice.

Bell skirts are still used for woollens or silks, but these do not answer for thinner materials; the latter must be gathered, but not made too full in front.

All sorts of sleeves are worn, provided they are rather loose and rather high at the shoulders; but excessive width or height is not popular.

Coats and jackets are still popular, cut to fit the figure, and quite jaunty they are. A few sack-coats have made their appearance; these have the back quite straight, with no seams fitting it to the figure. A coat of this kind is not so stylish, perhaps, as the tighter one; but, in view of the coming warm weather, it will be more comfortable than the tightly buttoned one.

Bonnets are small and worn very much on the top of the head, not coming down much in front; some of the new spring ones look like wreaths of flowers, with a little lace mixed in.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS, OF DARK-GRAY CASHMERE, for a girl. The bodice and upper part of the skirt are laid in tucks and stitched. There is a trimming of blue cashmere around the bottom of the skirt, around the waist, the collar and cuffs, which is ornamented with feather-stitching.

FIG. II.—BOY'S COSTUME, OF PLAID FLANNEL. Skirt kilt-plaited. The blouse waist is made of cream-colored flannel, and has a ruffle of the same down the front. Broad leather belt. Over-jacket of cream serge, wide collar at the back, revers in front, and deep cuffs.

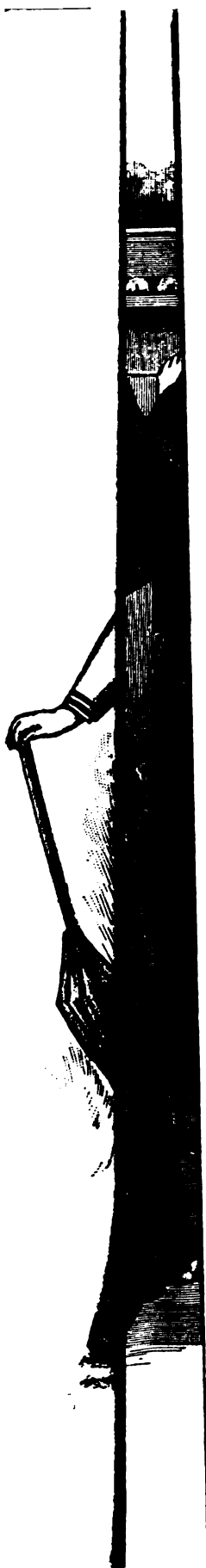
FIG. III.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS, OF TERRACOTTA AND GRAY STRIPED SUMMER WOOLEN. The skirt is quite plain and has two pockets. Bodice slightly full at the neck, with a bias fold reaching from the shoulder to the waist on the left side. Bias collar and cuffs.

FIG. IV.—NEW-STYLE BONNET FOR A LITTLE GIRL. It is of straw, trimmed with satin ribbon and feathers curling over the brim.



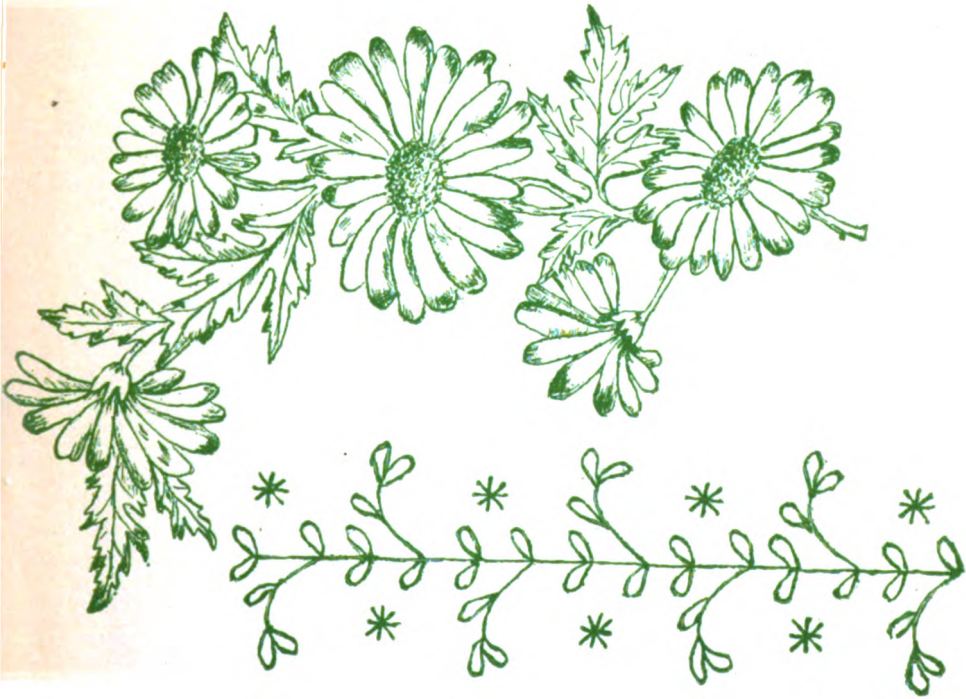
WELL GUARDED.





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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE—May, 1892



SHOPPING BAG AND EMBROIDERY DESIGN



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

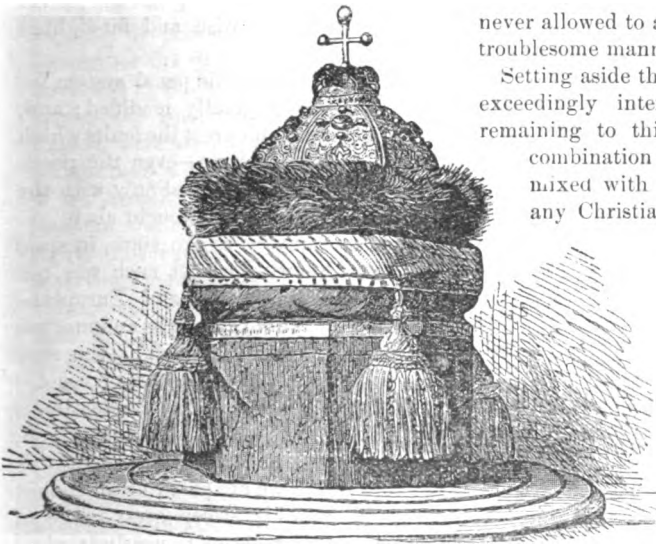
VOL. CI.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1892.

No. 5.

IN THE LAND OF THE CZARS.

BY ROSLYN K. BROOKE.



IMPERIAL CROWN.

never allowed to appear in any obtrusive or troublesome manner.

Setting aside this drawback, Russia is an exceedingly interesting country to visit, remaining to this day the most singular combination of civilization and luxury mixed with downright barbarism that any Christian land can offer.

The authentic history of Russia only dates from the latter part of the ninth century, and it was not until a hundred years later that it took rank among the countries included in the term Christendom.

The foundations of Moscow, its oldest and most attractive city, were laid as far back as 1160; but, about the year 1200,

THERE is no civilized country in regard to which so many conflicting opinions prevail as Russia. It is the country, too, of which the traveler, if he can keep his mind unbiased, finds it most difficult from his own personal observations and experiences to arrive at any clear decision in regard to the state of its government and people.

That the foreigner soon perceives he is surrounded by an invisible network of espionage from which there is no escape, all travelers must agree; though, unless the stranger renders himself an object of suspicion by some unjustifiable imprudence, all persons but those who are hopelessly prejudiced will admit that, however irritating the consciousness of being watched, the fact is

the Mongol Tartars overran the land and held it in subjection until 1540, when John Basilowitz freed his country from the conqueror's yoke and became the first Czar.

Russian annals contain little to interest the general reader until the reign of Peter the Great, which began in 1682. Every school-boy knows his story and is always delighted with the account of his travels in pursuit of knowledge, which included the learning of the trade of shipwright. He made his empire and himself prominent in the world of Europe. For twenty years he waged war with Sweden, and wrested several provinces from his neighbor. He founded St. Petersburg and transferred his court thither, though to this day Moscow retains its ancient right as the royal city, and every

(379)

successive sovereign has been crowned within its walls.

After Peter, the imperial figure which stands out in marked prominence is the remarkable woman who reigned under the title of Catherine II, after the death of her husband, Peter III, which was brought about by her connivance if not by her absolute command.

So far as his realm was concerned, the murder of the infamous emperor was a blessing; and, however doubtfully she obtained autocratic power, Catherine used it wisely. She followed unflinchingly the course of the great Peter, aiming always to civilize and enrich her empire. She founded schools; public works of equal magnificence and utility went rapidly on, and, most praiseworthy act of all, she abolished the frightful tortures which had hitherto been indiscriminately inflicted on prisoners of every kind and degree.

Her ambition was boundless, her vanity excessive, her personal habits in many ways degraded, and her tyrannous conduct toward Poland leaves a lasting stain on her memory; yet, in spite of these faults, there was much in her character to admire. It ought always to be recollected that, amid the cares of sovereignty and the dissipation of her private life, she never failed to assist and encourage literature. She was indeed herself an author of no mean gifts; she wrote instructions for a code of laws, several plays, and, odd as it seems to chronicle the fact of such a woman, various moral tales for children.

Modern Russia may be said to date from the reign of Nicholas, though he held strictly to Peter the Great's system of military government, under which the ruler was all and the people nothing. Unlike Peter, however, Nicholas desired to adopt neither Western science nor Western arts. He objected to railways and loathed newspapers. His court was really a camp; university students even wore soldiers' uniforms, and public school education was little besides a military drill. But, in spite of his despotic power and iron will, the Crimean War laid the foundation for a national existence, and, as a distinguished Muscovite officer once wrote: "Sebastopol perished that our country might be free."

New Russia—or, as its friends like to call

it, Free Russia—began with Nicholas's successor, Alexander II. He commenced his reign by many merciful acts; scores of prison-doors opened to let out innocent captives, and thousands of exiles were restored to their homes. He wrought great reforms in his army, opened schools in the camp, and did much to elevate the condition of the soldiers both physically and morally. The universities also underwent reformation, and, instead of being merely an adjunct of military life, became actual seats of learning. Alexander's crowning work was the liberation of the serfs, and, whatever his errors or mistakes, that act proves him to have been a wise and far-sighted sovereign.

Under him, the terrible penal system for Siberian exiles was greatly modified; and, however numerous and great the faults which still exist therein, the hope—even the possibility—of a better era dawned only with the changes which Alexander brought about.

It is not so many years ago since, in spite of a general knowledge that such was not the case, most Americans—and Europeans too—always thought of Siberia as an immense plain of snow, seldom lighted by the sun, with stunted fir shrubs as a show of vegetation, and white bears as the predominant specimens of four-footed animals. So much, however, has of late been written about this vast country, that we are able to realize that it holds in its wide sweep every range of climate, from polar snows to nearly tropical warmth. Away off in ages yet to come, it must have an important part to play, and it may easily be that the prison of the Russian exile shall one day rank among the great republics of the earth.

Those much-talked-of exiles are of many sorts; they include, as an English writer says, "noble and ignoble, clerical, lay, political offenders, cut-throats, heretics, coiners, schismatics, prisoners of the court, prisoners of the law, prisoners of the Church."

It must be remembered that political prisoners are not confined in jails; nor are they, as a rule, condemned to hard labor. Of course, they are under the supervision of the police, and at regular intervals must report themselves to the authorities; but, beyond these restrictions, they are free. In the towns, the traveler meets them at the houses to which he may be invited, and, if he

guesses them to be exiles, it is mainly on account of their keen intelligence and their great reserve of utterance. They either live on private means or follow the professions to which they have been trained. Some teach music and languages; some practice medicine or law; still more become secretaries and clerks to the officials.

But all of these matters have recently been so much written about that there would be nothing new to add, so I will get on to the real purpose of my article—a brief account of a visit to Moscow.

Although St. Petersburg ranks among the great capitals of Europe, and is so gay and luxurious that only its rigorous climate prevents it becoming a favorite place of sojourn for the rich and idle of other lands, it cannot, in point of archæological interest, in any way compare with its ancient sister. Indeed, there are few cities in the Old World which take a stronger hold on the fancy of the American traveler than Moscow, with its strange mingling of Asiatic and European sights and customs and its numerous and marvelous monuments of the past.

One wonders that there are so many of these extant when one reflects that Moscow at different periods has been the scene of such wild conflagrations as few cities ever passed through. In 1536, the town was nearly consumed by a fire in which more than two thousand persons perished; but this disaster was a trifle compared to that of less than forty years later, when the Tartars fired the suburbs, and a furious wind drove the flames through the town, reducing a great part to ashes, while, between fire and sword, over a hundred thousand people perished. Again, in 1611, a wide district was similarly destroyed during a war with the Poles; and lastly came the famous conflagration of 1812, when the indomitable Muscovites themselves applied the torch to their ancient capital. It was the idol of every Russian's heart, its shrines were hallowed by seven centuries of historical and religious association; but, animated by a lofty pride and a spirit of self-sacrifice which has scarcely been equaled, the population gave it up to destruction with cheerful submission rather than see it desecrated by a foreign foe.

It would be difficult to find a city so irregularly built as Moscow. None of the streets run straight; houses large and small,

public buildings, churches and palaces are huddled together in a way that is at least very picturesque, and, as the thoroughfares make steep ascents, every now and then the pedestrian reaches a point from whence he can look out over the vast ocean of roofs, trees, and gilded or gayly colored domes.

In 1813, the great point was to build quickly, so the dwellings were replaced with nearly as little regularity as before; but individual houses were erected in better taste, and numerous gardens were laid out.

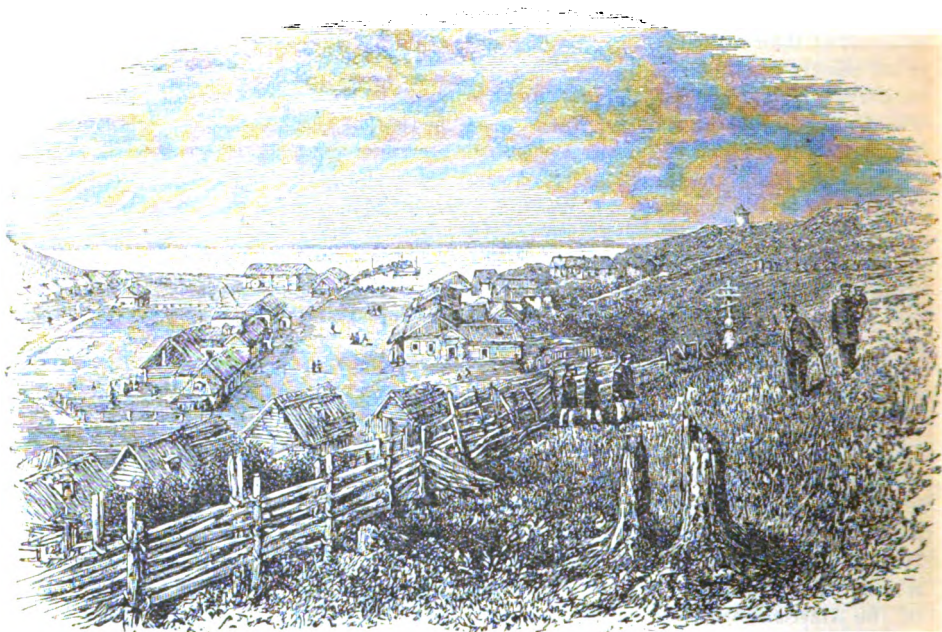


NATIONAL HEAD-DRESS.

Sometimes the road winds through a number of little streets, so that the wanderer might fancy himself in a country village; suddenly it rises, and he stands in an open square or a wide avenue in which magnificent palaces and modest cottages stand side by side, while near by rises a church with its green cupola studded with golden stars.

The exterior wall is some twenty miles in extent, and within this inclosure run two circular lines of boulevard. The river Moscova winds through the city like a huge snake. On the northern side of the stream, the dwellings are closely built; but on the other are broad spaces, beyond which rise mighty convents, huge hospitals, the race-course, and a long stretch of beautiful gardens.

The centre of the city is the Kremlin,



RUSSIAN PENAL COLONY, SIBERIA.

which, with its pleasure-grounds, forms a triangle considerably more than a mile in circumference.

What the Acropolis was to Athens, and the Capitol to Rome, the Kremlin is to Moscow. It is surrounded by a lofty wall which suffered terribly in the conflagration of 1812, but was so carefully restored in the following year that no trace of the disaster was visible. This great mass of masonry is flanked by stately turrets and possesses several gates, among which that called the Saint Nicholas is one of the finest.

Within this vast area are the arsenal, the new imperial residence, a large number of ancient churches, the ruins of the old palace of the Czars, and architectural memorials of every period of Russian history. In one church is a screen composed of a single sheet of pure gold; another has a floor of jasper, agate, and carnelian. In the Church of the Archangel Michael, lie the bodies of the ancient sovereigns; since Peter the Great, the Czars and their families are buried in St. Petersburg.

In addition to the above-named structures, the Kremlin holds an immense stretch of buildings called the Senate, within which are lodged all the various departments of the

local government. This pile makes one side of a triangle; the other two sides are formed by the arsenal and treasury. In the vestibule of the latter is a curious collection of state carriages, among them a very small vehicle which belonged to Peter the Great when a child, and a sledge fitted up as a dining-room, in which the Empress Elizabeth and twelve of her suite used to dine when she journeyed from one capital to the other. Some of the oldest of the equipages have whole fir-trees for the axles of their wheels, and are in various ways so primitive that the soul of a modern shivers to think what physical torture their imperial occupants must have suffered when the horses went faster than a walk.

In an upper room are ranged many warlike trophies and historical trifles. A ticket of admission from the governor is required for a visit to treasure-rooms, and the opening of the doors is made a very ceremonious affair. One of the most interesting relics is a badly painted picture of Catherine II in man's dress, which as a likeness is said to be one of the best of her in existence. Under the portrait of Alexander I hang the keys of Zamosk and Warsaw, and in a velvet and gold box lies the Constitution of Poland.

On either side of the picture are suspended the Polish standards and eagles, torn and mutilated by shot and shell.

There are shown, too, the captured crowns of the various countries which now form part of the empire; those of Siberia, Poland, Kazan, and numerous others, besides the crowns of many of the Czars. The crown of Peter the Great contains eight hundred and fortyseven diamonds, and that of Anne one of the famous rubies of the world. The crown of Vladimir II, represented in the initial cut, is of filigree gold ornamented with pearls and precious stones and surmounted by a gold cross.

There are various thrones, some of massive silver, others covered with fortunes in gems; but the most curious of all are two old wooden chairs used at the

coronation of the emperors. The chair in which the Czar sits is of the roughest wood, but every part is thickly studded with diamonds—most of which, however, are imperfectly polished; and the Czarina's chair is decorated in a similar fashion, although somewhat less profusely.

There is a saddle with its trappings, used by Catherine II when she reviewed her guards dressed in male uniform, which is a miracle of splendor. The bridle-head, reins, and saddle-cloth are literally one blaze of diamonds and amethysts. A large boss intended to be worn on the horse's chest contains an immense diamond of surpassing brilliancy, around which is a circle of pink topazes, then one of pearls, then an outer one of diamonds. One looks, remembers

the poverty
and suffering
of by far the
larger mass
of humanity,
and feels



ST. NICHOLAS GATE, MOSCOW.

Socialistic impulses rise strongly in one's breast.

In the Kremlin inclosure is also preserved one of the world's wonders—the mighty bell, well styled the Monarch. This marvel was cast by the command of the Empress Anne

by Emperor Alexander I, who placed it on its present pedestal. The fracture took place just above the border of flowers that runs round the bell, and the piece broken out is six feet high. The entire bell is twenty-two and a half feet in diameter and nearly



THE KREMLIN.

in 1730, and bears on it her effigy wearing the imperial mantle.

The tower in which the bell first hung was burned in 1737, and in its fall buried the enormous mass, breaking a huge fragment from it. There the Monarch lay, guarded by a sentinel and visited only by travelers, until exactly a century later it was removed

twentytwo feet high, while in no part is the thickness less than three inches. It is so surrounded by lofty objects, including the Ivan Veliki tower, which rises immediately behind it, that it does not impress the beholder, even at a short distance, with its great size. It is only when the visitor stands close beside the broken fragment or descends

the stairs and looks into the capacious cavern, that the enormous bulk of the object is realized.

One may devote a fortnight to the sights of Moscow, and not have any too much time to see them thoroughly. Anyone visiting Russia during July or August should not fail to push on to the old town of Novgorod, for a glance at the celebrated fair.

There is no spectacle in Europe which impresses the traveler more deeply, and none which gives him such a comprehensive glimpse not only of the numerous peoples that compose Russia's vast empire, but of the neighboring countries beyond the border of Asia. The Chinese bring tea, Persians scents and amulets, Bukarians turquoises and precious stones, while Bashkirs, Calmucks, Cossacks, Circassians, Kirghisses, and Turks are alike liberally represented. The number of Mahomedans is so great that a handsome

mosque has been built. The Tartars are there in abundance, and are an especially interesting study to the ethnologist, owing to the large admixture of their blood among the Russians.

The traveler who journeys from Odessa to the Crimea will see a good deal of them and their habits. As a rule, they lead a pastoral life, though some engage in trades, such as the manufacture of leather cushions, slippers, saddles, whips, lambskin caps, and felt cloaks. Their villages are squalid and dirty, but the dwellers in the open country show to much better advantage. A Tartar family journeying homeward from market in its ox-cart makes a picturesque bit in the sterile landscape, and the manners of young and old are characterized by a certain dignified simplicity which is not always found among the lower classes of more civilized nations.



A TARTAR WAGON.

SAM'S GIRL.

BY IMOGENE POPE.

ADAM PINGREE'S garden was an irregular parallelogram in shape, bounded north and west by the swift-flowing brook that rippled musically over its pebbly bed; a country road marked its eastern boundary, and on the south it encroached on the steep slope of a bluff.

Adam stopped hoeing, and, leaning on the handle of his hoe, drew out his red handkerchief to mop the sweat from his brow. He wore a home-braided straw hat, broad-brimmed and tied round with a bit of red worsted. His shirt had been blue hickory in its better days, but was now a conglomeration of patches, various in shape and color. The blue denim overalls shared in the patchwork, one of the knees being restored by a triangular patch of brown duck, and the other by a large square piece of a wheat-sack. They were upheld by a pair of home-knit wool suspenders, crossed in the back. His feet were thrust into a pair of low shoes, much the worse for wear.

The June air was filled with the heartbeats of summer. Sweet flowers gave their fragrance to the wooing wind. From the apiary in the apple-orchard came the noisy hum of the ever busy bee. A robin surveyed his overfilled nest swung from the topmost bough of the large burr-oak in the back dooryard, and poured forth a flood of ecstatic song.

The constant tinkle of a cow-bell came from the pasture in which the cattle cropped great mouthfuls of the rank green grass dotted with yellow cowslips and dainty white anemones. From the marsh in the pasture, where grew tall brown cat-tails and the purple flag, might be heard the hoarse croak of the frog and the chirp of crickets and locusts.

Over all, the deep blue sky, with its floating white clouds, came down to the irregular hilly horizon—a sky seen through an atmosphere washed clear by the dashing rain of the day before. The little stream of yesterday was swollen and muddy now, and it

dashed noisily between its steep banks in a vain attempt to find egress some other way than by its sinuous curves.

But it was not of the beauties of nature that Adam Pingree was thinking, as he surveyed the green fields of wheat and meadows red with clover-blossoms and redolent with their perfume.

"I wonder ef we're goin' to hev rain ev'ry day now it's time to begin cuttin' our clover hay. Ef we do, it'll spile sure, and I was lottin' on makin' so much out of my clover-crop this year. The wheat begins to show yaller patches, too. I'm 'fraid the chince-bugs hev got inter it. Ef they hev, they'll eat it all up 'fore it gits ripe, and go inter the corn, and it won't 'mount to shucks, and I won't even hev that to feed my critters on next winter."

From this pessimistic soliloquy, he was recalled by the sound of wheels splashing through the soft mud of the road leading up to the house.

"I do b'lieve that's Sam's girl," he said, as he raised up from thinning out the beets and saw a brown-haired girl in a dark-blue traveling-suit spring from the carriage that had driven up to the back door, where the only hitching-post was placed.

"I would like to hear how Sam's folks all is. Guess Bettie kin talk to her fur a spell, though, and she wants me to git these beets all thinned out 'fore dinner, so's I kin go over and borry the poor-master's big iron kittle and fix the ash-leach fur runnin' off lye this afternoon."

He looked longingly toward the red-painted house within which the visitor had disappeared, watched the carriage driving back toward town, and then, after rubbing with his right hand his back, that ached from bending over, resumed his work.

At last, the continuous outline of the rows of beets, with their crisp green red-veined leaves, was broken by the black loam, and through the four miles of bluff-bordered valley came the sound of steam whistles from the little town nestled among hills on the shore of the broad Mississippi.

Adam carefully scraped the dirt from his hoe and hung it in the fork of a tree, just as Christine, the newly-acquired help, came to the door and called something in her broken English that he could not understand, but interpreted as meaning a summons to dinner. What she did say was the single word "honey," much prolonged and imperfectly accented. She had often heard Mrs. Pingree address her husband by that sweet-sounding name, which, from her lips, meant nothing more loving than an unconscious remnant of the days "when love was young," and it was still retained because the habit had been formed. She used the appellation whether in a slightly loving mood, or, as was more frequent, when reproving her rather easy-going spouse for allowing a few pennies to slip through his fingers by neglecting an opportunity in trade. But, if she was scarcely conscious of the significance of the word when it fell from her own lips, she was not slow to reprove her servant when she found her using the same endearing term.

"Christine," she said, sharply, "I'm very petticer 'bout how you talk to Mr. Pingree. Ef you call him that name again, I'll send you off."

Poor Christine, but half understanding, wondered what she had done that was wrong. She had taken such pains to learn the names of each member of the family during the week that she had been there, and had practiced the word "honey" over and over again, thinking that it would please Mrs. Pingree to know that she could say her husband's name so well. In her slow-thinking Scandinavian way, she tried, but all in vain, to find the meaning of her mistress's angry flushed face. Mrs. Pingree even looked suspiciously at Adam as he came in from the garden, looking tired and hungry.

"Wash yer hands, pa, and put on a coat. Frances is in the parlor-room," she said, as she opened the oven-door with her apron and turned a pie around.

Frances had spent a quiet hour by herself. "Aunt Bettie never wants anyone around when she is working," she mused, "so I'll keep out of her way till after dinner is ready."

There was a handsome upright piano in the room, but it was closed and shrouded in a white sheet to keep off the dust. Frances knew that her aunt would think it almost

sacrilege for her to touch its keys, so she seated herself in an old straight-backed rocking-chair that had lost its rockers, and studied the pattern of the carpet. As it consisted solely of a large sheaf of yellow wheat on a dark-red ground, she soon tired of that. Upon a stand were two books. She glanced at their titles. One was "The Story of Charley Ross," and the other "A Full Account of the Johnstown Flood." A smile, half amused, half disdainful, curled her full red lips, then she chose the former as the less of two literary evils.

Finally the impulsive girl threw the book down with an emphatic bang.

"I shall go out and find Uncle Adam. I promised papa that I would stop and see him, but I never promised to spend an hour in a musty unaired room by myself. Even Aunt Bettie's frowns are preferable to this solitude," and she walked out into the kitchen.

"How do you do, uncle?"

There was a contagion in her sweet cheerful voice and in her bright smile, that Uncle Adam, even in his most lugubrious moods, could not resist. He stopped with one arm in his coat-sleeve, while he reached out his other to shake hands with his niece.

"Why, I'm only toler'ble, Frankie. My rheumatiz troubles me in wet weather, and I was jest tellin' yer Aunt Bettie that I hed a crick in my neck. I can't turn my head round nohow. How did you leave yer pa and all the rest of the folks?"

"Quite well, thank you. Papa may run up to see you in about a month. I'm going out to the western part of the State, to spend several weeks with Cousin Helen, and papa is coming up to look after some land he has near there, and to come home with me."

"Seems to me you look kind o' peaked, Frances," Mrs. Pingree said, when they were seated at the dinner-table; "but then, you air gittin' ruther old. Now, Idy seems to git younger-lookin' all the time; but then, folks is differ'nt that way. Idy is stayin' in Minneapolis now, with Clarence. She spends a good 'eal of time there. Clarence's wife would like to keep her all the time, she thinks so much of her. Idy says it ain't all sister-in-laws that feel so; but then, I tell her that all sister-in-laws don't hev her for a sister-in-law. Idy's jest as good as gold, you know. Frances."

Mrs. Pingree left the table, to see if Christine had put dish-water on and closed the stove so as not to waste fuel.

She was a little woman, with whom the years had not dealt very kindly. They had stopped in their swift flight to write many a line on her face. She wore a short gray calico dress and a blue-checked gingham apron. Her sleeves were rolled up slightly at the hand, so as to be ready for work, and her dress was collarless. She wore glasses, but they were pushed on the top of her head. Her hair was twisted in a tight knot. When she took her seat at the table again, Frances and her uncle were busily engaged in talking, and, as she laughed, Mrs. Pingree caught the gleam of gold in her teeth.

"Your teeth air awful poor, ain't they?" she said; "and how much gold you hev in them! I don't guess it looks nice to see so much gold in them, Frances."

Frances was amused. "Maybe it doesn't, auntie," she said; "but we can't all have good teeth."

"Yes, that's so, Frances; but Idy has real good teeth. Hers always woos better'n yours, you know. I s'pose pa didn't tell you that Arthur Kennedy went with her some, did he?"

"Why, mother, shaw! that was only 'cos I asked him to bring—"

"Of course," said Mrs. Pingree, hastily interrupting him, "you don't notice these things as a mother does." And she gave her husband a look that prevented any further explanations on his part, while she studied Frances's face to see how it affected her.

Frances felt her heart beat faster at the sound of that well-remembered name; but she retained her composure outwardly, and the talk drifted to other and less embarrassing topics.

Mrs. Pingree did not approve of much loitering at the noon hour. "It's the busy season, you know, Frances," she said; "and pa kin talk to you to-night, after the work's done."

Mr. Pingree went slowly out to help the hired man put the new corn-cultivator together.

"I'm older'n I ust ter be, and workin' in the garden's awful hard on my back," he thought, as he bent painfully down to slip a pin into the clevis, and then straightened up and watched Ole drive out to the green corn-

field that in its broad expanse did not yet hide the black earth from view.

He pushed his straw hat farther back on his head and looked toward the road.

"Thar comes the man that bought my old wagon. I'll hev to help him git it. Wonder ef he's got the pay? How're you, Mr. Swanson?"

Mr. Swanson was driving a yoke of oxen that did not seem well broken; but, after repeating "Whoa!" to them and applying his whip across their faces, he succeeded in stopping them. He took from his pocket a roll of notes, which he handed to Mr. Pingree.

"I vas come after dat vagin," he said.

"Yes, it's over this way. Bring yer oxen 'long."

John Swanson cracked his whip. The oxen, instead of going ahead, whirled. The long chain that was fastened to the yoke between them swung round and clasped Adam Pingree's feet. As the oxen ran, his feet were jerked from under him, and his tall form fell heavily to the ground.

Frances had gone to the well for a cool drink of water, and was just raising the tin dipper to her lips when she saw her uncle fall. She dropped it, splashing the water unheeded over her dress, and rushed toward him, reaching there just as the oxen stopped of their own accord. They looked vicious and ready to run again.

"Go to their heads!" she commanded the terrified Swede, as she stooped and quickly unclasped the chain from her uncle's ankles.

The straw hat had rolled away from his head, and his upturned face was of the color of death.

She sent John Swanson for Ole, who had just reached the edge of the cornfield nearest the house. The two men carried Adam's apparently lifeless form into the house. The back of his head had struck upon a stone and was cut and bleeding.

Mrs. Pingree went into hysterics, clasping Frances around the neck and weeping and lamenting. Mr. Pingree showed no sign of life.

"We must have a doctor at once," Frances said; but the town was four miles away, and the farm-horses were large and unused to fast traveling, while Ole, the only man on the place, could neither speak English nor understand it well. He might be hours in

getting a physician—hours when moments were so precious.

She went out on the piazza, away from her uncle's white face and her aunt's now subdued sobs, to think what could be done.

Was that—yes, it surely was Arthur Kennedy's dashing pair of roans coming swiftly down the road!

Two years ago, she had parted from him in anger, and had tried ever since to make herself think that she hated him; but now, in her time of need, she realized the nobleness of Arthur's nature. Like herself, he was impulsive; but he was always a courteous gentleman, with a heart full of sympathy for anyone in trouble, and a purse that opened freely to supply the wants of the needy.

She hesitated for a moment, then hurried toward the road.

Arthur Kennedy was wholly absorbed in driving his spirited team. He was large and fair, with the gay light-hearted disposition of such men. He drew his horses in suddenly, as a figure in a dark-blue dress, bareheaded and with colorless cheeks, stepped into the road before him.

"Oh, Arthur! Mr. Kennedy! Won't you bring the doctor quickly? I am afraid Uncle Adam is dead."

"Why, Frances! when did you come?" and a frank glad smile lighted up his handsome face. So pleased was he to see her that he did not catch her meaning.

But she spoke hurriedly:

"Don't stop a minute! Only go and send a doctor at once!"

Her hands were clasped tightly, and the daisies at her belt were scarcely whiter than her face.

Arthur looked at her admiringly; then, as the import of her words dawned upon him, he said briefly: "I will bring you help," and drove rapidly down the road.

Frances returned to the house with a feeling of renewed courage. She found some brandy and poured a spoonful into her uncle's mouth. It revived him, and the life that had been slipping away came back, but so faintly that it seemed as if each breath would be his last.

How long the minutes were! It had been only fifteen minutes since the accident took place, and yet it seemed like hours. She looked up at the clock. Adam Pingree had

owned it ever since he was married, and that was twentyeight years ago. The minute-hand had been gone for years, but the old clock was not cast aside on that account. The face was cracked and discolored, and some of the figures were almost obliterated.

Frances took in all these details. It was simply torture to watch an hour-hand when even a second-hand would seem to creep now.

Arthur had not driven a mile when he met the doctor for whom he was going. He reined in his horses.

"Jump into my buggy, doctor; there is a man dead or dying, a mile back, and you are wanted at once. I'll take you there in five minutes."

Dr. Smith gave his driver orders to follow them more slowly, and, with Arthur, he was soon at the farm-house; on his way, driving past the clean well-weeded garden that had caused Adam Pingree many a backache and many a rheumatic twinge. Ah! the weeds need not fear him now.

Frances heard the sound of wheels, but could not leave her uncle; she only prayed that it might be the desired help.

The doctor came in quietly and took her place by the bedside. Mrs. Pingree, who had grown calm, brought hot water, cloths, and bandages. Pale, but firm and with steady hands, Frances helped the doctor set her uncle's broken arm, and watched breathlessly as the light of life shone once more through his sunken blue eyes and a slight color came into his pallid face with its closely clipped beard. How thin and careworn he looked! Even Mrs. Pingree seemed to realize what a life of toil he had led, and made a mental vow that, if he lived, she would see that he did not work so hard as he had done in the past.

"Not that I ever did urge him to work," she thought, quickly coming to her own defense and trying to quiet her aroused conscience. "Maybe I hev been a little hard on pa when he woosn't feelin' well, but I meant it fur the best," and she reached over and stroked the hand that was not swathed in bandages.

"He'll pull through all right now." It was the doctor that spoke, after Adam Pingree, now fully conscious, had addressed this coherent remark to his wife: "I've got the money in my vest-pocket, over yander on the

cheer, mother. The man paid me fur the wagin. I know ye'll be glad to find that all right."

"If it hadn't been for your niece, who took such prompt means to revive you and send for help, you would never have told where the money was." And the brusque doctor turned to look at her with professional admiration; but she had left the room when he said that the danger was over, and so did not hear his verdict.

Now that the necessity for self-restraint was gone, she felt her strength giving way, so she passed out through the open door and sat down on the steps of the porch. She had never fainted, and she did not expect to do so now; but she closed her eyes and leaned back against a pillar of the porch, feeling unsteady and weak.

And there Arthur found her when he went in search of her a few moments later. All doubt and hesitation were swept away as he

looked into her eyes and at the brave pale face, in whose cheeks a faint flush of pink was coming and going as he seated himself on the steps beside her and gently took her unresisting hand.

A week later, when her Uncle Adam was on the fair road to a speedy recovery, it was Arthur's roars that took her to the station, and Arthur himself, looking happier and handsomer than ever, who found her a seat in the car and carefully arranged everything for her comfort.

"I shall run up that way with a hunting-party next week, Frances, and you may expect to see me," he said, as he took her hand at parting, holding it longer than the sour-visaged old lady in the seat behind her thought necessary, to judge from the severity with which she watched him.

The light in Frances's eyes showed her pleasure even before she answered simply: "I shall be glad to see you, Arthur."

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY JOHN B. L. SOULE.

WHEN looking with historic eyes
Along the by-gone centuries,
What wonders meet our vision!
We smile at people's scanty powers,
As by and by they will at ours
When we have changed position.

We laugh to see old patriarchs jump
Astride a dromedary's hump,
And get such jolts and jars;
While we in such an easy way
Can ride five hundred miles a day,
And sleep in cushioned cars.

Time was when one must hold his ear
Close to a whispering voice to hear,
Like deaf men, nigh and nigher;
But now from town to town he talks,
And puts his nose into a box
And whispers through a wire.

In olden times, along the street,
A glimmering lantern led the feet
When on a midnight stroll;
But now we snatch, when night is nigh,
A piece of lightning from the sky,
And stick it on a pole.

But let us not too boastful be!
The day will come when even we
Shall be behind the times;

When wiser men will laugh at us
For doing things ridiculous,
And pelt us with their rhymes;

When clumsy cars and murderous steam
Will all an ancient fable seem,
With little reason in it;
When each man in his easy-chair
Will through the circumambient air
Fly seven miles a minute;

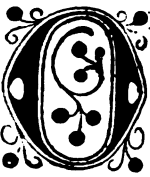
When kings shall see how vain is pride,
And lay their jeweled hats aside,
And, stepping off the throne,
Leave common sense and common weal,
With all the barrels full of meal,
'To rule the world alone;

The priest will change from hawk to dove,
And swing the battle-axe of love
To conquer human woes;
And lawyers will not twist the law,
Nor vex it with that kind of jaw
That Samson gave his foes.

Oh, happy days! Oh, happy nights!
When all shall find their long-lost rights
By helping one another;
When man, from every meanness free,
Shall be what he was made to be—
A gentleman and brother.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

BY FOSTER HARRINGTON.

N board the good ship "Cynthia," the confusion and bustle incident to every steamer's departure from port reigned supreme. Passengers and luggage were rapidly being transferred from the tender to the vessel. Waiters, stewards, stewardesses, and travelers fell over each other in their agitation.

As usual, some of the voyagers were gay, others grave, while still others were too bewildered for conscious sensation of any sort.

On the forward deck sat a group of persons who had attracted much attention and interest when they came on board. Whispers were heard of "That fine-looking man is the great London tragedian; we saw him the night before last. The other is his brother—a comedian."

"Well," exclaimed a sprightly New Yorker, "he looks tragic enough to be fifty tragedians rolled into one. Heavens! Agnes, see him glare at that lady who came up from the saloon! Othello probably gazed at the fair Desdemona like that just before dispatching her."

"Oh, no, Beth—more as Hamlet looked at Ophelia! But hush! she will hear you. They both know her, and the comedian is charmed at the meeting, if the tragedian is looking daggers at her," answered Agnes.

"I can't imagine why he wastes his five thousand dollar a week expression in this way," murmured the irrepressible Beth; but Agnes, who was one of those few close observers who read between the lines, felt sure that the look of pain on the face of the tragedian was not assumed.

This astute maiden had also noticed that the stylish young woman in blue had blanched to the lips when she first saw the actors. She quickly controlled herself, however, and answered the comedian's hearty greeting with one as friendly. To the tragedian, she bowed politely but coldly, then turned to the leading lady of the troupe, who was one of the party.

"I was unprepared for this meeting. I saw in several papers that you were to sail next week, on the 'Teutonic.'"

"We had intended doing so, but for some reason, I do not really understand what, Mr. Sumner decided to go a week earlier—said he wanted to have several rehearsals in New York previous to appearing again before an American audience."

"How is it that we have you for a fellow-traveler?" the comedian broke in, rather nervously. "We saw in the papers that you would sail on the 'Teutonic'—saw it the same day that Hugh decided to sail to-day. Awfully jolly of you to change your mind! What caused you to?"

The girl turned and fastened her eyes on the tragedian for a second, then, with a shrug and a slightly sarcastic laugh, answered:

"Probably for the same reason that Mr. Sumner changed his—to avoid unpleasant society." Then, as if fearing that the younger brother might misunderstand her, she added coaxingly: "Won't you and Miss Reade come and sit down? I have a great many things to say to you."

Without waiting for an answer, she walked away, and again the close observer saw that the girl was suffering and was also angry.

"Well," said Mrs. Brown, of Brooklyn, who had witnessed the whole scene, "that is the rudest young woman I ever saw. Clara, I hope you observed that Mr. Sumner treated her with the contempt she deserved." Then raising her voice a little, she added: "Mr. Sumner, will you sit down?" pushing a chair forward. "Clara and I are so anxious to tell you of the pleasure you gave us on Wednesday, in dear London."

Mr. Sumner started slightly and brought his eyes back unwillingly from his brother and the girl in blue, then rather wearily sat down by the two ladies.

Never did anyone try harder to be pleasing than did Clara Brown that evening. She quoted all the newspaper praises of the actor; she coined compliments herself for him, until the poor tragedian felt half smothered.

and all the time he could hear the voices of the comedian, the leading lady, and the young woman in blue, engaged in earnest and at times merry conversation.

Indeed, the girl in blue appeared to be very gay, to all lookers-on save to our one close observer.

At last, Mrs. Brown, letting her eyes roam over to the party, said in a disparaging tone:

"Your brother appears to be quite taken with the young lady in blue. Who is she?"

The tragedian's face was a study; Mrs. Brown, however, was not looking at him, and, when she repeated her question, he answered calmly enough:

"She is Mrs. Lee, a young Southern widow of French descent. She has been a journalist for some time, and two years ago she was given the high position of critic and sub-editor of the 'Dramatic Courier.' She has been in Europe for the last six months, on business for her paper."

Mrs. Brown was slightly disconcerted for a moment, but the fair Clara broke the awkward silence.

"I noticed her lovely figure," she said, in her softest tones; "your brother shows good taste."

Heaven grant him patience—his brother! The tragedian stared stupidly at the two persons mentioned. The actress had succumbed to the motion of the vessel and retired. Yes, certainly Robert's head was very close to his companion's, and she was deeply absorbed in his remarks. Well, why not? What was he to Hecuba, or Hecuba to him, that he should weep for her? Resolutely drawing his chair close to that of Miss Brown's, the actor gave neither Clara nor her mother any cause for anxiety on the score of lack of devotion.

Mrs. Brown, of Brooklyn, had set her mind on the tragedian as an eligible son-in-law, from the time she met him at the house of a mutual friend in London and discovered that he was well received in English society. Mrs. Brown, when she went to Europe, had entertained thoughts that some scion of nobility might be won by the lovely Clara, but, after various failures, had decided to compromise on the tragedian. For this reason, she had hastily prepared to return to America when she discovered that Mr. Sumner would sail on the "Cynthia"; for, during a sea-voyage, friends are thrown

so much together, and dear Clara was never seasick! And he, poor foolish fly, suffering from what he chose to consider unrequited affection, was to all appearances walking into the web as surely and quickly as any spider could desire.

Agnes Vanderhorst, who from that first day on board ship constituted herself Mrs. Lee's champion, used to groan as the days and the vessel went on, and say to herself:

"Oh, dear! what a muddle they are all in! I should think anybody could see that the tragedian and the critic are in love with each other, and the comedian and the leading lady are in the same predicament. What does make men and women behave so stupidly? There's the comedian, honest creature, worried to death over his brother's conduct, and he devotes himself to the critic, while the leading lady is jealous, and that horrid Clara Brown hangs about the tragedian, who ought to be ashamed of himself! How I should like to set them all right! It would be so easy!"

But the rest of the fellow-passengers judged by appearances, and saw nothing to worry anybody.

How that poor little critic did suffer, while she laughed, talked, and sang! She used to cry out to heaven to keep her from going mad and so giving the tragedian the gratification of thinking that it was through love of him.

And he? Night after night, he paced the deck till the sailors dubbed him "the ghost," and at times he felt the brand of Cain on him, he hated his brother so much. Then his thoughts would go back to the time when everything had been so different, and he drew his breath sharply at the remembrance and tried to walk the memory away.

The whole trouble had commenced through a silly little quarrel. Two years before, when he made his *début* in New York, his first performance, praised by every other paper, had received an adverse criticism in the "Courier," and he had felt a desire to meet the man who had so scathed him. At a breakfast given him a few days later, his wish was gratified, only his critic proved to be the young Southerner, Mrs. Lee.

He forgave her instantly, and from that time she was the one and only woman in the world to him. After he left America, they corresponded, and during the summer just

ended they had plighted their troth to each other, and for two months they lived in paradise.

Our young tragedian's head had been slightly turned by all the adulation he received as an actor, and also from the devotion which the woman he loved lavished on him. He became, sooth to say, slightly selfish and tyrannical.

One beautiful Monday morning, the thunderbolt fell. On that evening, he would re-open the season in the drama which she had so unmercifully criticised, and he indulged a strong hope of making her reverse her criticism. His chagrin was therefore great when on that morning he received a note from her, saying that she would not be at the theatre that night, as her editor had asked her to go at once to Paris.

Hugh Sumner lost his temper—he was only a man—and, rushing off to her hotel, he foolishly forbade Kate to leave; and she answered that the editor, not the tragedian, was her master. Then ensued a senseless dispute, at the end of which Hugh informed her hotly that he believed her to be in love with the editor, and she retorted that it would be better for her if she were. He then told her that she must sever her connection with the "*Courier*" at once, and she replied, like the dog in the child's story of the old woman and the pig, that the editor had never done her any harm, and she wouldn't do him any harm either.

Our lofty tragedian, quite beside himself at the lady's coolness, begged her to dissolve their engagement, which she did instantly by taking off her ring and quietly handing it to him. He threw it into the fire, and was leaving the room when she stopped him and said with dignity:

"I have sufficient confidence in you to believe that the time will come when you will regret that you tried to make false to her duty the woman you had asked to be your wife."

At the end of a month, he wrote, apologized, and asked to be reinstated; but, though she accepted the apologies, she refused the request, for her dead husband had been a tyrant and she had suffered everything at his hands. So she feared Hugh after his outburst, she forgetting that for the first man she had cared nothing; from the second, separation was a horrible pain.

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And now the fates had brought the pair together in the same vessel, in spite of their careful study of the newspapers in order to avoid this possibility. It was amusing to the close observer to watch their efforts to appear to avoid each other, while all the time each was uneasy if the other chanced to be out of sight.

The passage proved a favorable one; the ocean was quiet, the sun warm, and the sky blue, so that few persons were seasick, and altogether the passengers were very merry; and, as is the custom on board ship, flirtations abounded—love-making, or playing at it, was the order of the day.

One afternoon, about three days out from New York, everyone was on deck; Clara Brown, as usual, adoring the tragedian, who consented rather dreadfully to be adored, it seemed to the close observer. The comedian was bending with anxious eyes over the critic, and the leading lady listening to the conversation of a long-legged Bostonian, who believed himself adored by every woman who looked at him.

"Everybody is mismatched," thought the close observer, and then the mosquito-like Mrs. Brown spoke, addressing the comedian:

"Mr. Sumner, can you tear yourself away from Mrs. Lee for one moment, please?"

There was something in her tone—always rather insolent—that at last roused Kate Lee; she sat up, glanced at the tragedian's gloomy face, then at the comedian's red and angry one, and from him to the leading lady, whose lips were tightly compressed as though to restrain a cry of pain, and Kate understood.

"I'll set that all right; I have been so blind with my own misery that I have nearly made shipwreck of that girl's life," was the thought which flashed through her mind as she walked up to the leading lady. "Miss Reade, I have a bad headache; will you come to my stateroom with me, please?" she said, in her soft Southern voice, which is music to the ear.

The comedian came up to the pair as they reached the saloon door.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked.

"Yes; in half an hour, be at my stateroom door," answered Kate; and, though he looked surprised, he gave the promise.

When they reached her room, Kate said:

"What I am going to say now, I never thought to tell any human being."

Then she told her sad little story, at the conclusion of which Janet Reade hid her face on Kate's shoulder and sobbed:

"And—and—I thought something so different! I have wronged you so!"

"No, not me, but that good honest Robert; who, out of the goodness of his heart, is all the time trying to atone for his brother," answered Kate. Then suddenly opening her door, she said to the young man waiting outside:

"I have brought you a penitent, Robert. Deal more gently with her than I have with—with some others," and here the little critic choked and retired.

So two of the tangles came out of the web, and the close observer smiled when the leading lady and the comedian reappeared on deck with beatified countenances.

The poor little critic lay in her berth, sobbing as though her heart would break, till at last her sobs ceased and she fell asleep. When she woke, it was dark and the vessel was rocking violently and the wind blowing heavily.

Janet Reade came in after a few moments, and said she had been there several times before.

"Don't you feel any better?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, but I shan't come out again to-night; I am sleepy and good for nothing. The weather has changed, hasn't it?" rejoined Kate.

"Yes; the captain says we will probably have a storm before morning. I begin to feel queer already," answered Janet. Then, with a delicious blush, she added: "It's—it's all right now between Robert and myself."

"I am very glad," said Kate's sweet voice. "Good-night, my dear."

Kate lay in her berth, listening to the wind and thinking drearily that she was as utterly alone as the ship was, amongst those great hungry waves. This feeling grew on her as the storm increased, until at last she felt half mad. She was frightened, too; she became convinced that the ship was sinking, and that no one cared what became of her. She could endure the solitude no longer; she would go to Janet's room, and, unnerved and shaking in every limb, she stumbled to the door, for she was still dressed.

A dim light burned in the saloon, and, as

she moved cautiously forward, she saw a man standing with his back toward her. Go back into that stateroom she could not, no matter how much she might be laughed at; she must get to Janet's room. As she was gliding softly by the man, he turned, and, with a low exclamation, caught her hand.

"What is the matter?" asked the voice of the tragedian.

"I was frightened; I could not stay alone any longer. I am going to Miss Reade," faltered the critic; and, at this moment, the ship plunged down, down into one of the deep wave-valleys. The girl stumbled and would have fallen, had not the young tragedian held her firmly.

"I am so frightened—I hate the water!" she gasped.

He soothed her as gently as a mother would her child, and at last she whispered: "If the ship is going down, it is the same as though we were on our death-beds, is it not?"

"Yes, if the ship is going down," he answered, and smiled, for he had not much fear for the ship; but she never doubted their danger.

"Then tell me—do you—do you care for Miss Brown?" she asked.

"Miss Brown be hanged!" answered the tragedian, in most untragic style, for he was beginning to feel very comfortable just then.

"Then—then," she faltered, "what I wrote you was false! I do care for you—I do forgive you; and—and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to pay that horrid Brown girl so much attention," she concluded, lamely.

But the tragedian cared little for fine rhetoric just then.

"Do you forgive me? I was such a brute. If you will marry me, I will try not to be selfish or tyrannical," he said, humbly.

She lifted her head, and once more their lips met.

At this auspicious moment, three persons rendered restless by the storm looked out of their staterooms—the comedian, the close observer, and Mrs. Brown. The two former withdrew hastily and delightedly, while Mrs. Brown, mistaking the tragedian for the comedian, raised her eyes to heaven and also retired. The noise aroused our two reconciled lovers, and Kate continued her interrupted search for Miss Reade's room.

The next day was once more beautiful.

Only "a stiffish gale," the captain said, in response to the eager questions as to the extent of the storm.

"If that was only a gale, captain," said Miss Reade, "I should like to be informed what you would call a downright storm, if you can give me a clear idea."

"Oh, when the wind turns the ship upside down and spills everybody out before the life-boats can be got ready," the good-natured old sea-wolf replied, with his hearty laugh so full of enjoyment that it was always actually infectious. "So you'll admit that last night's little experience was a very mild affair, Miss Reade."

"Only a tea-cup tempest," the comedian suggested.

"Well, I don't care to be treated to any other sort," Miss Reade observed, joining in the general laughter. "I consider our storm of sufficient importance to be set down in my diary—only I don't keep one—as a thrilling and hairbreadth escape; don't you, Mrs. Lee?"

"Indeed, yes," that lady answered.

"Oh, we shall no doubt see a highly dramatic account in the 'Courier,' the morning after we land," the irrepressible comedian observed. "You ought to be greatly obliged to the elements, Mrs. Lee, for getting up such a squall just to give you an opportunity to display your full powers of description."

"It was paying dear for the opportunity, I think," the critic averred, with a shake of her graceful head.

"I should say so," the actress added. "If I wrote leaders, I would rather draw on my imagination—"

"What leader-writers always do, under all circumstances—unembroidered truth is too plain to suit their lofty standard," parenthesized the comedian.

"Than be frightened out of my senses in order to have what Mr. Sumner is pleased to call an opportunity," continued the actress, with an ironical smile at her lover, which was softened by an expression in her eyes that would have recompensed him for a much severer speech.

"I don't believe that Mrs. Lee was a bit scared—not a bit!" the captain vowed, stoutly. "She's much too good a sailor for any such weakness."

Kate turned away and blushed rosy red,

to think of how frightened she had been; then, remembering the happiness which had come to her through that fright, she murmured to herself:

"Sorrow endureth for the night, but joy cometh in the morning! My joy must have come about one o'clock this morning."

Everyone was gay that day, but the comedian was so uproarious that at last Kate advised him scathingly to reserve a little of his merriment till he should be paid for it.

"Well, our noble tragedian has been gloomy enough for the last week to earn a fortune if he had exhibited his sorrow on the stage, so you need not talk to me about wasting my stock in trade. Besides, I am nervous to-day—sort of hysterical, you know! Saw a ghost last night—in fact, two," answered the comedian.

In return for this piece of audacity, Kate gave him a murderous look; Hugh smiled at him, the close observer smiled in sympathy, and Mrs. Brown rolled her eyes heavenward once more.

"Dear Clara" hung about the tragedian as assiduously as ever, until at last the comedian asked him to play a game of cards in the smoking-saloon. From there, they sauntered into the captain's room; and the captain, being a great friend of the entire party, sent for the leading lady, the close observer, and the critic. But the critic was nowhere to be found, and the tragedian was just starting off to search for her when she came rapidly up the deck, rushed like a small whirlwind into the room, sat down, and laughed. When she could speak, she turned on the comedian and said:

"You are a two-faced villain—a flirt—a base deceiver; and I shall sue you for breach of promise!"

"Hear! hear!" cried the comedian, while the tragedian caught her hand under pretense of feeling her pulse.

"Mrs. Brown, at any rate, says you are all those things," Kate continued. "She says that she saw you with her own eyes and no one else's—you, Robert Sumner, embrace a young lady on the deck of the good ship 'Cynthia' at ten of the clock last night! Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, but I plead extenuating circumstances—the woman tempted me" answered the young scamp.

"I didn't, either," said the leading lady, indignantly, at which the company shouted.

"Wait, my friends; the story of his infamy is but half told," continued the critic. "His sin was great; but, as Mrs. Brown says, it is all you can expect from anyone on the stage, excepting the tragedians, who are always high-toned."

Another shout from the company.

"Are those your sentiments, Kate?" asked the wicked comedian.

"I was quoting my informant. I am like those newspaper correspondents who don't know personally, but have been informed," the critic replied, with dignity.

"Go on," said the leading lady, impatiently.

"Oh, well, this wicked comedian was seen by Mrs. Brown's eyes and no other person's, at one o'clock this morning, embracing a lady in the upper saloon."

Here Kate broke down and blushed, but the leading lady called out:

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty! I cannot tell a lie—my little brother, did it; I saw him with these eyes and not another's," came quickly from the comedian.

"I own up," said the tragedian; then, with a simple dignity which became him well,

he added: "The storm gave me back last night that which I had mourned as lost forever! I ask your congratulations, friends—Mrs. Lee has promised to marry me."

The two women, with tears in their eyes, kissed the little critic, while the two men clapped the tragedian on the back and then shook hands with him.

"Don't—oh, don't tell anyone until we reach New York!" pleaded Kate.

"We won't, dear! Your paper shall have the news first. I myself will write the account of the whole proceeding; it shall be headed 'From an Eye-Witness,'" answered the irrepressible comedian.

The good ship "Cynthia" reached her dock safely that night, and Mrs. Brown was somewhat surprised at beholding the tragedian assist the critic tenderly down the gang-plank, the comedian following with the leading lady. Her surprise deepened into disgust and horror a few days after, when she read in the papers the announcement of the, engagement of the tragedian and the critic, also that of the comedian and the leading lady.

"Well!" said she, "appearances are deceitful—there's no doubt of that!"

But the close observer thinks not, to those who look beneath the surface.

SONG OF THE WAYFARER.

BY J. H. ROCKWELL.

If the day is warm
And the roads are dry,
The world may laugh or the world may cry,
Little care I.

I am seeing life
In a quiet way;
Unattended and with nothing to pay,
I go where I may.

I lunch on the fruits
Of the orchard and vine,

And however sumptuously others may dine,
I never repine.

When night comes on,
I lie down to sleep
Under the hedges, where the grasses are deep
And the crickets cheep.

My staunchest friend
Is the green old earth,
Who will give me burial, as she gave me birth,
The dear old earth!

VIOLET.

BY AGNES G. GRAY.

DAINTILY dressed,
Fondly caressed
By each passing zephyr and shower,
Sung to by birds and brook,
Sheltered in ferny nook,
Fortunate flower!

Earnestly sought,
Eagerly bought
By weary children of men,
Smiled at by tender eyes,
Kissed in the midst of sighs,
Most fortunate then!

AN UNEXPECTED SUCCESS.

BY ADELA E. ORPEN.



T was most unfortunate that the day we chose for going into our new house, the day when all the furnishers were to send down our belongings, turned out the very coldest and snowiest and windiest day remembered in London for over twenty years. However, we did not know what was before us: people never do—which is lucky. Therefore, we left our hotel in the highest spirits and full of zeal for the operation of moving into our own house.

We had been spending Christmas in the country, with friends; and although I was quite an old married woman—almost three months old, in fact—I had not much knowledge about houses and housekeeping. We had chosen our house before leaving for the country, and it was then not quite finished; but the builder promised faithfully that it should be ready on our return.

Thod and I, therefore, went down to our house with perfect confidence. ("Thod" is my husband; his name by baptism is Theodore, but I call him Thod for short.) The day was cold but bright, and, as we got out at the station and walked away, we felt quite a glow of excitement. Presently its steep red gable came in sight. So that was our house! the home of our future, the place we would make beautiful, and where, by and by—

"Why is the hall door open, Thod?" I asked, as we came near enough to perceive details in the front.

"I don't know," he replied, "unless because the builder has kindly sent around and opened it for us—to look more home-like, perhaps."

"In that case, he is the very kindest builder I ever heard of," said I, enthusiastically; "just fancy his being so thoughtful!"

But on closer inspection it appeared that not only was our hall door open, but our house was occupied—by painters! Alas, for that builder's promise! Instead of the

house being ready for us, here were the workmen still busy on the very day we were to enter and set up our household gods. Thod said something to the chief painter about the work being yet unfinished.

"It is quite ready now, sir," he replied, giving, as he spoke, a final sweep down the drawing-room door with his brush full of green paint.

"Yes'm, quite ready now," said another demon with a pot of red paint, adding a few hurried touches to the inside of the dining-room door. Then they left us: left us standing helpless in the middle of the tiny hall, with wet paint on every side, and the atmosphere that of a glazier's.

I sat on the stairs, with my ulster wrapped tightly about me, and waited. Thod went to the nearest shop and ordered coal, which was promised soon.

We had selected our furniture with great care, and had decided that everything should be put in its place as soon as it arrived, to avoid confusion. The day wore on, the sky began to look black, a few flakes of snow were driven against our faces when we looked out of the door. We made a fire in the dining-room, and sat on the floor to eat our dinner of bread and tinned meat. Thod said it was great fun, and like camping out. So it was like camping out—in Siberia. About three o'clock, the snow and wind increased in violence and seemed to blow up a storm of things, for the furniture-vans, contrary to our expectation, arrived all together.

Our plan of a regular systematic unloading was at an end. A deluge of articles poured in through the hall along with the snow. I made a few wild efforts to get the drawing-room chairs into their special apartment, and the book-cases into the study; but, while my energies were thus laudably employed, the van-men, left to their own devices, stacked my pillows on the kitchen range, and my kitchen utensils on the dinner-table.

After some hours of hard work, we suc-

ceeded in reducing the chaos into a cosmos of beds and bedding sufficient to lay our weary bodies on and go to sleep. And so ended our first day in our new house.

We arose next morning to find everything indoors cold, comfortless, and drear, and everything outdoors buried in snow, while the wind whistled in through our curtainless windows. The cook, blue with cold, put her head in at the doorway of my room.

"Please'm, as 'ow is the kitching fire to be lighted, which there ain't no water in the 'ouse, an' the boiler neither?"

I appealed to Thod; of course, there could be no fire in the kitchen, he said, when the boiler was empty.

"But what are we to do without water?" I inquired, in dismay, as the full significance of an empty boiler dawned upon my mind.

"Melt the snow," replied Thod, who was all the time trying to see in how many things we could imitate Arctic travelers and other hard-pressed unfortunates.

We tried the Arctic plan, but it did not succeed. London snow, even when suburban, is not clean. It looked fair enough in the mass, but when melted was a mere solution of soot.

By and by, the snow-storm ceased, and we had nothing to contend against save cold and lack of water. In the dining-room, however, we were fairly comfortable; and the cook sat in the drawing-room and prepared our food as well as she could, before a tiny open grate. But the water question was a difficulty still; in fact, it was only solved on the third day of our occupancy, and so Thod sallied out to beg.

At the first house where he inquired, his reception was churlish. The cook, evidently suffering from cold, said "they 'adn't enough for theirselves, so they 'adn't, let alone lending hany." But, at the next house, the master himself opened the door and his heart to Thod's petition. Oh, yes, he said, we might have as much water as we wanted; that is to say, it was not water, for their tank was frozen, but we could have as much ice as we liked. So Thod took over the clothes-basket, and in that brought away enough ice for present need.

We had been in our new home about a week, and the thaw had just set in, when one day, as Thod and I were eating a lunch of bread and cheese, I saw a gentleman

picking his way with great difficulty down the street which led to our house, and along which I had an uninterrupted view from my place at the head of the table.

"I wonder where that old gentleman is going," I said to Thod. "Ours is the last occupied house in this direction."

Thod's curiosity being thus excited, he turned round to look at the venturesome pedestrian. He jumped to his feet with the exclamation:

"Why, it's Uncle Theodore, and he's coming here!"

He sprang to open the door, but stopped as he passed me. "What's the matter, little wife? You look quite pale."

"Nothing," I gasped; "go and let your uncle in."

The fact is, I felt rather afraid of Thod's uncle, because I knew he had strongly objected to our marriage. It had made quite a breach between them, indeed. Thod was very angry at his opposition, and I was very unhappy about it all, although I did not say anything. You see, he was a rich English gentleman, and, naturally enough, wanted his nephew to marry some rich English lady. But, instead of fulfilling these avuncular desires, Thod went and married me, who hadn't any money, and was moreover not English, but a most decided American girl. It was the sudden knowledge that I was about to meet an adverse critic, possibly an implacable foe—and that, too, with the house still in a state of confusion—which made me turn frightened and pale.

Meanwhile, Thod had gone out and hailed his uncle. They entered the hall, and, the next moment, the dining-room.

"This is Millicent, Uncle Theodore," Thod was saying, and then a tall gray-haired gentleman bowed to me, while I murmured something, I don't know what, and the room seemed to spin round until I could not see where the chairs were. To my relief, our visitor had already had lunch at his club; so I arranged the room as neatly as I could, poked the fire, and left them to talk. By and by, Thod came out to the kitchen, where I was unpacking a huge barrel of glass and china.

"My love," said he, blandly, "Uncle Theodore will stay to dinner to-day."

"Oh, Thod!" I cried, in dismay, "how can I possibly have a dinner when there is

no kitchen fire?" Thod's uncle was accustomed, as I well knew, to everything of the best.

"Oh, never mind; he'll take whatever there is," said Thod, airily—just like a man, was it not?

"What is to be done?" said I to Maria.

"Well'm, I don't see as 'ow we can 'ave hanythink but a beefsteak done on the pan," replied Maria, meditatively, "with potatoes baked in the hashes."

"That will do nicely, as far as it goes," I replied; "but what about a second course?"

"Can't be done no 'ow," rejoined Maria, sternly. I suppose it must have been this stern negative which determined me to insist on a second course. "We will have baked apples," said I, with decision.

"Please'm, 'ow will you bake 'em, with no hoving?" asked Maria, derisively.

Now a brilliant expedient was taking shape in my mind, which I was not going to reveal to Maria. We had as yet no fenders in any of the rooms, and, by way of keeping the ashes somewhat within bounds, Thod had arranged four bricks on the dining-room hearth.

It was rather a formidable undertaking to go into the room with my dish of apples and explain what I wanted, but I did it. Mr. Wentworth looked at me so steadily from under his eyebrows that I grew hot and uncomfortable.

"I perceive," he at last solemnly observed: "you wish to place the apples on these bricks, in order to roast them."

"Precisely," I replied; but I also wanted something more. In order that the apples might roast evenly, the bricks must be turned once in ten minutes. Would Thod promise to remember and turn them while I went to the kitchen to see about something else?

Yes, Thod promised faithfully to remember.

"And I'll see that he does," added his uncle.

After a while, I went back into the dining-room, to see how the apples were baking, because I had my doubts of Thod's memory. The moment I entered, Mr. Wentworth pulled out his watch and said:

"It is exactly thirty minutes since you put the apples on the bricks, and I have turned them round three times."

Thod, as I could see, had completely forgotten his promise; he was talking eagerly to his uncle about the glories of the Bel Alp and Como, where we went for our honeymoon. So I made the table look nice with some everlastings and brown leaves which I had brought from the country, while Thod and Mr. Wentworth both looked at me—with this difference: Thod didn't see me, and Mr. Wentworth did. His keen small gray eyes took in every minutest detail. But Thod I know of old. He does not see a person even when gazing intently at him; he sees only what is going on in his own mind at the moment.

Well, the table being dressed, I put the steak on it and told the gentlemen dinner was ready.

"Yes, so it is," said Thod, waking suddenly; and he jumped up to do something, but, not finding anything to do, sat down again.

Mr. Wentworth talked very pleasantly, telling us about his recent visit to Paris. I liked him very much, and thought his manners delightful; but I could not help wishing that he had staid away just a little longer, until I had my pretty drawing-room in order and a fire in the kitchen, so that I could have set before him a nice dinner—such a dinner as would have done me credit. However, he ate heartily of the simple fare provided, and, when the apples were served, they proved to be done to a turn—quite whole, but soft and juicy to the centre, a sort of apple cream in an uncracked skin. Our guest pronounced them the very nicest baked apples he had ever eaten, which was very polite of him.

When he left us in the evening, he said in his courtly manner that it had given him much pleasure to make my acquaintance; and I could not help feeling that, if I had been fortunate enough to have my house in order when he came, I might possibly have reconciled him to having an American for niece-in-law. I didn't say anything about it to Thod, because he always declares that men do not notice little things in a house; but Mr. Wentworth did, for I could see him through my eyelids observing everything that happened.

When the thaw finally came, I hurried to the office and begged the builder immediately to turn on the water. I was in the act

of explaining to him all the miseries we had endured for lack of water, when in dashed a breathless lady.

"Oh, pray send a plumber to my house at once!" she cried. "The pipes have burst, and we are deluged. The ceiling of my pantry has fallen and broken half of my best china. The water is running downstairs now and flooding my drawing-room. Oh, my poor carpets!"

I reflected. There were compensations, after all. We had had to carry water in a clothes-basket, and had been without a kitchen fire; but this lady's plight was worse than mine—her need was greater. So I stood aside, and the plumber went to stop up her waterfall.

A few days afterward, Thod came home from town in a state of pleasant excitement.

"Who do you think was with me to-day?" he asked.

Of course, I didn't know.

"Why, Uncle Theodore," said he; "he spent an hour with me, talking about—what do you think?"

"How should I know?" I replied, a trifle sharply; "don't be ridiculous, and tantalizing besides."

I was vexed, because the mention of Thod's uncle naturally recalled his unlucky visit

and the makeshift dinner, and I felt a renewal of my former disappointment.

"Well, my dear, he talked about you and the delightful evening he spent here, and your impromptu dinner in particular, which seems greatly to have impressed him. You must keep the menu of that dinner, for it was most successful. By the by, what did we have? I forget."

"Thod, you are very unkind to tease me about that dinner," I replied; "I know it was a miserable affair, but I did the best I could; you know we had no fire in the kitchen, and how—"

"Miserable affair?" interrupted Thod. "Why, you haven't the remotest idea how successful it was." Whereupon he proceeded to tell me what his uncle had said, and how in the end he had heartily congratulated Thod upon his marriage—in fact, "had quite come round," and from an unwilling relative had become an enthusiastic one.

Thod says that I may fairly take credit to myself for my first dinner-party. It is probable, he adds, that I shall never again give one on the same lines, and never, certainly, give one more emphatically successful in its results.

Perhaps he is right.

QUESTIONING.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THE sunshine warm and bright drops down
In quivering golden lines,
And stirs the balsam odors sweet
Within the whispering pines;
The violets bloom in wooded nooks,
The robin sings his song,
And the wild voices of the brook
Bear the refrain along,
And all the world is full of life
That pulses brave and strong.

A hundred years ago, the sun
Shone just as warm and bright
On other faces that grew glad,
Uplifted to its light!
And other birds sang in the trees,
And other roses grew
Within the bosky wayside dells,
And other violets blue
Drank in the sweetness of the morn
And laved in sparkling dew.

And so the cycles roll and pass;
Men die, and babes are born,
Seasons decay, springs come again,
And nights break into morn.
A hundred years to come, and still
This same old world will be
As now, a mystery deep, profound;
Who shall the end foresee?
Eternity and death alone
Shall hold for us the key!

Unseeing, blinded, knowing not
Whither we drift, and how,
Clinging unto a faith sometimes
We almost disavow,
Time bears us on relentlessly;
The marching years enfold
Us in their arms, and soon this life
Is but a tale that's told!
What does the unknown world shut in?
What do its dim depths hold?

THE STORY OF GILBERT NEAL.

BY MISS M. G. MCCLELLAND.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 314.

III.



GILBERT NEAL'S longing for Margaret had returned on him so strongly that he had determined to ship before the mast, in the next trading-vessel that should visit the colony, and work his way to England. His love might think him dead, so long had been the period of waiting. That she might think him faithless, or prove faithless herself, did not occur to him. His heart had not changed; why should he impute change to her? Had not they sworn to be true to each other?

There had been no vessel in port, so that his intention of returning to England could not be put into immediate execution. He had worked and waited. Then it had come to his knowledge that Hood's wife had come from his part of the country—some even said from his native village. She was a still-mouthed woman for the most part, and mixed little with her neighbors; but when she had come to Virginia, six years before, it had been understood that Hood had known her at home—that she had come to join him, and now and then she had spoken of "the downs." Six years! That had been four years later than his own coming, for upwards of ten had passed since he had looked his last on the shores of England. Perhaps the woman had known Margaret and could tell him how it had fared with his love during those four years. In his eagerness for possible intelligence, the six years of which the woman could tell him nothing shut together, and the four of which she might have knowledge expanded.

His pride had forbidden him to go again to Hood's house; he had lain in wait for the woman, seeking to meet and question her outside. Several times he had seen her in the yard and the garden-patch, busy with

her work; but there had been people about, and he could find no chance to speak with her.

One evening, the opportunity had come. He had been leaning on the fence of a field near Hood's house, whittling the top rail with his knife and whistling under his breath "Ye Wives o' Merrie England," when he had glanced up and seen her coming. In the west, the low sun just showed a rim above the horizon—dull, with a glow like burning seen through smoke; above, bars of red crossed a dun sky: in the east, night was falling. The field had been newly plowed, and the black earth lay in long ridges; the woman's figure, against the red light, approached as from a furnace, over welts of iron cooled from a white heat. A dark hood covered her hair and shadowed her face, and her gown hung in long straight folds. In her hand, she carried a wooden pail; and, near at hand in the woods, he could hear the parting of the bushes as the cows came toward the milking-place.

He had lifted down two rails, so that the fence was only waist-high, and stood ready to help her. Her eyes had been downcast, and she had seemed unconscious of his presence until she neared the fence, when he had spoken to her.

At the sound of his voice, she had swayed backward and had cried out with a great cry, as of a trapped creature suddenly released; and with both hands she had thrust back the hood from her face, so that it had lain against the ruddiness of her hair like the dead burr against the living nut. Her lips had parted, and her breath rushed outward and returned with a low noise caused by the labor of her heart; the light in her eyes had been like forest-fires creeping among dead leaves, and the tumult of her bosom had stirred the kerchief about her throat as with a strong wind. Swiftly she had bent forward, her body resting against the rails between them, and had caught him by the

sleeves of his coat and drawn him near and gazed into his face and into his eyes.

"At last!" she had breathed, "at last, you have come to me, my love! I have waited and watched and prayed through the years, and have counted God deaf and merciless. Your body is dead, I know—butchered by savages away in the wilderness; but your soul could come—your soul—once, for the sake of our love. Death and the grave could not hold that, I thought, if only love should be strong enough! And now—oh, God is good! God is merciful!"

The wildness of her words had stunned him, so that he had stood speechless, motionless, and gazed on her—knowing her, but, for the moment, knowing naught else.

Then, leaning forward until her heaving breast almost touched his, and her breath played on his lips, she had held her face to him.

"Once!" she had pleaded, "only once—for the sake of the love you bore me on earth—for the sake of the love that has brought you back to me from beyond the grave! Once—and then I will go back to my life and my work till death shall come for me, and we may be again together!"

Her lips had touched his—her warm living lips, and over him had swept a great horror, for he knew that he had been to her as one dead—that he still was to her as one dead—that, in her excitement, her absorption, the living breathing man appeared but the semblance of himself come back for a brief season from the unknown.

The idea had appalled him; then his nature had entered protest—fiercely, insistently: he was sentient—a man; his heart beat, his pulses throbbed. He battled with the hideous thought that robbed him of life—robbed him of part with living men, of identity, even of bodily substance. A wild desire to prove himself, his strength, his manhood, his reality, had possessed him. With a swift impulse, he had set his foot on the lower rails and put out his arms and lifted her bodily to his side. Then, still holding her, he had poured out words—tense, strong, pregnant with life, with love; and his lips had sought hers with kisses such as could be given by none save a living man.

The rapt exalted expression of her face had changed, had broken up—as ice breaks, showing beneath the trouble of waters; she

had torn herself from his arms and staggered back against the fence and put out her hands to keep him off, and life and color had seemed to drain away, leaving her wan and faded, like the leaves of a tree that has been girdled in midsummer. Into her eyes had crept a deadness as of despair, and from her pale mouth a shuddering moan: "Alive! alive! My God!"

Then, realizing the shock his coming must be to the woman who had numbered him among the dead, and loving her with a love that could master itself, he had stood aside and waited until she should collect herself; and, while he had waited, he had briefly and simply gone over for her the story of the years, using few words and speaking with a low voice. She had listened, moaning from time to time like one in sharp pain, and pressing her hand to her side. But when he had brought the story down to the present, and told of how he had come that evening, seeking Hood's wife in the hope to gain news of her—his own dear love, his Margaret—she had lifted her arms upward with the hands wrung together until the joints showed white through the tense skin, and, in her agony, had brought them down on the rails so that the blood broke from the bruised flesh. And the voice that had spoken to him had been other than Margaret's voice—harsh and bitter and broken; and the face that had looked into his had been other than Margaret's—pallid and lifeless as that of a corpse. Every word that the white lips had formed with such effort had fallen like the stroke of a lash on his quivering heart, for they had told him that Margaret—his Margaret—for five long years had been the wife of another man.

In that moment, something within him had died. Speechless, he had gone away from her into the deep forest, and had fallen prone on the earth and torn it with his hands, and cursed life that could hold such bitterness, and God who could let such things be. And the mourning of his love over his dead hope had been as the mourning of a woman over her first-born when the hand of death is heavy upon him, and comfort stood afar off and showed not her face. But his love had defied death, and lived on hopeless.

He had seen her again—twice—thrice—and had learned the story of her marriage.

Her father had died eighteen months after his own departure for America, and the trade had passed into the hands of an apprentice. Margaret and her mother had continued to live in the village, supporting themselves on the joiner's savings, supplemented by the proceeds of their own labor. Margaret had not minded the work, having love and hope to lighten it. Then had come a season of distress, bad harvests, heavy imposts, followed by destitution among the poor. Her mother had sickened with a long sickness, and there was little work to be had. She had suffered also on her lover's account, hearing nothing as the years went on, and deeply ignorant of the position of the New World and the length of time required for voyages. After a while, her mother had been laid to rest, and she had gathered together what was left of their substance and gone to friends in a sea-port town, needing to labor for her livelihood and preferring to do it in a place where there would be hope of news from Virginia. She obtained service with the wife of a commander who had made many voyages to the western continent, and, through her mistress, had learned a great deal of the condition of the colonies, but nothing of Gilbert Neal. Often the thought had come to her of going herself to Virginia to learn what had befallen him, but pride had forbidden—he had forgotten her, perhaps; and besides, she had no money for the voyage. One day, a letter had come, written many months before, and passed from hand to hand. It purported to have been written at the dictation of one Gilbert Neal, colonist; and it contained fair news—to wit, that Neal was doing well and had a home provided. His thought was still on her, and nothing had been forgotten; but he could not leave his interests to take the long voyage back to England. Would she, for the sake of the love he bore her, come over to the colony and join him? The captain to whom the letter would be entrusted had agreed to bring her on his next voyage, and Neal would pay her passage-money when she should land. They would marry then, and he would take her to the home he had made for her.

Margaret's heart had been light with hope, and no thought of doubt or disobedience had crossed it. Gilbert's love was all she

had left, and very precious to her; and besides, was he not her promised husband? So she had taken passage in the first vessel bound for the colonies, and had endured the arduous voyage without complaint, happy in the knowledge that her home awaited her.

When the ship had arrived at Jamestown, she had wondered over the strange land and the unaccustomed sights and sounds, and a great homesickness had overpowered her; for Neal had not been there to receive her, and she had been alone in the New World. After days of ever deepening loneliness, a man had come forward and claimed her with warm friendliness, and had paid her passage-money and taken her to his own house. And, though she had disliked Hood in the old days, she clung to him now, for he seemed a link to the old life and familiar ways, and a link also to Neal. When she had questioned him about Neal, he had evaded her and left the house always and would tell her nothing. It had been from the neighbors that she had learned that a man called Gilbert Neal, tall and fair-haired, had gone with an expedition into the interior, and had never been heard of since. She had forced Hood to speak then, and he had told her, with his dark face turned aside and with that in his voice which she had taken for pity, that to the authorities had come private intelligence of a horrible massacre in the wilderness, and no man left to tell the story. The news had been brought by friendly Indians, and had been little talked of among the people. Such things were common still.

She had fallen into a strange dazed state, in which nothing had mattered to her. Hood and the old woman who kept house for him had been kind to her. Months passed, and then Hood had begun to importune her to marry him; and the neighbors had taken it for granted that she would, and she had no way in which to repay him her passage-money. The old woman wished to go away, too, to live with her son and daughter; there was nothing she could do in that strange world, and, since Gilbert was dead, what could it matter what should become of her? When she had been in the colony a year, she had married Hood, and time had gone on and brought her the solace of children. But in her heart had grown no love for her husband to exorcise that other

love, which like a spirit walked ever beside her.

Neal, knowing that he had never caused the letter to be written and that it must have left the colony previous to his joining the expedition, and knowing further that the authorities were aware of the fact that three of the explorers were held in durance by the Indians and that their release had been made subject of treaty, felt anger glow within him, and a sense of wrong and outrage that grew deeper as he brooded over it. And to himself he had seemed powerless to redress his wrong; for, should he slay his foe, the dead man would stand between himself and his love, even as the living man stood: and of tempting her to evil he had no thought, for marriage was sacred in his eyes, and he had reverence for truth and for chastity in women. So that when Margaret had cried out to him in her weakness, in her anguish, that he must go away, must put distance and time between them for the sake of her honor and of the children—who should have been his, but were another man's—he had obeyed, loving her so, and mindful of his oath to be true to her. Into the wilderness he had gone, and had remained there.

More years had passed; and then the lines of fate, converging to a centre of disaster, had brought Hood to the little settlement in the Gap, which formed the gateway to the transmontane. Hood had not prospered in the low country. He was disliked, unpopular among his neighbors, and distrusted by those in authority; his children did not thrive, nor his farm: misfortune mildewed all his efforts. He had come up-stream, following the tide of emigration and hoping for a change of luck. His surly temper had not been improved by reverses, and he was no more popular in his new home than he had been in his old one; there was pity among the neighbors for his sad-faced wife.

Neal, away in the forest, trapping and hunting with the Indians, had known nothing of the move. He had come down to the settlement to trade peltry for clothes and ammunition, and there had been no thought of seeing Margaret, nor of renewing old associations.

Yet he had seen her. The very morning after his arrival, he had met her in the open

by the skirt of woods that lay beyond Hood's house. He had gone there to cut an axe-helve, and early—because, having learned of Margaret's presence in the place the night before, he knew that it behooved him to be gone. He might have cut the axe-helve elsewhere; but, loving her so, he yearned to look on the house in which she lived. Then she had come to him, as twice before; but from the darkness of the woods this time, whither she had gone for fuel to start the breakfast fire. He had girded at the sight, thinking in his rebellious heart that he would never have let her do man's work.

She was changed—so changed, that sight of it had made his heart stop suddenly, with a sickening cessation of movement, and then go on with weary labor. She seemed the ghost of the Margaret he had left in the English village—even the ghost of the woman he had left in the low country. She was not frightened to see him, as she had been down there; her face—if possible—had paled, and her breath came in sighs, but that might have been due to her physical condition and the exertion of getting the wood. Neal had taken the burden from her and carried it to the little yard and unlatched the rough gate. He would have carried it to the house, pitying her so; but she would not let him. While they stood a moment, ere parting once more for years, Hood had stepped out on the porch and called to his wife to come in to her work and quit gossiping with strangers.

Margaret had started and shrunk, with the instinctive cowering of one accustomed to blows. She had turned so quickly to obey that her foot had struck against a root and caused her to stagger; involuntarily Neal had put out his hand and caught her arm to steady her, and, as the fuel slipped from her grasp, he had stooped and picked it up for her. Hood, with an oath, had advanced down the path, and called Margaret an evil name as he again ordered her into the house. And, as she had tried to pass him, he had struck at her with a small stick he held in his hand.

All the blood in Neal's body had surged to his brain, as in that old time, and formed a sanguine haze which had obscured heaven and earth; all his emotions had whirled madly into one dominant desire for venge-

ance on the man who had wronged him, who had wronged her. He had seen nothing but his foe, heard nothing but the rush of his blood brainward, been conscious of nothing save the fierce grapple, the tightening of nerve and sinew, the struggle for mastery. God! how they had fought!—blindly, furiously, as beasts fight for prey, as devils fight for lust or hate.

Going over it in his mind, alone in the place where they had jailed him, he could remember naught of details. He had been possessed by a force that was not his, and yet, in some mysterious way, had become incorporated with his being. Under its dominion, he had done murder, they told him. He could not recall events with clearness; that red blur was over everything. He had not been sensible of intent to kill, yet he had felt that the world had suddenly become too small to hold both him and Hood; and he was acutely conscious of the instant when he had brought his foe to the ground—he could see the dark face flaming under his own, could recall the upward heave of his own powerful frame, and the fall forward and sideways which had brought Hood's head, with a sickening crunch, down on that jagged point of rock.

Through the mist, he could remember his love crawling like some bruised and broken creature to his feet, and clasping his knees and beseeching him to save himself while there should be time. He had not heeded her, nor made an effort to understand, nor put forth his hand to raise her. He had stood like a man of stone beside that dead thing, and the woman he loved had fallen exhausted and lain with her face against his boot.

IV.

NIGHT had fallen again—a wild night: rain and wind and the rush of sleet. The fire had gone out, and there was no wood; his jailers had forgotten him. No matter; he was still too stunned for physical conditions to trouble him. The wind swirled in through the cracks between the logs; it was dark, and the cold was intense.

Voices cut the silence—the voice of a man calling, and of another in reply. The hoof-beats of a horse passed the cabin which was Neal's jail. He could hear the hail crunch under the iron shoes, and the sharp clink as one struck against a stone. Someone in the

house across the yard came out on the porch, and there was a parley. Then the stable-door banged, and a horse whinnied as though brought out against his will. The hoof-beats re-commenced: two horses now. Beside the out-house, the riders paused and appeared to listen.

One said: "It's powerful still inside; maybe he's sleeping." And his name was softly called. The other, more humane, remonstrated: "Let the poor devil alone, can't you? He'll hear it soon enough. Let him sleep." The horses moved on again.

For an instant, the words halted in the outskirts of Neal's consciousness, then they penetrated to his brain. Why should his sleep be left unbroken? What would he hear soon enough? There had been compassion in the voice of the last speaker. Wherefore? What trouble could come, more deep than that which already existed? Then love broke through lethargy, rending it as a veil, and showed him that the brimming cup might be overflowed—showed him that there was still a dart in the quiver of fate; and his heart shrank together, feeling itself the target.

A strong desire to plumb the thing to its depths, to meet the coming disaster and breast it like a man, swept over him. He had no thought of escaping the consequences of his act—he was willing to give his own life for the life he had taken; but he would not sit like a caged beast until someone should come and tell him that his love was dead.

He rose to his feet, a man once more, sentient in every fibre. Fool that he had been, to waste precious hours while Margaret lay dying! Even now it might not be too late: he might see her again—might look into her eyes and know that no shadow of misconstruction lay between them, that she understood that his deed had been the result of passion, that his soul was free from the stain that dyed his hands.

He felt along the walls until he found the door, and set his back against it and forced with all his strength. He was a powerful man, trained and hardened by his rugged life, and the wooden hinges creaked and strained; but the door was held fast by the great log propped against it. Neal desisted, recognizing the impossibility of forcing it, and unwilling to waste his strength. He

moved about in the darkness, feeling with his hands and feet for an axe or crow-bar with which to break it down; then a flash of amusement passed over him at his folly in supposing such implements would be left within reach of a prisoner.

For an instant he was baffled, and then remembered the purpose for which the house had been built. He thrust the toe of his boot into one of the cracks between the logs, climbed up the house-side, and felt for the tier-poles; his hand touched one, and he swung himself up on it, then reached for the one above, and so on up into the comb of the building. The roof was formed of clapboards three feet long, nailed to strips of plank sheathing fastened to the rafters some distance apart. Neal, crouching on the tier-pole, got his shoulder in a space between the horizontal planks and forced upward; the clapboards, lightly nailed, yielded with a ripping sound which the storm deadened, and loosened so that Neal could push them apart with his hands. In a short time, he had made an opening large enough to admit of the passage of his body, and crawled through and down to the verge of the roof, where he hung for a moment, and then let himself drop to the ground below.

It was a short fall, but his muscles were cramped from the inaction of the previous hours, and his feet gave way under him, causing him to stagger and strike his shoulder sharply against a projection of the house-side. The thrill of physical pain acted as a stimulant, and he pulled himself together and started rapidly down the mountain.

The region was familiar, and he could find his way in the darkness as well as men with no woodcraft could in the daylight. The storm beat on him and crusted his hair and his garments with sleet; he paid no heed, swinging himself downward with but one thought in his brain. In some of the village houses, lights still glowed where little children slept and men and women rested from labor. No star was visible, and nothing abroad but the storm; but he knew that it was past the turn of the night.

In Hood's house also, lights burned—bright lights that made the uncurtained windows show like lashless eyes; the driving of the sleet across the illuminated spaces gave weird bizarre effects in the darkness.

Neal crossed the yard and the porch, the door yielded to his hand, and he entered the outer room. A fire of pine-knots blazed on the hearth, and around it were grouped four or five men. They spoke in low tones, and glanced now and then toward an inner door. In one corner, two stout benches stood apart, with planks laid across them, which earlier had borne a burden whose ghastliness the frozen earth now covered.

At sight of Neal, the men stared, and one made a hasty movement forward. But there was that about Neal which forbade interference. He crossed the room and opened the inner door, and the other men silently followed. How still it seemed—like a lull in a tornado; there were women in the room, a fire on the hearth, and the flare of candles. How useless it was, all of it, since that still white thing on the bed could have no need of warmth or light or tendance! No need to speak, to tell him—he knew that he was too late.

He walked straight to the bed, none gaining him, and folded back the sheet and gazed down on the face of the woman to whom he had given the strength of his nature. It was peaceful at last—fair and almost girlish; for death, merciful as life had never been, had smoothed away the lines of care and pain and brought to the lips a smile. Neal gazed down with tearless eyes, and the peace stole into his heart and comforted it.

Then, with his hand clasping the hands folded on the breast of his dead love, he faced his judges and told them all the story. His words were simple, his sentences rough and broken; but his testimony was faithful and given to prove to them all the blamelessness of the woman and the hardness of her lot. He had no thought of shirking the consequences of his deed, he said; he had shed a man's blood, and was willing to give his own. He had not broken jail to escape out of their hands, but for this—to see her once more and to bear witness for her in their presence and in hers.

When he had finished speaking, he turned from them and knelt down by the bed and rested his storm-beaten head beside the still one on the pillow. Then the people filed out silently and closed the door.

In the outer room, the men glanced covertly at each other, and the women wiped

their eyes and moved softly to the fire. And Colonel Torrent, baring his head reverently, stretched out his hand toward the closed door and said solemnly:

"God in His mercy pity and judge him! For myself, there is nothing that I can say."

V.

YEARS passed, and the colony grew and flourished, and the village in the Gap increased in magnitude and importance. People came up from the low country and settled, and houses were built, and civilization pushed on beyond it into the heart of the transmontane.

Just outside of the village was a railed-in space, with the ruins of an old log house in one corner, which had come gradually to be used as a common burying-ground. Near the centre, under a giant sycamore, were two graves—far apart, but with an unoccupied space around them. They held the remains of Margaret Hood and the man who had been her husband; but the feeling of the people had prevented them from making them side by side, and the same feeling had caused them to lay the little child, with the

record of crime on its brow, in the grave with its father.

The other Hood children, three little girls, were adopted into the family of Colonel Torrent, in pity of the tragedy of their mother's life. Of Neal, little was known save that he lived still among the Indians; and, when fresh flowers would be found on Margaret Hood's grave, they would conjecture that he had been among them. From time to time, Colonel Torrent would receive packages of money, sent usually by an Indian scout, who would deliver it without a word. And with the money was always the same token, scratched with the point of a sharp instrument on a bit of birch-bark—a jagged rock jutting through uneven ground, and the vague outline of a woman's form. The colonel, understanding the sign, would use the money for the Hood children, for he knew Neal's thought was on Margaret.

And when, one bitter winter, the body of a strange hunter was found stiff and stark on Margaret Hood's grave, the kind man asked no questions, but had the grave opened so that the coffins might rest side by side.

THE ROUND YEAR.

BY MRS. LISA A. FLETCHER.

THE gentian droops and dies,
Southward the sweet bird flies.
Soon winter with pale wings
O'er earth her mantle flings,
Till she in turn gives place
To all the lovely grace
Of spring. Then summer green,
The seasons' crowned queen,
Along the year's swift flight,
Asserts her royal right.

Again the year lies low,
Again the gentians blow;
Old Time's revolving wheel
Stays not for woe or weal.
In its encircling round,
Some hopes were sweetly crowned,
While others took their flight
Into the dark and night,
For checkered sad and gay
Is the measure of life's day!

COUNSEL.

BY JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

I.

YOUNG man, the past hath naught to charm
thee now,
The present is an ever living force;
Time's stern decree would make thy young
head bow,
Wert thou to follow up a backward course.

II.

Cast not thine eyes on things long since gone
past,
The future holds a hope and cherished
goal;
Remember that to-day may be thy last,
And mortal man hath an immortal soul!



THE PEACOCK FEATHER.

BY MINNA IRVING.

BUDDING bough and blade were silvered
 With a shower of April rain,
 And a lance of yellow sunlight
 Touched the dripping wood again,
 When I found a peacock's feather
 'Neath the lilacs in the lane.

Blue and brilliant, gayly burnished
 Like the wings of butterflies
 That above the lilies loiter
 In the bowers of Paradise,
 Green and glinting like a serpent,
 With a thousand changing dyes.

As I gazed, the lilacs vanished,
 And I saw a terrace old,
 Where a fountain softly tinkled
 In a basin black with mold,
 And the peacocks spread the splendor
 Of their plumes of green and gold.

Stood the Hall in stately silence
 Under skies of misty gray,
 As upon that summer morning
 When I rose and fled away,
 With the peacocks screaming after
 Warnings of a rainy day.

He, my dark-eyed lover, waited
 With a smile upon his lip,
 And a cloak about him folded,
 And a sword against his hip,
 And he bore me o'er the waters
 In a white enchanted ship.

Do I mourn the ancient glories
 Of the raven-haunted Hall?
 Nay, for yonder stands my cottage,
 With the ivy on the wall;
 Wealth and pride and noble lineage—
 Love, true love, outweighs them all!



HOW WE STOLE MARIE STUART'S CROSS.

BY FANNIE AYMAR MATTHEWS, AUTHOR OF "HIS WAY AND HER WILL," "TO-NIGHT AT EIGHT," "WASHINGTON LIFE," ETC.



HE "Flying Scotchman" was nearing the Border; in a few brief moments more, we should come to a stop at Berwick—here we were actually crossing the Tweed this minute! And to signalize appropriately our first touch upon Scottish land, Milten, the Poet, and I arose from the luxurious cushions of our coupé, and, gazing sympathetically into each other's face, murmured brokenly of the joy of at last finding ourselves within the confines of what I always wish to call Mary Stuart's country.

To me, her name, her spirit, her history, with its profoundly pathetic phases of romance, hardship, queenly estate, and imprisonment, ending with Elizabeth's fatal signature sent to the castle of Fotheringay, seem all-pervading over the land which gave her birth; the Poet being similarly imbued with myself, I verily believe we both began in the murk and chill of the dying daylight to behold visions of Mary flitting above the hill-tops or sailing over the great North Sea that rolled and crunched and crept and surged at our right hand, as on we sped toward the city of our hopes.

You must hunt up your guide-books and travelers' volumes for statistics—I could not give such if I would, and perchance would not if I could; but I can tell you of our reaching Edinboro' town in the evening, of Uncle Mathias's beginning a frantic trans-Atlantic struggle for the manifold luggage of his three nieces, and finally of the dawn of a solemn, sad, and very fat footman upon the excited scene, clad in the green and fawn livery of our dear old friend, Sir Hector McKinnon.

We were going to visit Sir Hector, of course—that was the main object of our journey northward at this time of the year; and, as we knew Sir Hector to be the quaintest, most sober, delightful, odd, gaunt sort of a bachelor baronet imaginable, we were looking forward with most agreeable

anticipations to forming part of his household.

The fat sad footman, yclept Angus, with an air of deprecating and modest superiority of judgment, waved my uncle and his three charges toward the waiting coach of his master, assuring him the while, in honeyed accents tuned to soothe the agitated proprietor of eleven trunks, seven satchels, four shawl-straps, and as many umbrellas, that "all's weel, yer honor—verra weel, I can assure yer honor—and the luggage will be at the hoose as soon as yer honor!"

Calmed with this, Uncle Mathias was soon ensconced in Sir Hector's carriage—such a big, lumbering, cumbersome, high-hung vehicle, cushioned in green and with stiff hammer-cloth, atop of which sat a stiffer coachman, with a rumble on which stood presently Angus and a fat counterpart—and away we sped. No, we did not speed, either: we proceeded solemnly and in state, and it was well for Angus and his confrère that we did; for I fancy, had we swung around the corners at a smarter pace, both these worthies might have lost their balance and been left in the street.

We proceeded along Prince's Street, with its glittering shops and hotels, past the grand monument to Sir Walter, catching little glimpses of the great deep ravine at our left—that strange anomaly of a modern street-side at one hand, a gully transformed into a garden at the other, and the heights above the latter crowned by the outline, splendid even against this gray sky, of Edinboro' Castle. Surely no city in the round world is so romantically built as this "Auld Reekie," nor London with its wind about the Thames, nor Paris with its curves following the Seine, nor any and all the rest; from them, Edinboro' bears away the palm, with its warder on those craggy summits, and its hills that look down into the very heart of its modern bustle and activity.

And now we were in Stafford Street; the solemn steeds stopped willingly at the big

square stone house on the corner, the two fat footmen jumped from their perch, the wide nail-studded door fell open, the warmth and radiance of many candle-lights shone out. Sir Hector, in his irreproachable evening-dress, stood in the hallway, and what a welcome he gave us! Such a stately courtesy, mingled with all the hospitality that ever host yet manifested.

Then the buxom housekeeper stepped forward and showed us to our rooms—queer big gaunt rooms, with high many-paned little windows hung with damask of faded rose-color, with great four-post bedsteads rich with carvings of laughing Cupids and wreaths of rosewood roses, and curtained all around with draperies to match those at the casements, and each provided with a set of polished steps whereby to attain the lofty heights of repose amid the piled-up pillows and downs of these old-time sleep-woosers.

The soft sea-coal fires blazed on the hearths, and on the stands the jugs of hot water stood ready against our coming; anon, a tap at the door, and Angus stood, tray in hand, with cups of fragrant Bohea and little brown pitchers of cream, and sandwiches dainty enough for Titania; following him came a spruce maid, who undid our boxes and shook out our dinner-gowns, and hung our multitude of things on the pegs in the big wardrobes, and brushed out our hair and piled it properly on top of our heads.

"The first bell rings at seven, ladies, and dinner is served at half-past," quoth this neat-handed Phyllis, as she left us.

The Poet had just begun the first strophe of verses inspired by her own innate conviction that within the depths of a certain large brass-bound and carved casket between two of the windows would be found, had we a key to unlock the same, the skeleton of a young and lovely woman with lengths of golden hair and glistening gems upon the fleshless fingers, when the first bell did ring; and she had gotten so far as to picture to me in stanzas the probabilities of this lovely damsel, in connection with Sir Hector's estate of bachelorhood, when the second bell summoned us below.

It was a quaint, an unusual, and a charming sight that greeted us as we descended the broad polished stairway with its three wide landings. The big hall was bathed in

the light of innumerable candles that blazed from candelabra in every possible niche and bracket, a fire burned upon the deep tiled hearth at one end, the waxed floor was spread with skins of tigers shot by Sir Hector in his long-gone India days, roses bloomed in pots here and there, and Sir Hector himself stood at the foot of the staircase, ready to offer his arm in stately fashion to Milten as she came sweeping down in her violet velvet and diamonds and amethysts.

Uncle Mathias did the same by the Poet, and I meekly followed after in my pink cloth, as became the youngest of the trio.

Angus and his partner were stationed at either side of the dining-room entrance as we passed in—and what a dining-room! What a vast long-stretching space of polished oaken floor and carved beams and twin chimney-pieces and twisted columns, and candle-branches lighting up rows upon rows of dead-and-gone McKinnons and Grahams and Campbells; and presently Sir Hector said a grace, and then, his silvery head no sooner lifted and the butler raising his august forefinger, a queer squeak, a twanging strain, a sigh of wind long-drawn and wheezy—so, O Scots, must my truth and candor compel me to describe your national instrument—came floating on the flower-perfumed air. I looked away down into the shadows of the far end of the great room, removed from the flare and brilliance of our waxy glow; but, standing like a picture in the firelight yonder, was Sir Hector's piper, playing for dear life on his picturesque instrument "The Campbells are Coming!"

It was so delightfully unique and so odd, and away he piped all the while we dined, and his jubilant or sorrowful airs mingled with Uncle Mathias's jests and with our host's capital stories of the jungle and the steppes.

And so Sir Hector dined every day of his life; so he had dined for twentytwo years, with this same venerable piper Donald to pipe to him, whether alone or when others were gathered about his board made no sort of difference: he said he "could not eat his dinner minus Donald's pipes."

And forthwith the Poet put this into her poem, and had Donald piping the bride to the wedding, and piping her—unknown to himself—into the chest, and letting the lid

fall down on her pretty gold head with a snap that the Poet proposed to try and undo.

Meantime, we journeyed to Abbotsford.

It was a mild day, soft and full of sunshine, with little jokes of showers in between, that were just enough to touch the green into something greener still, and just big-dropped enough to fill the flower-cups with diamonds, and just soaky enough to cause Uncle Mathias to use strong and uncomplimentary language regarding them.

We had been, but the day previous, to Holyrood and Edinburgh Castle; we were steeped, so to speak, in Stuartism. We had dreamed of Rizzio's murder, and had twenty times in the night supped in that narrow stony chamber where he was stabbed and stabbed again in his queen's presence, and where, too, the steel of the assassin's dagger had grazed the beauty of her own white breast; we had in fancy crept down that steeply winding stair where they had dragged him in her sight, peered out the window whence the baby James was lowered in a basket, stood at her side while she and Bothwell were made man and wife in the grass-grown beauty of the Chapel Royal, listened to her interview with the stormy Knox, and heard her hastening in the night in pitiful disguise out of Holyrood Palace, out of Scotland into that cruel England which gave her up to shameful death eighteen years later on.

We had, I say, as it were, so steeped ourselves in Mary Stuart's lore and love that there was one thing, above all the rest of the treasures of books and portraits and memories even, that Abbotsford held, which we sought sight of; and that was, you may suppose, the cross which she carried on her way to execution.

The day that we were there, contrary to the usual fate of the sight-seer, our party chanced to be the only people who were "doing" the place, and therefore the voluble guide could devote all his energies—and they were not few or breathless—to our respected Uncle Mathias, thus leaving the Poet and myself a great part of the time to our own devices and ways; for Milten, overtaken with a cold, had decided that Sir Hector's agreeable society was preferable to jaunting about, even to Abbotsford.

On, therefore, the guide wandered, with our relative close in his wake, both presently immersed in a discussion of antiquarian lore

and logic; and here now the Poet and I stood transfixed before the little carved pearl crucifix that Queen Mary of the Scots held in her two hands when she walked out from her prison of near a score of years, once more into the sunlight—not of freedom, but of death.

We gazed upon this relic with delight and reverence, and then the Poet spake and said: "Had I only the possession of this cross for one night and day, what a poem I could write!"

She looked at me, and I returned the glance; and then, awful to chronicle, the Poet, both her eyes in more than a "fine frenzy rolling"—for one of them, at least, was fastened upon the guide's broad Scotch back—gently detached Queen Mary's crucifix from its position on Sir Walter's wall, and clapped it into her pocket!

I will not attempt to describe our sensations as we finished the tour of Abbotsford, for both our minds were so engrossed with the deed we had done that we scarcely knew if we breathed or lived; and we were only too glad when once more we found ourselves on our way back to Edinboro' town.

That night, Poet, perched on the top of the carved chest, flanked by candles right and left, with the unworthy subscriber for a companion in guilt, and clasping Mary's crucifix in her criminal left hand, became the author of the loveliest poem she has ever written, in which the woes and beauty of Scotland's lovely queen were fully done justice to.

And then we spent the night in terror; every jar of wheels upon the pavement, we conceived to be bailiffs and sheriffs coming after us, and lively visions of the jail danced before our eyes. The morning dawned, and with the lark we set forth for an express and parcels office, having duly done up the precious loan and addressed the same to the "Custodian of Abbotsford."

What this worthy thought when he opened the parcel—whether he had missed the relic, whether measures had been set on foot toward its recovery, or whether we had been suspected, we never knew during several years. Not long since, however, we read in a Scotch newspaper an account of "the strange disappearance and stranger restoration of Mary Stuart's cross at Abbotsford. Mystery enveloped the story, and no clue had ever been discovered for the abstraction."

FOR RUTH'S SAKE.

BY KATHARINE ALLEN.



IT was just before daybreak on a summer morning. Avis Clarkson, lying wide-awake in her darkened room, heard the birds singing outside and smelt the honey-suckle climbing about the opened windows.

She sprang up, and, throwing open the shutters, looked out into the clear gray dawn. The first streak of light was touching the east, and the chirping of the birds grew louder. But Avis thought she heard something besides their songs—it was the murmur of voices in the room below. What were they plotting and planning now? Something wicked, she was sure—they had been so silent and sly the last few days. Something against her darling, she was sure also, for they could not hurt her except through

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her darling. She must ferret out their schemes at all costs—she would do anything to save Ruth. Anything? Yes, anything; even to sending—and here she stopped. Of late, a conviction had been growing upon her that she needed a man's help, and an acute man's, too—one who knew the law.

She was standing now close by the door which led into her sister's room, and she could hear the sleeper's quiet regular breathing. With a softened look on her face, Avis crept back into bed and lay there quite still until broad daylight, struggling inwardly with this new thought.

While Avis Clarkson was going through her hour of misery, two men not three miles away were lying awake talking about her. It was in a rough little hunting-lodge on the edge of the Adirondacks. The lodge itself was so completely buried in the woods that it could not be seen from the open; but only a little lake, with a boat-house and boats, was visible as you approached, making a very picturesque scene to the passing traveler. The speakers were lawyers who had come from New York for a season of rest and seclusion. The property belonged to the elder of the two, Edward Davenport, and he had invited his friend Jack Corson to stay with him.

"Have you been down to the village yet?" inquired the latter, resting himself on his elbow for a little chat previous to rising.

"No," was the brief reply.

"And you say you haven't been here for seven years?"

"No, and I shouldn't have come now if I had thought I should be obliged to go into the village; I came here to be away from people."

"I hope you make an exception in my favor."

"Certainly, my dear boy," answered Davenport, laying his hand lightly on the other's shoulder. "I did not wish to be a veritable hermit; I like to have you with me. But did you find a boy to do our errands?"

"Yes, but I think I shall attend to most of them myself. I saw such a beautiful woman in the village yesterday, and with a whole history in her face, too. Her brow and eyes bore the impress of the past, and, when I saw her, she looked as if she were suffering in the present."

"My dear Jack, rhapsodies about young women are delightful to listen to, though," with sudden savageness, "I do not have much faith in their sufferings; but," resuming his usual tone, "premonitions of hunger warn me that it is time to rise. Do you think your find will be here in due season to assist Joe in his culinary operations this morning?"

"Oh, yes! There, I'm sure, is his knock."

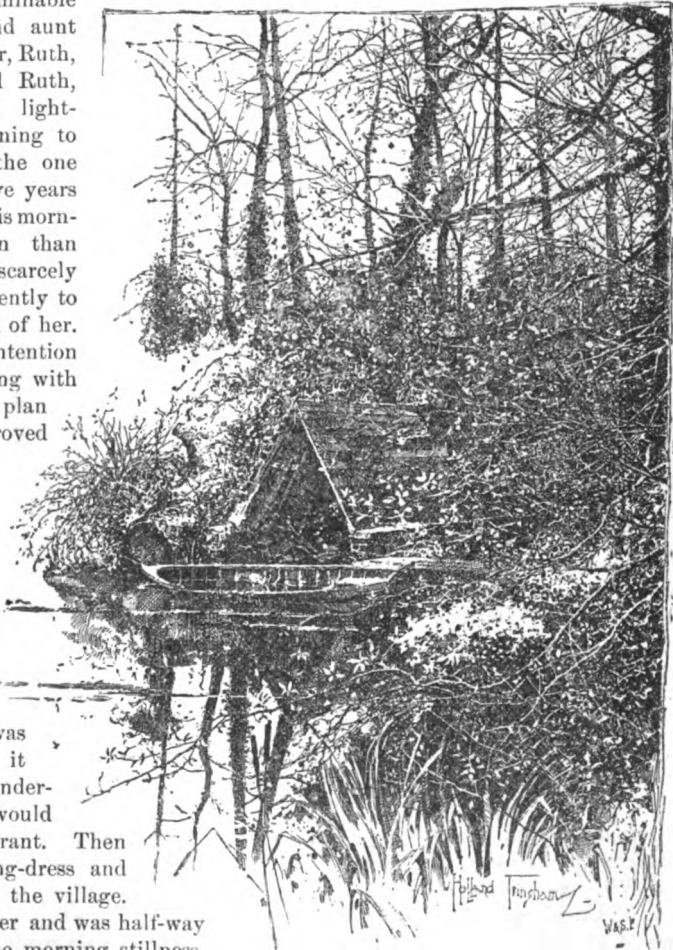
The sun had been up for several hours. Avis Clarkson had gone through with what

seemed to her an interminable breakfast, her uncle and aunt sitting there silent as ever, Ruth, pretty eighteen-year-old Ruth, chatting in her usual light-hearted fashion. Listening to her young sister was the one delight that the last five years had brought Avis, but this morning it was more pain than pleasure, and she could scarcely command herself sufficiently to answer as was expected of her. Ruth announced her intention of spending the morning with a friend in the village, a plan which was cordially approved by her sister and which met with no objections from Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson. After breakfast, Avis went upstairs to put her room in order and write the letter which she had been inwardly framing throughout the breakfast-hour. The letter was finished at last, though it was a more tedious undertaking than its length would have appeared to warrant. Then she donned her walking-dress and hat, and started toward the village. She had posted her letter and was half-way home, quite alone in the morning stillness,

when she suddenly stopped, and, glancing about to be sure that no one was near, drew an unsealed envelope from her pocket. Slowly she took from its inclosure a sheet of paper, and, unfolding it, glanced once more at the few lines, which until this morning she had not looked at for years. She was standing close to an old fence, and she leaned for support on the topmost rail while she perused the familiar writing.

"If you should ever need me, Avis—and you may, some day, though it does not seem possible now—send for me, and I will come at once."

She never had and never would need him for herself, but for little Ruth it was different. For her sake, she was willing to do anything, willing to humble herself to any extent, even to sending for him whom she had



parted from, vowing never to see his face again. She would have to break her vow, and ask favors of the man she had scorned; but she was ready—nay, eager—to do it to help Ruth.

The birds flew over her head in the clear sky, a faint breeze stirred the leaves of the tree close by, and the lowing of cattle came from afar. The noonday sun blazed full on her head and scorched the stones under her feet, but Avis did not heed. With her eyes fixed mechanically on the letter in her hand, she was living over again her brief, blissful, stormy past. The present time and its belongings had faded away from her, and for the moment she had forgotten even Ruth. Her reverie was rudely interrupted by a shrill boyish voice loudly calling her name:

"Mis' Clarkson! Mis' Clarkson!"

It was Jim Gardner, her favorite Sunday-school scholar and a well-known village character. He was close at hand now, and, removing his ragged cap, saluted her respectfully.

"I've bin tryin' to 'track yer 'tention fur some time," he said.

"I beg your pardon, Jim, but I was busy thinking," answered Avis, with a smile, thrusting her letter hastily into her pocket, out of reach of Jim's sharp eyes. "How are you, and where are you bound for, this beautiful morning?" she continued, pleasantly, trying to detach her thoughts from herself and her affairs.

"I'm a-goin' to help the two fellars whot's a sort o' campin' out in the lodge up by the wood yender."

"Two gentlemen staying at the hunting-lodge, Jim?" repeated Avis, slowly. "What are their names?"

Jim, who managed to gather information with great promptitude, gave the full names of his employers very glibly. "They've come from New York," he added; "lyers, I b'lieve, and Mr. Davenport owns the place—hez been thar before, I judge."

Had some intuitive conviction prepared Avis Clarkson for the response? Perhaps. At any rate, she merely grew a shade paler, though she did what she had not thought of doing previously: she sat down on a large flat stone underneath the tree.

"Will you wait a few moments, Jim, while I write a note, and take it with you? I know one of the gentlemen very well."

"Cert'nly," Jim replied, in a tone that he endeavored to render devoid of surprise or emotion of any sort. "Take yer time."

"I shall not be long," responded Avis, smiling in spite of herself.

Then she tore one half from the sheet she had been reading, took a little pencil-case from her pocket, and wrote her brief message. It did not, indeed, take her long; and, when it was finished, folded, and directed, she gave it to the boy with particular injunctions to deliver it to Mr. Davenport alone. She could not seal it, for she had no envelope; but she felt implicit faith in Jim's trustworthiness, and besides, there was nothing in the few lines she had indited to enlighten anyone who should look at it.

"Strange that he should be so near!" was her thought, as she walked homeward. Strange, too, what a heavy burden was lifted from her shoulders! In spite of everything that had happened, she felt perfect confidence in Edward Davenport's power and willingness to help her. Her mind was at rest, for she never doubted that he would respond to her appeal.

When Avis returned to the house, she found dinner ready; but Ruth had not appeared, so this gave her an excuse to go back to the village and bring her sister home. By hurrying, she could reach the "trysting-tree" in time to keep her appointment, so she started out again as soon as she had finished dinner. As she neared the appointed spot, she saw a familiar figure standing under the shadow of the leafy boughs, and her heart almost stood still. Then, nerving herself with the reminder, "It is for Ruth's sake," she went forward. For five years, she had so completely repressed all personal feelings and merged her life into that of her darling, that it was even possible to do this now and stand face to face quite calmly with the man she had once so passionately loved. He showed much greater agitation, but the woman's command had the effect of calming him. They did not go through the pretense of any formal greeting; Avis began at once:

"I sent for you because I need your help, not for myself, but for Ruth."

"Ah! for Ruth! I believe you always loved her better than you did me," he said, half to himself.

His hearer made an impatient gesture,

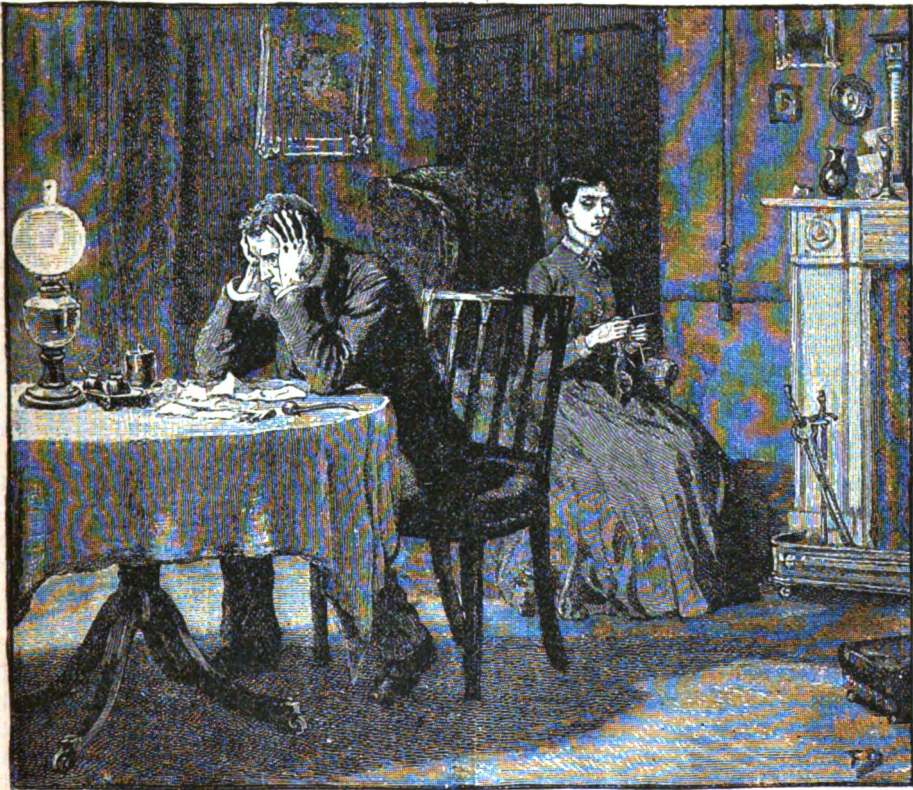
as if she would sweep aside all such irrelevant interruptions, and, giving no other sign that she had heard him, continued:

"I will tell you all about it as briefly and clearly as I can. Will you sit down?" and she pointed to the stone on which she had been seated that very morning.

"Thank you, I prefer to stand," he answered, quietly; he was as composed as she now. "Will you not take a seat?"

Avis shook her head, and the two stood

early age, and that my father's brother brought us up; nor, I suppose, need I say that he was never very kind to us. We knew no love but our love for each other until—but we need not speak of that. You know I left my darling for more than two years; I never ought to have done it—perhaps that was why I was punished." A moment's pause, then Avis went on: "When I came back, I found my uncle and aunt not only cold, but something more—they seemed



silently facing each other, a strange couple and under strange circumstances! Again the woman spoke first.

"Let me thank you right now for coming here," she said. "If you can help me, I shall thank you as I never have thanked you for anything you ever have done or left undone." The man drew a deep breath, but he merely bowed his head without speaking, and Avis went on with her explanation, which she gave without question or interruption from her listener. "I need hardly recall to you that we were left orphans at an

to be plotting and planning always to get Ruth's property into their hands, I knew later, though not at first. My small income was of no importance to them; but you remember, do you not, that Ruth was left a great deal of valuable property by her aunt after whom she was named? They did succeed in securing some of this, I am sure; but, being a woman, and a woman brought up in the most unbusiness-like way, I do not understand yet. When I became convinced of their evil schemes, I would have taken Ruth away; but I could not until she was

eighteen, and she will not be that for a week—they are her legal guardians, you know." Avis paused again, hoping perhaps that the other would speak; but he merely bent his head in token that he understood, and she was obliged to resume her explanation: "There is some new plot on foot now; I have heard them talking lately. They are going to get Ruth to sign some paper or papers, I do not understand very clearly; but I am sure they mean to rob her of everything. Some of this wickedness cannot be carried out until she is eighteen, so they are waiting. I felt that I must have a man's help, and a lawyer's too. You may ask me why I did not get Squire Crandall down in the village to assist me, but I went to him and he tried to deceive me too; he is in league with them, I am convinced. So it needs diamond cut diamond—surely you, with all your knowledge and practice of the law in a great city, can outwit a little village attorney, even if he is a knave. Will you help me, Edward?"

She spoke his name in a tone of pleading strangely like the tender echoes of long ago.

He answered with a look that brought her back to herself and vividly recalled the past:

"I will do anything you ask me to, Avis."

There was stillness about them for a while—the stillness of mid-afternoon. Even the leaves scarcely stirred, and the birds were silent and far off.

"Avis! Avis!" rang out a clear girlish voice, sounding almost shrill as it unexpectedly broke the silence. And there was Ruth, with a good-looking young man helping her over the stile.

There was a moment of embarrassment, then Avis recovered herself and said:

"My sister, Mr. Davenport."

The latter gentleman bowed and responded:

"Allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Corson," then he hesitated.

By this time, Ruth had regained her self-possession and filled in the awkward pause with the words "My sister," hastening to add: "Mr. Corson is a college friend of Dick Ellis's"—the brother of the friend she had been spending the day with. "He was kind enough to bring me home."

"Mr. Corson is staying with me up at the lodge," explained Mr. Davenport. "So you found friends in the village, did you, Jack?"

"Yes," was the reply, "very luckily," with a side glance at Ruth as he spoke. "Can't we take the ladies up and show them our bachelor quarters, Davenport?"

"Certainly, if they will go."

"We should be delighted," cried Ruth; and Avis, knowing it would be the only opportunity for private conversation, assented.

The party fell naturally into couples in their walk toward the wood. Ruth and Mr. Corson hurried on, while Avis lingered behind, longing to put off what she knew would be a painful moment, and Mr. Davenport remained with her to say what he had wished to.

"I will go to see Squire Crandall," was his first remark.

"I have been," Avis replied.

"Ah, but that is a different thing. I am a man and a lawyer; and besides, my father owned property in this neighborhood, and Crandall attended to it—I think I can manage him." Avis drew a long breath of relief.

"I will go now," continued Mr. Davenport, "as soon as we overtake the others. You can stay here with Corson until I return."

"Thank you," she murmured. It was all she could say, but even to herself it sounded brief and cold.

They did not overtake the others until they reached the wood. Then Mr. Davenport explained that he must go to the village and leave the ladies to explore his domain under the care of his friend. After they had done this thoroughly, Mr. Corson proposed a row on the little mountain lake near which the lodge was built. Avis accepted the suggestion with pleasure. If she had not been so absorbed in her own thoughts, she must have noticed that Ruth had grown strangely pale and quiet, even though it might have escaped her observation that their escort's gayety was forced. The burden of her anxiety about Ruth had mostly rolled off her own shoulders on those of another, and in its place the past, called up not only by the sight of Edward Davenport's face, but also by the familiar scene which for years she had avoided, shook her soul to its very centre with storms of pain and regret. It seemed hours to her before the boat-ride ended. Mr. Davenport was waiting at the landing to assist them out of the boat, and, the moment she saw his face, she knew all was right.

"Avis and I are going to the house now," he said, in the masterful way that had once conquered Avis Clarkson. "And, after a while, Jack, you will bring Miss Ruth down," he added, turning to his friend.

"I shall be only too delighted, if Miss Ruth will permit me."

"Certainly," Ruth answered, smiling, "if my sister is willing."

"You are all very docile. Suppose we do exactly as Mr. Davenport says. Good-bye," and the two walked off together as naturally as they had once been wont to do.

The Clarkson home was a great stone house, with thick walls which shut out heat and cold alike. It was almost chilly in the big room where the husband and wife were sitting:

for an instant, and the years of separation vanished like a dream.

"Yes, we have made it up at last," Avis answered, in her clear proud tones, and she put her hand into the other's outstretched clasp as she spoke.

"Go into the library and wait for me there," Edward said, releasing the hand he held after a long silent pressure.

Entering the library with Mr. Corson a little later, Ruth found her sister and Mr. Davenport seated on a sofa, so absorbed in each other that they did not perceive the intruders for some moments. When they



she by the fireplace, her accustomed seat, winter or summer, knitting in hand, reminding one somewhat

of the terrible woman in the "Tale of Two Cities"; while he sat at the table, on which stood a lamp, his head between his hands, poring over some papers that lay before him. He was roused from his absorption by an exclamation from his wife, and, looking up, he saw Avis and her companion standing in the doorway. For a moment, he was too astonished to speak. He quickly recovered himself, however, and said sneeringly:

"So you two have made it up at last?"

The pair who had once loved each other so passionately, but who had been so far apart for years, looked into each other's eyes

did, they were not in the least embarrassed.

"Allow me to introduce my wife Mrs. Davenport," he said, assisting Avis to her feet and turning proudly toward Jack. Then more humbly to Ruth: "Will you not welcome me again as a brother?"

"Forgive him, little sister, for it was all my fault," cried the newly claimed wife. "My jealousy and temper—"

"No, no, I was to blame. I flirted, but never for a single moment did I ever care for anyone else—"

"I would not listen to his explanations. I left him for no good reason," Avis inter-

rupted; but, before she could continue, Ruth spoke, a sweet impartial smile on her lips, though there were tears in her eyes:

"You were both probably to blame. I forgive you, Edward, since Avis does. Be kinder to each other because of the past."

It was a week later, the morning of Ruth's birthday. She was in a secluded corner of the garden, and, as had been the case every day since he had known her, Jack Corson was with her. She had been playing on her guitar, but had laid it on the ground beside her, while she looked up and listened to him, as he leaned on an old broken-down stone wall back of her. At some little distance, out of earshot, though not out of sight, the

lately united husband and wife walked up and down, as they had done in the days of their courtship.

"I suppose we may consider that a settled matter," remarked Edward Davenport, glancing toward the younger couple.

"I suppose so," assented Avis, with a faint sigh.

"You will have to lose Ruth, I'm afraid," continued her husband. "But he is one of the best fellows in the world."

"I am glad of that," was the answer, with a trusting look that spoke volumes. "And it will not be so hard now. But think what it would have seemed to lose Ruth if I had not found you!"

THE QUARREL.

BY MRS. MAY E. MCKITRICK.

SWEET April quarreled with the Sun
Once, when her reign had just begun,
Because he would not send a ray
Into a hidden woodland nook
Where, close beside a rippling brook,
Some dainty violets hid away.

"Dear Sun," plead she, "please wake my
flowers;
I've wooed them oft with gentle showers,
And yet the darlings lie asleep.
I cannot wait for later days;
Please send your very warmest rays
And rouse them from their slumber deep."

"Nay," said the Sun, and kindly smiled,
"Have patience for a time, my child,
And let your sleeping flowers lie

With Earth's dark curtains round them
drawn
To gather strength; 'twill not be long—
I'll wake them for you by and by."

But willful April would not hear
His words of reason nor of cheer.
She stormed, she shrieked in childish wrath,
Until, in anger, for a space
Behind some clouds he hid his face
And left dark shadows in her path.

Then quick her passion died away,
Soft sorrow filled the gloomy day;
She wept as she would never cease.
The Sun forgave, and smiled again;
He kissed away her tears, and then
Between these two was loving peace.

ONE DAY.

BY NINETTE M. LOWATER.

Oh, day of days! If I had known
Before thy wondrous light had flown,
Or if I had but dimly guessed
With thee would pass all peace and rest,
Then had I set each hour of thine
In memory's most sacred shrine.

Swiftly the minutes sped away
And brought the close of that fair day;
With tender words and clasping hands
We parted on the golden sands,
And love, alas! henceforth can be
Only a memory to me.

Through all that day, whose flying hours
Seemed shining links in chains of flowers,
Beside us walked the spectre Death,
With pallid cheek and icy breath,
And yet no step, no shadow grim,
One moment turned our thoughts to him.

Oh, day of days! Forevermore
I live in thought thy minutes o'er,
Striving to win some tone or look
From dim Oblivion's closing book,
And sighing: "Oh, that I had known
Before thy shining hours had flown!"

THE MOUNTAIN FIRE.

BY ADA E. FERRIS.



MERRY picnic party sat in a deep canyon only a few miles from Santa Barbara. The horses were enjoying their barley, and the tired hungry riders refreshing themselves with fare as welcome in the cool shade of the sycamores. Light banter flew back and forth, and

"No, thank you," Florence answered quickly. "I don't care for escorts armed with chicken-bones. No, pray don't throw them down. Remember poor Jack. He trusts to you to relieve him from carrying back that lunch. Success to your merciful work."

She scrambled up the great boulders, and disappeared around a bend of the canyon.

"She can't get lost," laughed Miss Dale. "I move we let her go alone. I am tired enough to rest."

So they rested, laughing and chatting. But, as half an hour went by and Florence did not return, Miss Dale commissioned the uneasy Hastings to look for her. As he disappeared, Miss Ratcliffe remarked gayly:

"She didn't know it was the same Mr. Hastings until last month, and she has scarcely spoken to him since; that looks a little odd."

"Her cousin came then. Probably he told her of some old quarrel between him and Hastings," said Miss Dale, loyally.

"Perhaps. But I was just thinking how little we know of Mr. Hastings."

"We don't know anything against him."

"Oh, no! Only so many men come West who wouldn't hurry to have their biographies published."

"Naturally; biographies are not usually written until their subjects are dead."

"Oh, well, I hope everything is right. Only I fancy it's all over between those two."

Some such thought was in Maurice Hastings's mind as he pushed up the canyon, mingled with some anxiety at Miss Gilmore's long absence. Could she have fallen and hurt herself, or stepped on a rattlesnake?

It was with intense relief that he caught a glimpse of her blue riding-habit and long white plume on the crest of the ridge. She had only climbed the hill, and forgotten time and friends in that glorious outlook. Ten minutes' hard climb brought him to her, still standing entranced.

And no wonder! Beneath lay the broad

viands disappeared rapidly.

"Looking for a softer stone, Miss Gilmore?" was asked gayly, as a young lady rose from her boulder and turned up the canyon.

Florence Gilmore shook her head lightly, saying:

"Must I remind you that I am prairie-bred, and want to see all I can of the mountains?"

She was so frank and so pretty that they spared her the teasing usually given the tenderfoot, and only smiled as she looked admiringly up the lofty canyon wall.

"You come from Missouri?" asked Alice Dale, the life of the party.

"Churchill, Iowa," corrected Florence.

"Why, that is Mr. Hastings's former home. You were old acquaintances, then?"

"We were not acquainted. I did not even know it was the same Mr. Hastings until last month."

"You needn't be so indignant about it," laughed Miss Ratcliffe, who had a trick of saying unpleasant things. "Or was there something distasteful about 'that same Mr. Hastings'? How is that?" turning toward the gentleman in question.

"I can't say," was the grave reply. "I have sometimes found his company rather tedious, but respect him altogether too much to complain on that account. Miss Gilmore, may I not come to your assistance over those stones?"

green valley, every road and building, orchard and grove, distinct; beyond, the white surf flashed along the beach, and the Santa Barbara Channel lay wide and smooth, only flecked here and there with clouds of fog, while the islands of Santa Cruz and Santa Rosa stretched along the horizon like a bank of storm-clouds.

"I wish it were clearer," said Florence. "Miss Dale said you could distinctly see the ridges and hollows on the islands sometimes. But this mist veils everything."

Neither regarded the haze closely. Hastings knew little of the country, and was absorbed in his companion.

"Look at nearer objects," he suggested. "See, Miss Gilmore, there is a 'green bay tree.'"

She looked eagerly, but could scarcely make it out, far down in the canyon on the other side of the ridge, and lost in the thicket of live-oak and sycamore.

"Isn't there some way to get down there?"

"A cattle-trail yonder. But is it worth while? It is farther off than it looks, and very steep."

"You are getting lazy," Florence answered, turning gayly downward. "But I have some Yankee energy yet, and I don't propose to lose my only chance of winning a crown of bay."

She gave not one glance along the glorious mountain vista, or she must have seen the cloud of smoke rising and joining the mist. And that distant crackling and roaring—what should it be but the stream in the canyon, and the wind in the tree-tops?

The trail was steep, crooked, and seemed endless; the thorny chaparral tore at her habit, swept off her hat, and struck her in the face; but she persevered, and at last—hot, tired, scratched, and breathless—reached her goal.

"'Flourish like a green bay tree'! That will mean something to me hereafter. What a tower of verdure and freshness it is!"

She sat down on a rock, dipped her handkerchief in the stream to cool her hot cheeks, and proceeded to weave into a wreath the twigs Hastings brought her. But presently, while he hesitated whether or not to ask the reason of her late coldness, she looked up.

"Is there a waterfall near? Listen!"

He did listen, and then sprang hurriedly

out from the trees and looked up. Great smoke-clouds were rolling over the eastern ridge, and the roaring grew every moment louder.

"Stay where you are!" he shouted, and hurried up the steep path for a clearer view. But Florence involuntarily thrust her half-finished wreath in her pocket and followed. His swift return stopped her.

"No use! That ridge will be a sea of flames before we could reach it. We can't get back."

"But we must!" Florence gasped. "We must warn them, and besides—"

"They are safer than we are. That canyon is steeper and more rock-walled than this. Come back to the water."

She looked wildly up the steep crooked trail; but, if it had seemed endless coming down through stones and chaparral, what would it be going up? Already the smoke-clouds shut out the sun, and sparks were pouring up the eastern ridge. How long before the fire would leap the canyon and roar between her and her friends?

Hastings drew her back, unresisting.

"We must go where the canyon walls are steeper," he called in her ear. Already the roaring fire drowned ordinary tones.

Up along the stream quickly, springing from stone to stone where there was no sandy margin—no time now to think of wet feet or dragged skirts! The flames were flashing over the eastern ridge. On the western ridge, between them and their friends, the sparks were falling thickly on the dry parched grass—there, it was beginning to smoke!

Florence shuddered fearfully.

Hastings stopped where the stream emerged from between almost perpendicular cliffs, and giant boulders seemed to forbid further progress. There was a lofty sycamore overhead, and a quiet pool below.

"We are out of danger?" Florence asked.

"Oh, yes. It very seldom burns out the bottom of these canyons. We were probably safe enough where we were, but one likes to be sure."

"I wonder how the fire started?"

"Somebody dropped a match or neglected a camp-fire, probably. The grass is like tinder now."

"I wish we could have warned our friends," she said.

"They are all right. That canyon is safe, and their road too."

"And how are we to get away?"

"We must wait till the fire is over."

They stood watching the flaming ridge, both faces awed and pale. Suddenly Florence seized his arm.

"Oh, look!"

She pointed to a great prickly-pear, surrounded by the fire. It was shriveling and contorting in the terrible heat, its fleshy green limbs twisting and writhing as if in mortal agony. Then, one by one, they sank and fell over, limp and lifeless. The girl trembled violently.

"Are there many living things in these mountains?"

"Yes, but they are too wise to be caught by fires."

"But if they were penned in—like us?"

"We are safe."

A strong cool wind had been blowing up the canyon, keeping the smoke and sparks and terrible heat far above them. Now it suddenly slackened and grew hot; the fire had entered the canyon farther down. Hastings's face grew grave, and he lifted himself among the boulders to look up-stream. Florence watched him anxiously.

"Can we retreat farther?"

"Ye-es," a little doubtfully; "but we have water here, and this sycamore will stop the falling sparks. Better stay here."

She understood. Up among those great slippery rocks, there was even less chance than this—neither shelter nor water—and already a feverish thirst possessed both. That little pool was priceless.

Hotter and hotter! Both ridges were aflame now, fire eating slowly downward from both, sparks falling thick and fast, the wind growing ever hotter, and the smoke coming lower. The tree still shielded them from the fiery shower, but its young leaves were shriveling with the heat. Florence could scarcely breathe, save as she pressed her wet handkerchief to her lips.

A clump of tall carisa grass, a rod away, had been rustling to and fro as if it concealed some restless monster. Now it suddenly flamed up like a giant torch, and the added heat seemed to scorch their faces.

"It is like the angel with the flaming sword," panted Florence, behind her handkerchief. "Doesn't it remind you of the

words of the martyr who was rescued from the flames before it was quite too late: 'It was indeed most painful; but, when the agony was greatest, an angel stood beside me and pointed upward.'"

Hastings looked almost reverently at her brave pure face, seeming to him more angelic than the mounting finger of fierce flame she indicated. But the front of her dress was beginning to smoke. He tore up a bush, dipped it in the pool, and dashed it over her and himself.

"We shall hardly take cold now," he said, dryly. "If we were only salamanders! But courage! this is the worst."

She looked up at the shriveling leaves, at the fire creeping closer on every side, and the thickening smoke.

"It must be; we could not stand much worse."

A glowing cinder fell on her hat. Hastings dashed it off, but not before the white plume blazed up.

"Poor feather!" she said, smiling bravely. "Look how the bay tree is shriveling! Nothing can stand this heat."

"It is not killed; it will revive and put out fresh leaves," he said, hastily.

"It will live again," she repeated, almost inaudibly; then, looking up through the blinding smoke, she asked:

"Mr. Hastings, are you ready?"

A strange question, yet seeming strangely natural amid the scorching heat and suffocating smoke. He did not even try to evade it by weak assurances of safety. She was no frightened child to need soothing.

"I have tried to do my duty. I am not afraid."

Quick displeasure clouded the brave girl's face.

"What good can it do you to say that now? You do not even deceive me! Surely, surely, you can be true here and now."

"Miss Gilmore! I don't understand you."

She made an impatient gesture.

"What use to keep up the pretense here? I am not an officer; if I were, I could not harm you now. There may be very few minutes left to us."

"But, Florence, I—"

She had sunk down beside the pool—wisely, for the air was cooler and purer there. He followed her example, crushing

a live coal on her dress as he did so. The clear eyes turned toward him.

"Thank you; but waste no more precious time on me—you need it yourself! The arbitrary divisions men make between innocence and crime don't matter much at a moment like this."

"Crime? Great heavens, Florence, do you believe me guilty of crime?"

The utter amazement in his face and voice carried conviction with it. Her cheeks, already crimsoned by the heat, flushed yet deeper; but her eyes lit up joyously.

"It isn't true, then? Oh, I am so glad—I mean, sorry—I—I thought—" She broke down in utter confusion.

"May I inquire what my crime was supposed to be?" Hastings asked, half angry and half amused.

"I am so sorry. It was some mistake—about a bank. Will said you were supposed to be in Canada," stammered Florence.

"So—o! He must needs confound me with Heddings, the defaulting cashier! Not an incomprehensible mistake, but not altogether complimentary."

"I am sorry," she repeated, penitently.

"If we get out of this alive, I will show you a letter of introduction given me by the president of the bank. So this is why you have all but given me the cut direct lately? There, don't cry, dear. It was all right. How should you know? Of course, you could have nothing to do with a fugitive thief. Only it settles one question for me! I had actually hoped I was winning some favor with you; and lo, you trust me so little as to believe that!"

"Do you think I wanted to believe it? that it did not hurt me?" she asked, tearfully. "Only I thought I had no choice. But what does it matter now? Forgive me, please. If we must die together, let it be without anger."

Recalled suddenly to their situation, Hastings looked up, rose, and looked

around more closely, then knelt again beside her.

"I don't blame you, my darling. And we are not going to die, either, though I am glad we thought so long enough to understand each other. Let our prayers be thanksgivings for deliverance, and our plans for life together, and not death. The smoke is thinning, the heat abating; the fire nearest us has burnt itself out."

But it was full two hours before they could recross the burned ridge—slipping on ashes, avoiding heaps that still smoldered, and blackening themselves hopelessly against charred stalks which had proved too green to be wholly consumed. They received a rapturous welcome from the nearly distracted party, who still waited and watched in the faint hope of their return.

"And on your account we needn't regret that we can't reach Santa Barbara before dark," remarked Miss Ratcliffe, after the first joyous greeting. "Scorched mustache, singed hair, burned plume, faces red as fire and almost blistered, clothes generally scorched, holes burned in a dozen different places, and black as charcoal-men! My dear Miss Gilmore, don't let any particularly prized admirer see you in that plight."

Florence stole a shy glance at her lover, who laughed.

"Really, Miss Ratcliffe, I deny her right to any admirer but myself to-night, and I am quite contented with her appearance."

"Then you did have heat enough to melt her stubborn heart at last," laughed Miss Dale, taking all for jest.

"A bond that could not be welded in to-day's fire probably never would be," commented another.

"You look as if you had enjoyed it—roasting and all," said Miss Ratcliffe.

"I suppose," Florence spoke slowly, "it does one good to look death in the face once in a while: one sees things clearer; life looks so different then. But I think the enjoyment part comes afterward."

UNEXPRESSED.

BY W. H. FIELD.

FAR down below the line where sea and sky
Mingle their kindred lives to one deep blue,
Unknown, unseen, beyond all human view,
A thousand treasure-ships are sailing by.

Far down, like to unrisen stars, below
The visible horizon of the mind,
Too deep for either words or tears to find,
Flit myriad thoughts that only self can know.

THIS MAN AND THIS WOMAN.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 336.



VII.

HAT summer! For the first time since he could remember, Jim was loved—worshiped rather, idolized! There was a smile for him, a kiss, a song, at all times, in the hot and dingy city lodging to which he took his wife.

He thought that for once in his life he had made someone happy.

Tilly grew a little paler, maybe, as the weeks wore on; and August with its sultriness was at hand, and there was no country green, while the noise and rumble of the city were like physical pain to her.

But then, Jim was growing less restless, and was valiantly fighting down the sense of misery caused by Celia's defection. In fact, he owned to himself, with a sort of shamefacedness, that through his efforts to make Tilly happy he was encompassing happiness for himself.

Good! thought he, at this idea; that was a good subject for a sermon—the obtaining of happiness for oneself when one tries to make others happy.

"Don't you think that a good subject, Tilly?" he asked her.

"Heavenly," she told him. Perhaps, had he broached the idea to her that one's happiness was largely gained by making others miserable, she would have called that heavenly too. For Tilly knew very little about heaven—was new to it; and, as he had brought it to her, she had no doubt that all he did was angelic, and, by logical sequence, heavenly.

But Jim did not write that sermon; like much else that now came into his mind to do, he put it off till that vague millennium, "sometime."

He felt as though he grew daily, and was sure he impressed their landlady with his manliness; for she always addressed him as "sir," and once, in a state of preoccupation over his extreme youth, called him "your reverence."

For the landlady was sure it was an elopement, and would soon have found out through Tilly, only that Jim impressed it upon his wife that the woman who rented them their rooms was in a far inferior social position to that of the wife of the Reverend James Arbury.

"Oh, Jim," said Tilly, "don't you think that vainglorious, to talk about superior and inferior social positions—that is, for a clergyman to think of such a thing?"

"We are all alike in nature, Tilly," replied he, with jovial superiority; "but culture makes a difference."

"But I am not cultured," argued Tilly.

"But I am," retorted Jim, "and, as you are my wife, you share my position. Do you see?"

"Oh, yes," answered Tilly, though she did not.

"And after a while," pursued Jim, "you will be cultured too. I'll educate you, Tilly, that's what I'll do—I'll educate you. What do you say to that?"

Tilly did not look supremely happy at the prospect.

"I wonder if it will be anything like my old melodeon exercises?" ventured she.

And Jim felt a little sinking at the heart; had he married a wife who would never have any culture?

Tilly knew she had said something wrong, but not quite what it was. She came up to his chair and threw her arms round him from the back, putting her chin down upon his shoulder.

"I never could learn very well, Jim," she said; "but I know one thing you nor anyone else could ever teach me to do better—and that is, to love you."

So Jim's heart rose again.

"You are right, Tilly," he said, "love is more than culture; it is—"

"God!" she said, softly.

What could he say to that? Only, he was a fellow who had a stubborn mind, and that mind told him that his wife must not associate familiarly with the landlady. So, the next morning, he gave his instructions to that effect.

"Why, of course," said Tilly. "I wouldn't speak to the President, if you didn't want me to. But she's kind; and, when people are kind to me, they can do whatever they please with me. I wish we'd stolen my melodeon—we could have carried it together."

Ah, thought Jim, music was a better companion than the landlady, and he would have his way. So he invested in a cheap organ, and it was worth more than the money it had cost, to witness Tilly's gratitude. It was worth something, too, to see the frail girlish figure seated at this organ, while from under her thin fingers, now beginning to be soft and white, came the tenderest harmonies.

Jim liked it. He thought it would have been in keeping to have a stained-glass window above her, to throw down upon her a glow such as he loved to imagine must have bathed Saint Cecilia. Sometimes in the evening, when the noises outside were dulled somewhat, she would play a hymn and sing it in her musical voice, Jim's arm round her, her head resting up against his breast. Maybe she would stop in the midst of it, and, her hands weaving chords on the organ, ask Jim if he really loved her and as much as he had once loved Celia.

He could always give an answer that satisfied her, and was sorry that her mind ran upon Celia—false, fair Celia. He was making her happy, he would keep her happy; so what more could he do?

Thus the time passed, and summer was gone, and you could close the window at dusk and feel very cozy in the lamp-light, all the busy world shut out. And so, also, came the time for Jim's return to college. Tilly was to be alone from Monday morning till Saturday, and Jim would be with her every Saturday and Sunday. It would be strange living.

Strange living! Jim saw that all at once. Could it go on like this? He had made Tilly happy, he had saved her in her hour

of despair; but what had he done? But he must hide all misgivings from her, who looked up to him as to a tower of strength.

He was nervous and grieved when the morning arrived that should take him back to his studies. Tilly, though, was smiling and calm, and prepared an especially appetizing breakfast for him, and rattled away as though her heart were the merriest heart in the world, and succeeded in making him lose sight of forebodings that had been gathering thick and fast for a week or so.

He kissed her and went from the house, a merry word from her speeding him on his way. He turned round half a dozen times as he went down the street, only to see her leaning from the window, her bright hair glistening in the sun, her handkerchief waving him farewell. Then he turned a corner and was gone.

Maybe at that moment Tilly went in from the window, scarcely merry, and, leaning her bright head upon the little organ, held the handkerchief before her eyes until it was heavy with damp and could with difficulty have waved in the air as it had waved when her husband looked back at her from the sun-slanted street. And maybe she was soon provoked with her weakness, and went to the white keys to make the music that should help her to bear a loneliness deeper than she could ever have imagined, and which she must bear without a complaining word, if only because of all that Jim was to her and had done for her.

If she only had someone to talk to! But there was no one except Mrs. Reilly, their landlady; and, rigorously heeding all that Jim had told her regarding her position toward that person, she was so cold in her bearing that Mrs. Reilly was positive it had been an elopement, and had even her suspicions that there might have been theft or something equally flagrant attached to it, or why should this young wife be so reticent and chilly, and never go out of doors unless her boy of a husband were with her?

So Tilly had no one to talk to, and Mrs. Reilly had her misgivings. And there was Jim with his misgivings going on to college! Suppose, by some means or other, his father had learned the true state of affairs! Suppose the doctor had written, cutting off allowances! That letter would be lying in college, waiting to be read; for Jim had left

no address behind him when he went away in the summer.

In the car, inventing miseries of this sort, Jim was in a cold perspiration. Gradually he became positive the doctor had written such a letter. After that, the train seemed to move so slowly that he went from car to car, as though that made speed.

At last, he was in the college town. He had to pass by Mrs. Rosa's old house; it had been treated to a fresh coat of paint, and new people were in the place. Then he saw in the distance the little wood, looking rusty in approaching frost-time. Next Saturday, he would tell Tilly these two incidents, especially of the wood.

Then he was in college—had greeted some of the fellows, who were a little blue on their own account—and was going after his letter.

VIII.

BUT he was not to get his letter at once. First, he must be waylaid and told the greatest bit of college news. And that was, that Blight's widow, tired of waiting for his finding the necessary funds, had secured them herself, and taken him away with an unlimited supply of waistcoats, and they were now popularly supposed to be quarreling at a great rate at Monte Carlo, where Blight had developed an enthusiastic admiration for the green table.

When Jim had laughed as much as was expected of him over this news, he broke from his friends and went for his letter. The influence of mind over matter may have been responsible for the letter's being there, for it was there. Or was it telepathy—the action of the mind of the writer on his mind—that told him it had come? His heart seemed to stop beating as he put out his hand for the envelope.

But it was not from the doctor, as Jim saw when he glanced at the superscription. Did he know that handwriting? An angry flush was in his face as he looked down at the square packet in his hand. It was from Celia. It had come the very week he had left college, months back, in June—his wedding-week. He did not know whether to open it or not. Of course, he opened it.

"Forgive me, dear old boy," he read, "for writing that last letter to you. I was irritated when I wrote it. I expected a reply

immediately, and you did not answer. Have I wounded you past recall? Don't say that, Jim. Remember that your father always treated you as an irresponsible boy, and you took such treatment without a murmur. I will confess that I engaged myself to you more out of bravado, to let the doctor see that I was strong as himself. I always had the kindest affection for you, but I regarded you as so much younger than myself; for I had been in the world of society three years, and you as yet knew nothing of it and how soon it ages a girl. An eligible marriage has always been held out to me as the sole purpose of a woman's life; and so, when you came to me with your young trust and love, I was more amused than impressed, and the desire to annoy your father was uppermost in my mind. When your loving letters came to me, I despised myself; but I held off as long as I could, fearing that I should wound you with the truth. Then I sent you that letter and the ring. But I had no sooner written than the reaction came—I knew that you loved me with all the glory of a first love, the tenderest feeling a man can ever have; and I found that I was not so old, after all. I am old in worldliness, but not in love. The two years in my disfavor will be as nothing in a little while, and, in a year or so, we shall meet as equals. So forgive me, dear old Jim, and send me back my little ring. I cannot do without my turquoise ring, Jim, and that must prove to you—more than I can write in words—my feeling for you."

And Tilly, in the city, had the crushed ring, and Tilly was his wife! Yes, there was Tilly in the city, knowing not a soul there, loving him as though he were a god, waiting for him; praying for him—in the eyes of God and man, belonging to him as no other woman dared! And there was Celia, and the years he had known her—his old devotion to her, her beauty and charm of cultured life!

Yea, what had he done? He was stunned, chilled to the marrow. But he had learned to be secretive now, and none of his college-mates knew that there was anything amiss with him, though they may have thought he had passed an especially jolly vacation, and so brought back with him some of the hilarity he had enjoyed of late.

So passed that first week, and Saturday came: and Saturday took him to Tilly.

"Jim!" she cried, before he had touched the door-knob—for had she not been on the watch for him even hours before he could by any possibility have come? It was so pleasant to pretend that he might turn the corner at any moment!

He was laughing gayly, telling her of the old place, her sister's house, the little wood, young Blight. She regarded him with a puzzled look. Then she laughed cheerfully too. She had learned some new music during his absence—a longing restless nocturne of Chopin's, and he sat beside her listening as she played it now. And all the time he was thinking of Celia, and the thought made him contemptible in his own eyes—a man unable to support his wife, living here like a beggar—a very hypocrite, pretending to an interpretation of the Divine Word!

He would do something—he would earn a living; his father should send no more money to him! And yet what could he do? There were his class essays: they had cost him a deal of reading and thought, and that one defending Esau had been very ingenious. But he had a thought borne in upon him that the public might not be wildly anxious to read them, even if he could find a young editor who would publish them. What could he do to support himself and Tilly, and feel more like an honorable man? It was all thought as he sat there that evening and listened to Tilly's playing. Then the new music was all done, and he must rouse himself.

"Tilly," he said, all at once, "where is that battered old ring I once buried? You know what I mean."

"What do you want it for, Jim?"

She came over to him, looking into his eyes.

"I wished to see it, that is all," he answered. "It does not matter—it really does not matter at all."

"Oh, I will get it for you," she said, "though you must not take it away from me. I went to the wood to get that ring that day, you know; so I think you will let me keep it?"

"Why should you not?" he returned, blithely. "Indeed, I refuse to see it now—I wouldn't look at it if you brought it to me.

We will never speak of it again, please. Now play to me again."

And, as she played, came the strengthened resolve to support his wife; he would write to his father to-morrow and tell him all, and abide by the consequences.

But he did not write to his father the next day. He saw his wife in the white morning light and he was startled: she looked positively ill. What should he do if she became ill, and he at college and without money? He certainly dared not write to his father and have his allowance cut off instantaneously.

Tilly looked ill! Was there a cause for the alteration in her looks? The night before, Saturday night, when all was hushed and still and her young husband breathed quietly in deep sleep, she had risen and fluttered about his coat stretched upon the back of a chair. She knew that something ailed Jim—that his manner, for all its gay quality, was not as it should be. Had there been bad news? Was money scarce? And why had he wanted to see that ring? Was it very valuable—worth lots of money?

She looked into his coat-pocket for bills from duns. She found a bill which could not be liquidated—Celia's letter. Why had Jim kept that letter? Why do many of us keep certain letters under lock and key at this moment?

Tilly carried the letter into the next room, and, in the dim light of a wax taper, read it. She understood then: understood that, if Jim no longer cared for Celia, he would never have kept that letter, whose post-mark told her had been left at college for him far off in June, when he had been so newly married. He had not got it in time to stop his marriage!

"It is my fault," she told herself. "I have brought all this misery upon him. It is all my fault."

With a light step, she went and put the letter into the coat-pocket again, and lay down beside her sleeping husband without disturbing him.

She was up before Jim in the morning, and was waiting for him at the dainty breakfast-table with its bunch of flowers and its glowing oranges.

"How bright you look, Tilly," said Jim, his heart smiting him, he pitied her so much and thought she looked so ill.

"Bright?" she echoed. "Why should I

not be bright? The world is full of brightness; we should be very ungrateful if we refused to take it when it is offered us. Come now, let us have breakfast."

IX.

TILLY had many long days for thought now. She knew no one in the city except Mrs. Reilly, and Jim had never raised the embargo ostracising that lady. She dreaded the streets and the surge and press of the people there; every other woman she saw there seemed to know some other woman, and did not even so much as see her. It made her feel lonelier than ever, to go out into the bright busy streets and have no one of all those hurrying people give her a glance of recognition. She could only stay in her rooms and think. And out of her thought there crystallized a great pain for Jim, who must have married her only out of compassion. Had he not pitied her from the very beginning? Had he not pitied her that day out in the wood, when her sister had struck her and she had gone and dug up the ring preparatory to going to the only Friend of loneliness and dearth, the Lord?

Only pity! More than ever did she now stand in awe of Jim. Could anything be undone now? She loved him so—had always loved him, it seemed to her, and there had been Celia all the time. Doubtless Celia had treated him badly; but, if he loved her, he would forgive that, for she knew what she might take from Jim and still love him.

But Jim must not know what she felt—no, no. She was quite gay when she saw him on the following Saturday, and he was gay too. And what a gulf was forming between them!

Jim's care for his own peace of mind lay in the one direction—to support his wife by his own unaided efforts; it was agony for him to take money from his father now. One thing he must do, and that was to give up the ministry. Yet what could he do to earn money, if he did that? Sometimes he was half crazed when he thought of his position and his wife. And there he would be in college, learning shades of meaning in the simple all-sufficing word of Christ, whose teaching had been all of love and charity, the higher love, and who was the balm for the sorrowful and the heavy-laden. Then on Saturday there would be the going

to Tilly, to find her pale and thin—a strange wistfulness upon her, which he could not understand nor explain. Her music irritated him, and to stop it he would sometimes say:

"It is Saturday night, and the shops are open. Let us go and look at the windows."

He was bolder now, and did not care if he were seen with Tilly—courted exposure, perhaps, in order to bring about a change he was not brave enough to compass by more legitimate means.

So she would slip on her bonnet, and they would go and stand before the bright shop-windows, and I doubt if either saw much of the pretty wares therein.

Sometimes, feeling more guilty than ever, he would take out Celia's letter and dream over it, and wonder how she fared. For he heard nothing of her, his father having sent him a meagre note in September, to tell him of his return from Europe, and that was all—a short note, written on a prescription-blank. At that moment, there might flash upon him the thought of Tilly's pinched face, Tilly's abnormally large eyes, and the loving smile with which she ever greeted him.

Mrs. Reilly was now positive that the elopement had proved a failure, and that her lodger was on the point of deserting his wife. Many times she was on the verge of demanding her rooms, and as many times she held back; for, though Tilly refused to be friendly, there was that in her eyes which told the landlady her heart was not in her manner.

"It's that highfalutin' husband of hers," said Mrs. Reilly. "I guess he's some relation to a millionaire, and her mother set in market. And him a minister! Preserve us! The pair of 'em ought to be spanked."

The cold weather came, and Christmas came too. Jim spent the day of days with his wife, of course, and he had never seen her cheerfuller, prettier. He had a little gold cross for her, and he pinned it at her throat.

A cross! He had once taken a glittering cross to himself—Celia, with her shower of bright buttons; now Tilly took to herself a cross from him.

She had no gift for him; it had grieved her that this must be so, but she felt that she could not give him a happy gift while she

knew his heart was Celia's. But he did not miss her gift, and this only told her she had been right.

January came, and February, March—April, even; and the only change was a lassitude that took possession of each.

One Monday in May, on going to college, Jim received a letter from his father: he was to go home in June and spend the summer months with the doctor.

"You will reach your majority in the summer," wrote Dr. Arbury, "and I must understand you a little better. Before that, though, I wish to see you. Suppose you come to me next week—Saturday and Sunday. I have something of importance to lay before you."

Something of importance! There could be only one thing of importance: the doctor had learned the truth, and was going to make the best of it—or the worst.

Jim was almost glad; something was coming to break the awful monotony, he cared not what.

This was Monday. By Saturday, he had made up his mind to tell Tilly that he would not go into the Church.

But he told her nothing. For, when he reached the lodging that Saturday, Tilly was not at the door to receive him. She was in the sitting-room, seated at the organ, looking very young and lovely in her soft white frock.

"Hush!" she said, smiling strangely as he opened the door, "and listen!" She had her finger raised.

"What is it?" he whispered, the exaltation in her face impressing him as did a certain picture of the Annunciation.

She rose and went to him, and reached up both hands till they rested upon his shoulders.

"There is something I have heard for some time now," she said; "it is a little voice that has never yet been heard in the world before."

He understood her. He clasped her to him; he folded her to his heart, letting her cry restfully there. Then, when they were calmer, he took Celia's letter from his pocket, went to the stove, in which burned a pale flame, and threw it in and watched it shrivel and crisp and disappear. She did not ask him what he had burned, for she knew.

Long they sat and talked that night,

a dark cloud gone, a fair light shining in upon them. He would go to his father next Saturday—she would not mind?—and he would lay the case before him. A way would open, and he would be a clergyman, after all; for the first time, he felt "called."

It was pleasant and full of relief to talk this way on Sunday as well. He left Tilly on Monday morning, a new man. She dreaded everything from this interview with his father; she thought that nothing but disaster could come of it, and she would be the only one blameworthy.

But Jim left her, noticing nothing, so filled was he with the new rôle that he was to take. He was elated all the week; he was going to announce himself to his father and the world at large as a man and a husband. On Saturday, he went to the doctor.

X.

How old and toil-worn the doctor looked!

"Well, Jim," Doctor Arbury said, "you are less like veal than you used to be. You have improved, boy."

Jim had looked for nothing short of harsh accusation and contempt. What did it mean? He opened his lips.

"Be ready for dinner," the doctor called over his shoulder, as he moved away, "at the usual hour."

The usual hour! the old home-hour! Did the doctor know anything?

Jim went up to the room he had known as his own. Nothing had been changed; there were all the old luxurious, even effeminate, things he had once gathered about him. There was even a vase of fresh rosebuds on the dressing-table. He sank upon a velvet couch and thought of his wife—she must be playing her music at this very time. Surely the doctor knew nothing.

He took a bud from the vase on the table, and slipped it into his buttonhole. It was a soft white thing, suggestive of his wife. This should be her gage—he would have an explanation with his father at the dinner-table.

He hurried down the stairs. He paused at the drawing-room door and looked in. There was Mrs. Winship, flashing with diamonds and looking up into Dr. Arbury's face as though all the old-time disagreement had been overcome.

And there was Celia! So radiant was she, so dazzling in a marvelous gown that was as a rich frame to her richer beauty, that Jim fairly gasped. She saw him out there and sailed toward him, the frou-frou of her garments sounding like music. She held out a white hand to him.

"Well, Jim," she said, as sweetly as a loving woman can say the name of the man who is more to her than all other men, "I sent that rose you wear—I knew you would understand."

Then he was in the room; and his father, with new familiarity, slapped him on the back.

"A little surprise—eh, Jim?" he said. "The world is full of surprises. I met Mrs. Winship and Celia in Paris, and we traveled much together. I met someone else you know—a fellow who told me he was a college

chum of yours: Blight, his name is. I saw him at Monaco; he was gambling for all he was worth, and his fat elderly wife never left his side, so jealous was she. Come, take Celia in to dinner; Mrs. Winship and I yield the places of honor to you two."

It was all bewilderment to Jim: the elegant appointments of the table, the smiling decorousness of the old butler, the subtle perfume of Celia's garments—everything. But he got through with it somehow, and then the ladies were driven away to some entertainment or other, Jim taking them to their carriage.

When Jim re-entered the house, his father had gone to his own room and could not be seen.

Jim passed a restless night. He waited eagerly for morning and the breakfast-hour.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE CLOUD-SPIRIT.

BY ELLA ALICE JOHNSON.

THE moon hung high in the heavens,
A white cloud sailed near by
Like a phantom-spirit of silence
'Gainst the midnight blue of the sky.

A silvery sheen of moonlight
Fell athwart my chamber floor,
And the phantom-ghost made shadows
Flit over it—o'er and o'er.

The solemn hush and the silence,
And the soft light over it all,
Seemed like a hallow from heaven
Thrown o'er the casement wall.

The sound of wings in the stillness
Came through the empty space;
An angel came in the darkness,
And stroked my pallid face.

My hair falling over the pillow
In many a wanton wave,
Dark on its snowy whiteness,
To the angel's fingers gave.

My heart stood still in my bosom,
And thrilled at the soft caress;
For the touch seemed strangely familiar,
That fondled the dark-brown tress.

He stooped over me in the darkness
And kissed me again and again,
Till my heart leaped out of the shadow
And threw off the old dull pain.

My bosom heaved with emotion,
My head rested calm on his breast;
For methought the cloud-spirit bore me
In his arms to the land of the blest.

LAKE MANOUNA.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

A SOFT gray sky in which is blent,
Like swaying sails on ocean's blue,
Feathery clouds, each filament
Just touched with setting sun's adieu.

A twilight stillness all around,
And harvest odors in the air,
With grotesque shadows on the ground,
And brooding silence everywhere.

And in the lake a lonely isle
Where shadows congregate and play,
And where the moonbeams love to smile
And watch the shadows steal away;

Where low the pliant willows bend
Their tips unto the water's brim.
As though a message they would send
To waiting nymphs concealed within.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

BY OLNEY TOWNE.



and the record of his life, which every American school-boy knows by heart, is recalled with a fresh zest, each familiar detail gaining a new attraction as the mind hurries swiftly over the intervening ages to regard the Columbia of to-day.

Even the most truculent and obstinate of chroniclers, ancient or modern,

does not dispute the generally received tradition that Christopher Columbus was born about the year 1435, and all are equally unanimous that the republic of Genoa had the honor of being his birthplace.

Few authentic accounts of his early years have come down to us; but enough is accurately known to prove that, as might be expected, his boyhood was noticeable for a passionate love of such studies as would peculiarly fit him for the career which the future held in its unseen grasp. Doubtless the imagination of the fiery youth was early haunted by

HISTORY does not hold a more interesting figure or a more romantic story than that of the man whose glorious destiny it was to be the discoverer of a continent.

Few of the prominent personages of the past have led lives of such wild and daring adventure as Christopher Columbus; and his wonderful power of endurance, his indomitable energy and unconquerable perseverance would have gained him the admiration of succeeding generations, even if his labors had not been crowned by success, and another than he, profiting by his knowledge, and given to Europe the certainty that a new world existed beyond the trackless waste of sea.

This year, which before its close will complete the fourth century that has elapsed since that achievement, brings the memory of the man still closer and more vividly before us;

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splendid visions of a mighty land lost in the mists of the terrible ocean, and the belief that he was destined to be its explorer must have fastened itself on his mind long before the maturity of manhood gave him the opportunity to voice the prophecy which his genius in its audacity had whispered to his eager soul.

While a mere youth, he began his sea-life, and the first voyage in which he took part had for its object a chivalrous purpose that must have appealed strongly to the poetry and generosity of his nature; for it was an expedition fitted out at Genoa in 1459 by John of Anjou, Duke of Calabria, in order to recover the kingdom of Naples for his father—René, Count of Provence.

For a good many years after his return from that ill-conducted venture, the record of his adventures is unfortunately vague, though enough is definitely known to show

that he was occupied with maritime pursuits. At length, the reader reaches an incident which always remains firmly established in his memory, owing to its dramatic interest and to the results of which it was the precursor.

Genoa was at war with her sister republic of Venice, and the Genoese ship which Columbus commanded was cruising about on the watch for prizes in the shape of treasure-laden vessels belonging to the imperious queen of the Adriatic. Between Lisbon and Cape Saint Vincent, they came in sight of a prize—a Venetian galley under full sail, making toward its distant homeward port, after some successful voyage.

It was still early in the morning when the Genoese vessel got within gunshot, and, during the entire day, a desperate battle was waged. In a hand-to-hand conflict on the deck of the Venetian craft, the ship took fire, and in a few instants both vessels were in flames, for they were so closely bound together by spars and grappling-irons that Columbus was unable to free his ship from the death-grip of his foe.

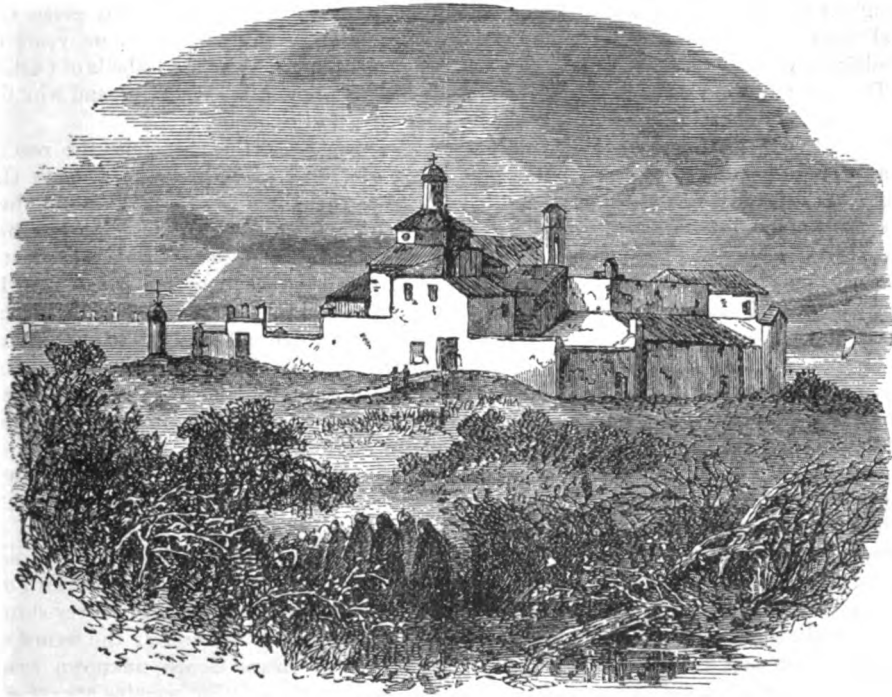
The combat suddenly ceased; the flames

must soon reach the powder-magazines—escape was the one thought left in the minds of the recent antagonists. The crews plunged into the sea; the only victory now desired by the fiercest among them was to be the first to reach the shore, which a line of breakers revealed, miles distant.

Columbus himself, when nearly exhausted, managed to catch hold of an oar that floated near, and thus succeeded in reaching the land. He journeyed to Lisbon, in which city dwelt his brother Bartholomew, engaged in the peaceful occupation of manufacturing geographical charts and dealing in books on navigation.

The great Prince Henry had made Lisbon the resort of naval men, among whom Columbus found congenial companionship. He took a part in his brother's business and evidently earned considerable money, for later we find him sending remittances to his father. While occupied with mercantile affairs, so far from relinquishing his dreams, he increased his knowledge of geography, diligently pursued his other studies, and still found leisure to fall in love and marry.

His wife, Philippa Perestrello, was the



CONVENT OF SANTA MARIA LA RABIDA.



COLUMBUS AND HIS MUTINOUS CREW.

daughter of a famous Italian navigator who had died while governor of one of the Madeira Islands.

The papers the old seaman had left behind him gave Columbus information which only strengthened his lifelong conviction, and the king of Portugal himself showed the Genoese a number of enormous reeds unlike any that grew anywhere in the known world, which some sailors of his own had picked up in the open sea after a violent gale that for days and nights had blown ceaselessly out from the mysterious west.

As time went on, his belief that at least a route from Spain to India could be found strengthened to conviction, and his determination to prove the truth of his theory grew in proportion to the skepticism and discouragement which his views encountered. It makes one's heart ache to recall the years of disappointment, the time and energy spent in the vain effort to open the eyes of his own countrymen to the glorious possibilities held in the realization of his project: the weary journeys from one foreign court to another, the rebuffs, the false hopes, the undisguised mockery which would have utterly crushed

the spirit of a man less resolute and brave.

In the year 1485, we find Columbus on Spanish soil. Leading his little son by the hand, he knocked one day at the gate of the monastery of Santa Maria la Rabida, and demanded permission to rest there for a few days. The convent was poor, the brotherhood devout and hard-working, depending for subsistence on their garden and small vineyard. Among these simple kindly men was a certain Fra Juan de Marchena, a student and an astronomer, to whom the world owes much, for it was through his interposition that Columbus finally succeeded in laying his plans before Ferdinand and Isabella.

In this retreat, which was carefully restored some forty years ago, the tired wanderer spent a twelvemonth; but

though at its expiration he was given the opportunity he desired, four more years of suspense dragged by before Isabella of Castile was able to aid the adventurer and win for herself a lasting fame.

Familiar as is the chronicle, the reader feels his pulse quicken as he reaches the story of that interview between Columbus and the queen, in which she promised her utmost assistance. Those terrible iconoclasts, modern biographers, may declare as stoutly as they please that there is no truth in the tale; but we shall all go down to our graves believing as implicitly as we did in our childhood that the dauntless Isabella avowed her determination in the exact words formerly ascribed to her:

"I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and I will pledge my jewels to obtain the needed sum."

In fancy, one watches the little fleet set sail from the port of Huelva on the third of August, 1492, and few events in history stand out so living in the mind as the record of that strange voyage across unknown seas. The scene of the mutiny remains always an especially vivid picture, with the intrepid

admiral facing the rebellious crew and subduing them by mingled appeals to their patriotism and their selfishness.

One can actually see, also, doughty Martin Pinzon clinging to the mast of his ship, and hear him shouting across the waves to his leader: "Land! land!" One watches the vessels sail close together, while commanders and crews kneel on the decks and repeat the "Gloria in Excelsis" in a united burst of thankfulness which was to give way to a storm of fury and despair when daybreak proved that the hoped-for land had been a mocking delusion of sunset cloud.

After all, so far as Columbus was concerned, the discovery of the new world proved a mockery still more terrible, for even the certainty that he would keep a lasting place on the roll of the future must have added a crowning anguish to his personal downfall and degradation.

No man, among the many whom their fellows have first tortured and then worshiped, ever made a more bitter dying request than that of the discoverer, when he desired the chains in which he had been brought back to Spain to be buried with him.

Even after death, he could not be allowed to lie quiet in his grave. In 1536, Columbus in his coffin again crossed the Atlantic, and this time was laid to rest in the Cathedral of San Domingo, only to be removed some two centuries later to Havana.

Recently there has arisen a new report, said to be thoroughly substantiated, that the imposing monument in the Havana church does not cover the ashes of the illustrious dead, but those of some unknown person which were forwarded to Cuba instead.

Well might the Preacher sigh, as he summed up the hopes and aims of human life: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."



TOMB OF COLUMBUS, IN THE CATHEDRAL, HAVANA.

THE NIGHT I DIED.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.



SOME moments elapsed after consciousness had fully returned before I could recall what had happened, though I knew that I was lying on the bed in my own room and recognized the persons present. There were my cousins John and Harry, and a noted surgeon whose face was familiar, though I had no acquaintance with him; and besides these, I saw my old man-servant and another attendant.

Memory recovered its sway. I recollected that at four o'clock I had been driving along a crowded street in a hansom cab. Then followed the recollection of an awful jar—the overturn—then a blank succeeded.

The clock on the mantel struck six; I counted the strokes, tried to speak, but a physical agony as sudden as it was intense struck me dumb and motionless, though through it all I was aware of what went on.

The moments seemed hours; I knew that preparations were making to put me under the influence of an anæsthetic. I remembered that not long before my own physician had warned me against the use of chloroform. I tried to say this, but could not articulate; each attempt was a groan. Then I lay still; I felt neither concern nor any wish to interfere—the matter seemed wholly beyond my control; I was simply submitting to the inevitable.

I knew when the bag was placed to my mouth. I inhaled the first aromatically sweet odor. I opened my eyes and looked about. I saw the doctors and speculated vaguely as to the result of their experiment.

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I noticed that a lamp had been brought in. I heard the measures of Chopin's most fanciful nocturne played by a professional musician in the opposite house. The soft white light and the strains of music gradually blended in a delicious harmony which human words are powerless to describe. The figures about the bed slowly receded; the voices began to sound far-off, and

the room to spread gradually out. I felt the bodily pain relax its hold, while the white light and the minor-keyed air swayed to and fro in rhythmic waves that rapidly increased in brightness and sweetness till they held every faculty in their control.

Then a voice, which I recognized as that of the surgeon, though it seemed to come from a great distance, called my name; called again more urgently; but I was past speech, though I knew the chloroform had been removed. I knew, too, that a hurried consultation ensued, that somebody cried out in alarm and grief, that I was raised in someone's arms, and a voice said: "Heart-failure—I am afraid it is over."

I realized that I was dying, but the fact only roused a vague impersonal wonder in my mind; that very wonder became somehow blended with the light and the music, then consciousness was gone.

When I opened my eyes again, I was standing in my dressing-room; the door into the bed-chamber was shut. At first, the fact of my being there did not strike me as peculiar; I was listening for the music. It had ceased, but the air was still vibrant with strange harmonies.

Then I noticed that several persons were present; I singled out Alicia Alderson first. She was on her knees, sobbing with painful violence; her face was hidden in her hands, which were stretched out on a lounge. At a little distance stood my cousins John and Harry, conversing in whispers and now and then regarding Alicia with glances which

betrayed a certain impatience of her uncontrollable agony. Still farther off stood my neighbor and friend Mr. Cady; near him was his wife, with whom Alicia was on fairly sisterly terms.

Nobody appeared to take the slightest notice of my presence, and my first sensation was one of simple wonder—my first distinct thought a desire to comfort Alicia. I remembered the hurt and the operation—the fainting-fit. It was odd the doctors had not explained their mistake; perhaps they had left it for me to set matters right.

I crossed the room and laid my hand on Alicia's shoulder, saying quietly:

"Get up, dear! It was all a mistake; I am not hurt."

She only sobbed on, though I called her name several times—even put my arm about her neck. I looked round to ask the others what it meant. Mrs. Cady had approached Alicia and whispered in her ear; she had come up so quickly and stood so close that I had to step back. Then I heard her husband speaking to John.

"Had you any idea there was a predisposition to heart-trouble?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Not the slightest," my cousin replied.

"None of us had," his brother Harry added.

Softly as the words had been spoken, Alicia heard; for, without changing her attitude, she cried sharply:

"Is he really dead? Are you certain?"

"He is dead," John answered, without turning toward her.

She moaned in such anguish that I called desperately:

"Alicia, Alicia, I am not dead! Look up! Can't you see me—don't you hear me?"

But neither Alicia nor the others paid the least attention to my appeal. Mrs. Cady shivered and said to her husband:

"See if there isn't a window open, Charles; there is a cold draught blowing over Miss Alderson."

"She would be better off in her own room," John said, in his hardest voice.

"Oh, I must go in once more—I must see him!" sobbed Alicia. "I can't believe—"

"I am not dead!" I interrupted. "Alicia, darling! can't you see that I am not?"

"Because there is no death!"

It was a new voice that spoke, one which

I had not heard for a long while; but I recognized it. I turned; my half-brother was standing directly in front of me. He had been dead for five years, but he looked so perfectly natural that for an instant it did not strike me as strange to see him.

Then I perceived another relative—a couple of old friends. They were all dead people whom I looked at, and immediately I comprehended that everything I fancied I saw was a dream—part of the delusion caused by the effect of the anæsthetic.

"Wake me!" I called. "It is the chloroform; raise me up—open the window!"

"They cannot hear you," my brother answered. "I hear you—we hear you; but they cannot."

"Will I wake soon?" I asked myself. "Why, it was all a nightmare: the hurt—everything! Oh, I must wake!"

"Come," said my brother; and, as soon as he spoke, I was looking into the bedroom, though the door had not opened. I saw two men entering. I recognized them as an undertaker and his assistant; I had often seen them at funerals. My old butler was with the pair. The three walked toward the bed—a white counterpane covered some object stretched out there.

Then I could only see the dressing-room, the groups collected, and hear Alicia's sobs. The pain of the nightmare grew intense.

"I shall be paralyzed or go crazy if I cannot wake!" I whispered to myself. "Oh, if only I could get rid of you!" I added, addressing the image of my dead brother which my fancy had conjured up.

An expression of lofty pity crossed the face of the image and so sorely exasperated me that I turned my back on it, as I had so often turned my back on that elder brother when, still clothed in the flesh, he irritated me beyond endurance by his airs of superiority.

"The years since I went away appear to have taught you little," came the chill response.

"If, instead of having a nightmare, I were really dead," I exclaimed, "you are the last person likely to come and tell me! There never was a grain of sympathy between us, and we never had a taste in common."

"How much you have to learn," the figure rejoined, with a faint sigh; "your discipline will be even harder than I was led to expect."

"I will wake up!" I groaned. "If I could only stir!"

Then my brother seemed to move slowly down the room, and I seemed to walk beside him.

"Look back," was his chill command.

I obeyed, in spite of a strong effort to resist. I saw the interior of the bed-chamber, though the thick walls and the closed door rose between. I saw the undertaker and his assistant bending over the bed. Then a new burst of grief from Alicia struck my ear; Mrs. Cady was leading her away. I hurried toward her; my brother followed—his hand was on my shoulder.

"Alicia! Alicia!" I moaned.

Close as my brother stood to my side, Alicia and her friend passed directly between us; neither they nor the three men betrayed any recognition of our presence.

Then—how, I cannot tell—I comprehended that all about were, no part of a dream: every thing and person was real. I had passed the mysterious portal which men call death! Though still in the world of mortality, I no longer belonged thereto.

"Yes, until you are set free," was my brother's response to that thought.

"Who shall set me free?" I asked, "and when?"

"Only your own will can do it," he replied, "and your own will must decide when."

I looked again at Alicia; she had paused in the doorway—she was looking back; her white face and agonized eyes were fixed full on me. I called her name, but she neither saw nor heard, and passed slowly from the room.

"Yes, I am dead," I said aloud. It was still so hard to credit the fact, that I was forced to repeat it: "Dead! dead!"

"There is no death," my brother added again.

The one thought which filled my mind was that I had not signed my will. The paper lay in a drawer of the cabinet in my library; it had been drawn up months before, but I had been greatly occupied and had allowed myself to put off adding my signature until I should have definitely arranged certain matters mentioned therein.

Now my two cousins would inherit everything, and neither of them had ever liked Alicia. They were hard grasping men, but,

even if they could have brought themselves to offer her a share, I knew she would accept nothing at their hands. A life of drudgery must lie before her—she, the woman I loved, to whom I had meant in case of my death that the bulk of my fortune should be left!

She had been a connection of my mother's first husband—brought up with me; my sister when we were little—my love, my idol, since I reached manhood.

My mental agony grew so great that I could not stop to question or care what new life lay before me; every faculty of my mind was concentrated on the unsigned will and the wrong to Alicia.

I looked at my hand—it was palpable and firm as ever. I seized my brother's wrist in a strong gripe; I struck his shoulder, then my own.

"It is not too late," I said; "oh, it is not too late! You are right, James—there is no death! I am alive, though Alicia could not see or hear me: alive, and I can have justice done her."

I was full of fresh hope; a sense of lightness and freedom made itself felt and quickly became positive ecstasy, now that my mind was so suddenly relieved. I hurried from the room. There was no need for opening doors; I passed where I would—at first, the one convincing proof that I was indeed freed from the physical body.

Yet I was not a spirit—my frame appeared as vigorous as ever; I was dressed in the suit I had worn in the morning. But I could not wait to speculate: I must secure the fortune to Alicia.

I passed down the stairs and crossed the corridor; my dog Don was lying on a mat before the library door.

"Can't you see me either, good old dog?" I asked.

The mastiff sprang up with a strangled bark, then began to whine. His eyes dilated with fear, which he struggled hard to overcome; as I approached, he kept backing off, whining all the while. I spoke to him again and went into the library: I could not waste a moment.

The great room was dimly lighted; but, to my sight, that made no difference—again the sense of exultant freedom seized me.

"If only Alicia were dead too," I said. "But I can watch over her—be near her." I was standing by the cabinet; the key

was in the lock, but there was no process of turning it. The secret drawer and its contents were visible. I was holding the will; I read it eagerly—every clause was correct. The property for the settlement of which I had waited before signing the paper had been satisfactorily arranged.

I affixed my signature to the document; it was a holograph will, but nobody could break it, I felt certain.

As soon as I had finished my work, I discovered that I was very tired.

"That seems odd," I thought. "I wonder if James and the others are upstairs still? I should think that now one of them might come and give me a little information."

"What do you want to know?" my brother asked. There he stood by the cabinet.

"When did you come in?" I asked.

"As soon as you wanted me," he replied.

"I did not come down with you, because you did not ask me. If you remember, it was never my habit to intrude on anybody; we cannot do it now by each other even so easily as people do that call themselves living and us dead."

"I have signed the will," I said, unable to think steadily of anything else. "I am so glad—so glad—Alicia will have the fortune! Oh, I had not thought! What shall I do without her? Can't she come?"

"When it is time," my brother answered.

"But I want her—"

"This life no more gives us all we want than did the other," he interrupted. "Lie down now and rest—you are tired."

"Very tired," I replied, and lay down on the sofa. "But why should I be tired?"

"Because, though finer and more delicate than your body which lies upstairs, this body of yours is matter also—subject to certain inevitable laws."

"Will I ever be free from it?"

"I do not know; how should I? Wherever I have been, I find what men call matter present, but I find it at the same time what they call spirit."

"I want Alicia," I said, wearily.

"You must rest," rejoined my brother, and he extended his hand.

"Don't touch me," I pleaded; "you know I never could bear to have you! I don't mean to be rude, but your magnetism is as unpleasant to me as ever."

"And yours to me," he replied; "but we

shall be obliged to see a good deal of each other, all the same."

"We need not, I suppose, unless we choose."

"No; but we cannot help but choose, I perceive already—it must be part of the discipline."

"What discipline?"

"That which our wills make for us."

"I wish to go to sleep," I said, impatiently, and at once I slept.

A dreamless slumber it proved for a season, then I became conscious that a new change had taken place: my real entity—the incorporeal essence which mortals term spirit—had freed itself from the astral shape, which lay motionless on the couch as that coarser outward envelope, the material body, lay cold and still in the chamber overhead.

Through immeasurable space we floated, I and those who had joined me with smiling welcomes. Human language cannot describe that which I saw and felt: the ecstatic sense of freedom, the consciousness of powers so new and strange that names for them were yet lacking to me, color multiplied to countless hues that spread in waves of transcendent glory, symphonies which held not mere earthly echoes of supernal harmony, but were the voice of music itself, part of one grand diapason in which the countless universes shared, coursing in rhythmic cycles through the sweep of infinite space.

Into the summer-land, the abode of peace which held ceaseless activity in its repose, as one tint holds every hue of your rainbow in its heart, thither we floated, there we paused.

You can comprehend only human words; time and space are the only symbols which can be understood by you, so that I cannot make you comprehend what existence became when those symbols no longer possessed significance. To render my meaning clear, I must tell you that many years of earthly life would not have been long enough to hold so much in their circle as I lived through during my stay in the summer-land.

Suddenly into the bliss of that sojourn intruded the remembrance of my existence spent on earth; with it rose the thought of Alicia, the overwhelming desire to know that all was going well. No one among my companions had mentioned my past life; no one had questioned, had praised or censured.

No power from without disturbed me; within myself was born the impulse which speedily crystallized into an overmastering determination. I must leave the sunny land—must go back to earth; if I tarried, this beautiful place would quickly become a hell.

Remember that to will is to do! I was back in this lower sphere again. I suffered—suffered almost as much as if I had been compelled to enter the coarse clay envelope itself; but I knew that I had willed to return: I could not depart until I had learned what were to be the consequences of my mortal pilgrimage—the effect on Alicia, on all with whom I had been associated.

A period of unconsciousness ensued. When thought and volition returned, I was lying on the sofa in my library, and the sun was streaming in through the parted curtains. I started up, once more convinced that the events of the past night had been a dream: the accident—my death—all. I looked at my clothing: I had on the dressing-gown I usually wore in my room, and my favorite Turkish slippers.

"I must have fallen asleep here," I said to myself.

I went rapidly over the incidents which I have recorded, till I reached the fall from the cab and the later scene in my bed-room. But, before I could wonder or speculate further, the door opened and my cousins John and Harry entered, accompanied by my lawyer.

"Good-morning all," I called. "I had forgotten I made an appointment with you, Mr. Hendricks."

The three walked up the room without heeding my voice—paused close to me, unconscious of my presence.

"The will must be in the cabinet," said John.

"If there is any will," rejoined Mr. Hendricks. "He often spoke of getting me to draw one up, but he never did."

"Procrastination was always his greatest fault," Harry observed. "I very much doubt our finding a will."

"You are mistaken for once," said I; "the will is there."

No attention was paid to my words. The truth impressed itself anew on me: I no longer belonged to the world of mortals, so far as their consciousness was concerned,

though to call myself dead seemed simply absurd.

I watched Mr. Hendricks open the cabinet, saw him take the will out and hold it up, saw the keen disappointment reflected in the faces of my cousins, and a wave of exultation for Alicia's sake swept over me.

The lawyer unfolded the paper and glanced down it; I looked over his shoulder and saw my own signature clear and distinct.

"A will, but it is not signed," he observed.

I called out; I pointed to the name; I struck the document with my hand. The three remained deaf and blind to my voice and gestures.

"Oh, if James would come again—he might help me!" I exclaimed.

The trio prepared to leave the room; I clutched frantically at Mr. Hendricks's coat—he passed on. I stood in dumb anguish and watched them go.

"I cannot help you," my brother said. I turned; he was standing at my side.

"But the will is signed; I put my name to it the night of my accident. It is there, clear and distinct!"

"To your eyes and mine," he replied, "but not to theirs."

"Alicia—what will become of Alicia?" I moaned.

"She must live according to what men call her destiny. Like everyone in her world or ours, she is bound by the laws of cause and effect."

I hurried away; I went upstairs; I entered the room in which Alicia and her friend Mrs. Cady were seated. I passed into my own bed-room; there was a closed upright box there, the sight of which made me hasten out; there was something repulsive in the sight, for through the woody fibres I could see the white shape it contained.

Down in the library I stood again. No human words can describe my suffering, because the anguish was far beyond the power of human endurance or even of human conception. My brother came; he was joined by other relatives and friends who, like us, had passed beyond the pale of mortality. They were all full of kindness and sympathy, but they could offer no aid.

I was sitting in judgment on myself, and I cowered before my own decision. Deeds, the remembrance of which had always troubled me in the cast-off existence, seemed

of slight consequence now; acts or omissions which had appeared mere trifles assumed a vast importance.

Procrastination had been the fault of mine through which others had most suffered, yet I had always rather encouraged the habit. I perceived now that, through its working, my departure from earthly life must cause untold trouble to many—that the effects of my error might be visited on those yet unborn.

My friends tried to console me; even my brother pleaded earnestly with me to have mercy on myself. He reminded me of many good deeds that I had performed—of the happiness I had brought to scores: all in vain.

"I am condemned," I cried, in anguish.

"No one condemns you," they replied. "It is your own will alone that makes you suffer! Resist!"

"Have you resisted?" I asked.

"Since we are still here!" they answered, sadly. "It is so hard to get away from earth."

"Are you forced to remain?" I questioned.

"If our wills would let us, we could go," came the unanimous answer.

"Have you never been away?"

"If so, only in what seemed dreams."

"I went last night—I thought so, at least; but I thought, too, that I was gone long—very long. Was that a dream?"

"We cannot tell; we do not know," they answered.

"Take me away from here!" I pleaded.

"I cannot endure more; take me away!"

"Come," they said, and together we set forth.

Through city streets we passed, out along the open country, into the homes of rich and poor, through the market-place, and amid the silence of closed dwellings. All places were tenanted as thickly by those whom men call dead as by those they term the living.

"Why do you stay?" I asked scores of the former; but the answer was always the same in substance:

"We cannot persuade ourselves to go away! We want to set right the wrongs we committed! We cannot bear to desert those who are suffering through the consequences of our acts."

"But you cannot help them?"

"No; we are powerless! Even if in

exceptional cases we can make ourselves seen and heard, the fact seems to change nothing. They are unable to believe in us; they are afraid it is all a delusion."

"And are you always unhappy? Must it last?"

"We shall be happy when our penance ends."

"But who forces this on you?"

"Only our own wills! We see what we merit; we cannot rebel against the verdict which we ourselves pronounce."

"I will to go away," I said. "I have tried my best to remedy the result of my carelessness, for it was nothing more. After all, if what you say is true, those still mortal must live their own lives."

"They must indeed."

"And the discipline, however hard, if used aright, must be of service to them—help to strengthen and elevate their natures?"

"It must," they all agreed.

"Then I shall go."

They looked at each other and looked back at me with smiles of lofty pity. I left them all; their companionship, instead of affording pleasure or comfort, only exasperated me.

I went back to my own house; as I crossed the threshold, there came the thought that I no longer owned any proprietorship therein. I was an intruder—only a ghost—unable to hinder the property which I had possessed from passing into hands I had determined should never hold it! The reflection was very bitter—especially galling to a nature like mine. I had been not only determined, but imperious, though a genuine kindness of heart had kept me from growing tyrannical. I remembered how often I had said:

"Even after I am gone out of this world, I mean to be master! I will leave what is my own so firmly settled that no quibble or skill can change an iota of the command I lay down."

And yet I had procrastinated, and Alicia must suffer!

Again I sought the room in which I was conscious I should find her. I will not go over the details of that visit; I saw not only Alicia, but others who must suffer through my neglect. I struggled so hard to make them see or hear—in vain, in vain!

I hurried from the chamber—from the house. Again I determined to quit the old haunts and return to the summer-land.

I met persons whom I had not seen before; I turned from my old friends to them.

"Do you stay here always?" I inquired.

"Why not?" they rejoined. "We are as gay as butterflies! Come with us and see how we amuse ourselves."

"But are you happy?" I asked.

"Not when we think—nobody is," they answered; "but we have every pleasure. Come and see."

I joined their band; I tried to forget; I could not.

"I must leave you," I said; "I have work to do."

"There will be forever to do it in," they replied.

"I must do it now," I insisted, "and I must make expiation."

"To serve no purpose," they rejoined. "But go; we cannot keep you. If you will not enjoy yourself, we do not desire your company."

They floated away in the circles of a beautiful dance, and I went most unwillingly, yet deliberately, to my task of self-enforced discipline. Into the cold and darkness I passed, yet even on the threshold I paused.

"It is a waste of existence; it is cruel!" I said.

"We told you so," the dancers called in chorus from the bright distance.

Then I saw my brother and his companions beckon to me, but I shook my head. Into the cold and the dark—I, who hated both—whose craving for light and warmth and beauty had been and must ever be among the strongest needs of my nature!

I was being bound: fettered by bonds stronger than any chains which human ingenuity could devise. The wasted powers and neglected opportunities had become my masters—masters relentless in their cruelty.

I cried aloud; I struggled impotently.

"Come—help me!" I pleaded, alike to my brother and his companions and to the circle of dancers.

"We cannot bear your pain," the dancers called back, and fled precipitately.

"We cannot help you," sighed my brother and his friends. "Your own will forges the fetters; cast them aside."

"I cannot," I moaned, and then they too floated away, looking back on me with pitying eyes till the gathering darkness hid them.

I was alone in a blackness that could be felt. The fetters were tightening—tightening! The mingling of physical pain and mental agony was such as no mortal can picture.

"I will be free!" I groaned. "I will!"

I concentrated strength in one supreme effort; still I felt the bonds tighten. Then a sudden arrow of light pierced the horrible night. A flame as well as light smote my very brain, and, with an awful groan, I plunged down—down—

"He is coming to himself now!"

It was the surgeon who spoke. There I lay on my bed; the clear white light still illumined the room; the piano's voice still rang in through the half-open window. At the foot of the bed, my cousins stood; the doctors were feeling my pulse.

"I am alive!" I exclaimed.

"Very much so," the surgeon answered; "don't try to stir, though—we had trouble enough with your struggling."

"I am alive!" I repeated, in a dazed sort of way; and, as a recollection of the bright part of my vision drifted up, my first sensation was one of regret. "Alive!"

"The operation is a complete success," the surgeon continued. "The leg is set, and the ribs are well incased; all you have to do is to lie still."

"He can't very well do anything else now," said good-natured John, with a laugh; "but I never saw a man make a fiercer fight. What the deuce were you dreaming about?"

I lay back and closed my eyes.

The experience was certainly an odd one, but the oddest points about it were these: there was no Alicia Alderson; I was not engaged; I never in my life procrastinated in a matter of importance, and I never owned a half-brother.

NOT ALONE.

BY A. H. GIBSON.

IN sorrow thou art not alone;
Thousands suffer, but make no moan,
Entombed in Pain's gloom-clouded cell,

Whose dark Joy's rays will ne'er dispel.
Then hide thy pain and help thy brother
His greater load to bear and smother.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC DIARY.

BY SARAH POWEL.

A FRIEND who had traveled a great deal once said: "Let me show you my diary," and she opened a great volume of photographs. There were pictures of every place she had visited during her two years' tour abroad, beginning with bits of scenery on the Irish coast as she approached England. Then came the public buildings of Liverpool; the Park; Knowsley, the fine residence of the Earl of Derby, a photograph of the Earl himself, and copies of pictures in his gallery; then Chester, with its walls and its quaint and beautiful old timber houses; Eaton Hall, the superb seat of the Duke of Westminster, with its wonderful carpet-gardens; bits of views here and there, and so on up to London. Of course, the photographs of London were legion: Westminster Abbey, the Parliament Houses, Crosby Hall where Richard was crowned, parks, palaces, the Queen, the Princess of Wales driving her ponies in the Park, great men and beautiful women, all were placed in succession as she had seen them. Then Margaret's unique diary took us to Canterbury, with its narrow streets, its odd little inn which was said to have been the house at which the Pilgrims stopped, the tomb of Thomas à Becket—to the white cliffs of Dover, to France, to Spain with its galleries of Velasquezes and Murillos, to Italy and its pathetic opaline hills, the ever tinkling fountains of Rome, the Borghese Gardens, the great Titians and Raphaels and Michael Angelos of its galleries, its sad-eyed Contadine models—to Naples with its macaroni-cooking at the corners of the streets, its curving sweep of bay and overhanging mountain of fire, buried Pompeii, the orange-groves of Santo—to Egypt with its inscrutable Sphinx, its Pyramids and sands, its picturesque Arabs—to Palestine, Greece, up through the Tyrol to Munich and Dresden, giving not only the scenery and buildings and the costumes of the peasants and representative people, but photographs of most of the best pictures in the famous galleries; and so on to Sweden and Norway.

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Under each photograph was the date of the place seen; in some places, a name or two were added, and, as we came to one picture of a view in Greece, my friend said to me: "Oh, you should have heard Margaret recite Homer there." At another, in the Tyrol: "That means Jack; he joined us here, but he nearly lost his life in trying to get edelweiss for us." Or, "If you could only see the fields and fields of pansies about Salzburg." Or, "Such a picture as that is! you really do believe in the old masters when you see that."

A story was told me of this old woman by the wayside, of that saucy donkey-boy at Cairo, of the party of Americans who would be photographed while looking at the midnight sun, and who were themselves taken by the sly Kodak of another traveler; and so we passed hours over the diary, which originated in only a few rolled-up photographs, which formed a more descriptive diary for me than written words could have done.

Then, too, time and fatigue had been saved; for traveling is sometimes exhausting, and the writing of a diary is often thought to be a matter of duty, but not always a matter of preference after a long day's work.

Fortunately the collecting of photographs nearly always comes in the way of travel. A day or two's rest at this queer-looking little village, a morning's lounge some summer day in the grotesque quaint streets, takes one past a photographer's or a bookstore where photographs are sold, the pictures are turned over, and bits of the town or of some place near by, a river or bridge or mountain which has been passed in the journey, is picked up; it is marked on the back with name of the place and date, perhaps with the names of those constituting the party, and it is ready in after years, as one comes upon it, to call up suddenly those vivid recollections that pen and pencil cannot do.

You naturally say a long visit necessitates many photographs, and how can we carry

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those about with us? Well, if you can only purchase them mounted, you can take the pictures from the cards by soaking them very carefully; but, if possible, do as my friend did—buy them unmounted. As a rule, the unmounted ones are excellent and cheap, but can scarcely be purchased except at a photographer's. Wrapped around a stick and protected by a covering of paper or some garment, scores of them may be carried in the smallest possible space.

An excellent authority upon the mounting of photographs tells us that it is after getting them home that the trouble begins. Kept unmounted they cannot be. Their persistent habit of rolling themselves tightly up makes it impossible to look at them with any comfort in this condition. They must at all hazards be mounted; and the attempt to do this is often productive of nothing but injury to photographs, albums, and tempers.

Now, if anyone has a really valuable collection of choice or rare photographs, my advice is to send them to a professional mounter, to be mounted on stout card-board which can then be either bound into a book or kept in a cabinet. But the majority of our photographs are not of this kind, and yet we do not wish them to be injured or to be kept in a disorderly manner.

The first thing to be done is to choose a book in which they are to be placed. The book should be strongly bound, and the leaves should be of moderately stout card-board. Paper is of no use at all. In order to show off the photographs to advantage, it is important that the card-board should be of a yellowish buff.

Sort your photographs in the order in which you wish them to be shown, and number them lightly on the backs in pencil, then fit them into their positions in the pages of your book, putting a pencil-dot at the place where each corner comes, and mark the page lightly in pencil with a number corresponding to that on the photograph.

All is now ready for the grand operation of mounting. To carry this out successfully, the first thing required is plenty of time, and the next a good large table. Plenty of old newspapers should also be provided, cut into pieces about twice the size of the book. Gelatine is undoubtedly the best material with which to mount the photographs. It

should be melted in a jam-pot, and, while in use, the pot should be kept standing in a basin of hot water, which should be renewed from time to time. A small sponge, tied to the end of a stick, is used to apply the gelatine. One advantage of gelatine is that, if an album becomes worn out, the photographs can easily be removed by soaking the pages in hot water; it also does not leave dirty stains if a little gets over the edges of the pictures.

A second basin of hot water is also required, with a small sponge floating in it. Now take the first photograph and spread it as well as you can, face upward, on your newspaper. Dampen the face thoroughly with hot water, rubbing it gently with the sponge. The photograph will soon lie flat instead of rolled up; then turn it over, back upward, and apply the gelatine with the sponge brush, taking care that the whole is covered. The photograph must now be taken and placed in position in the album, the pencil-marks made beforehand being used as guides. In order that the mounting may be done in first-rate style, this placing in position should be done at one motion and the photograph should not be moved afterward. To fix the photograph in its place, dab it with a soft towel or large cloth, beginning at the centre and working outward. Do not rub it with the cloth. The dampening of the photograph with water and gelatine will be found to have expanded it somewhat, so that the pencil-marks made before must be used as guides to its position, rather than as indications of the exact positions of the corners. Care must be taken that the gelatine is quite hot, or it will be lumpy.

However well the photograph is mounted, it is almost certain at first to be covered with small blisters, and you will think that you have spoiled it. In the process of drying, however, all these will disappear, and the surface should then be perfectly smooth.

The top sheet of newspaper will now be smeared with gelatine. Throw it away, and treat the next photograph in a similar manner on a clean sheet. Mount on one side only of the leaves of your book, and keep a piece of newspaper between the leaves till all is dry. When you have mounted your batch of photographs, the album must be placed under a heavy weight for a day or two.

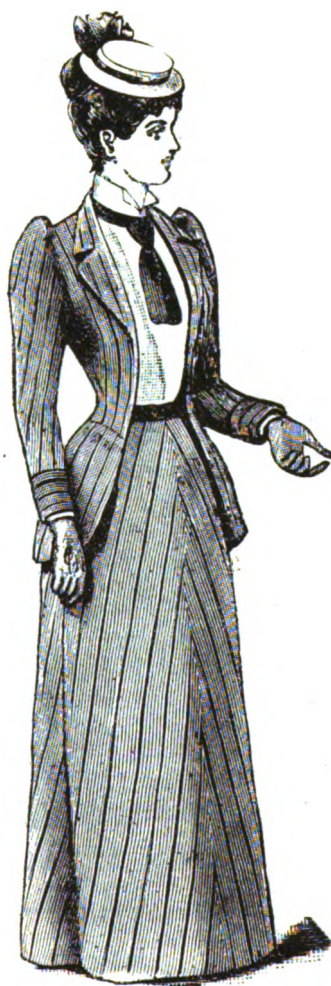
EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Shows a summer gown, of self-colored bengaline or crêpe. The skirt is bordered with three small straight ruffles, the front of the bodice. Buttons and cord the upper one put on with a heading. The cuffs. These cuffs are cut open nearly to the elbow, and show a full piece to match the front of the bodice. Buttons and cord form the trimming. From fifteen to sixteen



No 1.



No. 2.

front of the bodice is cut with a long rounded point, which is covered with a full piece fastening under the arm on the left side. This is over the full waist, as seen in the illustration. Full puffed sleeves, with deep yards of single-width material will be required for this gown. A large straw hat, trimmed with wings and puffed crêpe, is worn with this costume.

No. 2—Is a stylish yachting or tennis suit,

made of striped tennis-flannel. The front of the skirt is cut slightly on the bias, and the stripes matched to form points, as seen in the illustration. The back has all the fullness plaited in. The long jacket with revers is worn over a piqué vest and collar. A knotted neck-tie of color to match or con-

No. 3—Is another tennis costume, also suitable for a yachting party. The striped flannel skirt is cut in the same way as the



No. 3.

trast is worn to match the belt. High puffed sleeves, cut with the stripes to meet on the back of the arm, are finished with crosswise-cut cuffs. A small sailor-hat, in straw, piqué, or flannel, has a velvet band and some standing loops at the back. Ten to twelve yards of flannel will be required for this costume.



No. 4.

one just described, only with the addition of pocket-flaps decorated with large buttons on



No. 5.

the front. The blouse waist is of cream-white tennis-flannel, plaited on the shoulders under a large sailor-collar of the striped

material. Cuffs and waistband of the same, cut on the cross way of the goods. The front plait of the blouse is embroidered with anchor or rackets, as preferred. A large

embroidery at the wrist. This model will serve equally well for a China silk to be trimmed with lace, or for a challis. Ten to twelve yards of yard-wide material will be required.

No. 5—Is for a boy's first kilted suit. Make of plaid woolens, with collar and cuffs of plain material, either velvet or serge, to correspond with the prevailing color in the plaid.

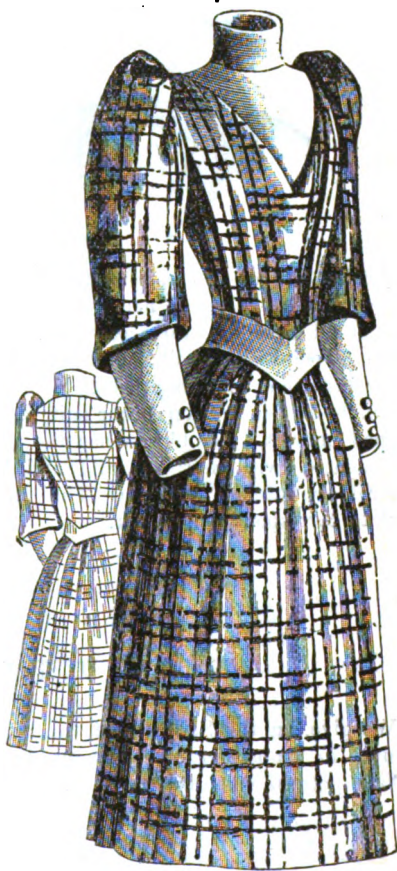
No. 6—Shows a frock for a girl of twelve years, of cream-white challis, sprinkled with Pompadour flowers. The Princesse blouse is gathered at the neck and on the shoulders, the fullness being confined at the waist with



No. 6.

straw hat, trimmed with a pinked-out pompon of silk, is all that is necessary for the hat. Six yards of striped flannel, and four yards of white for the blouse, will be required.

No. 4—Shows a simple though stylish model for a lawn or gingham. The skirt has a little train and is trimmed with an embroidered flounce on the edge, surmounted by five or six rows of narrow braid. The full pointed bodice has a full basque skirt set on and is edged with the narrow braid. The full elbow-sleeves have two flounces of the



No. 7.

a wide sash of Gobelin-blue twilled silk to correspond with the frilled flounce, epaulettes, jockey sleeves, and cuffs. Velvet ribbon knotted at the throat. For a figured and plain gingham or printed lawn, this

model will be extremely pretty. A large straw or mull hat, trimmed with daisies and velvet ribbon, makes the costume complete.

No. 7—Shows another style for a girl of twelve or thirteen years. This is of plaid woolens, summer weight. We give the front and back view, so but little description is necessary. The waistband, cuffs, chemisette,



No. 8.

and collar are all of cream-white. Bedford cord—or, if the dress is made of gingham, use corded piqué—for the accessories.

No. 8—Shows hat, collar, and neck-tie for a boy just going into long pants.

No. 9—Stylish knickerbocker suit, of pin-striped cheviot. The blouse has the collar ornamented with narrow braid and long embroidery stitches between. The under-vest to correspond. Felt hat.



No. 9.

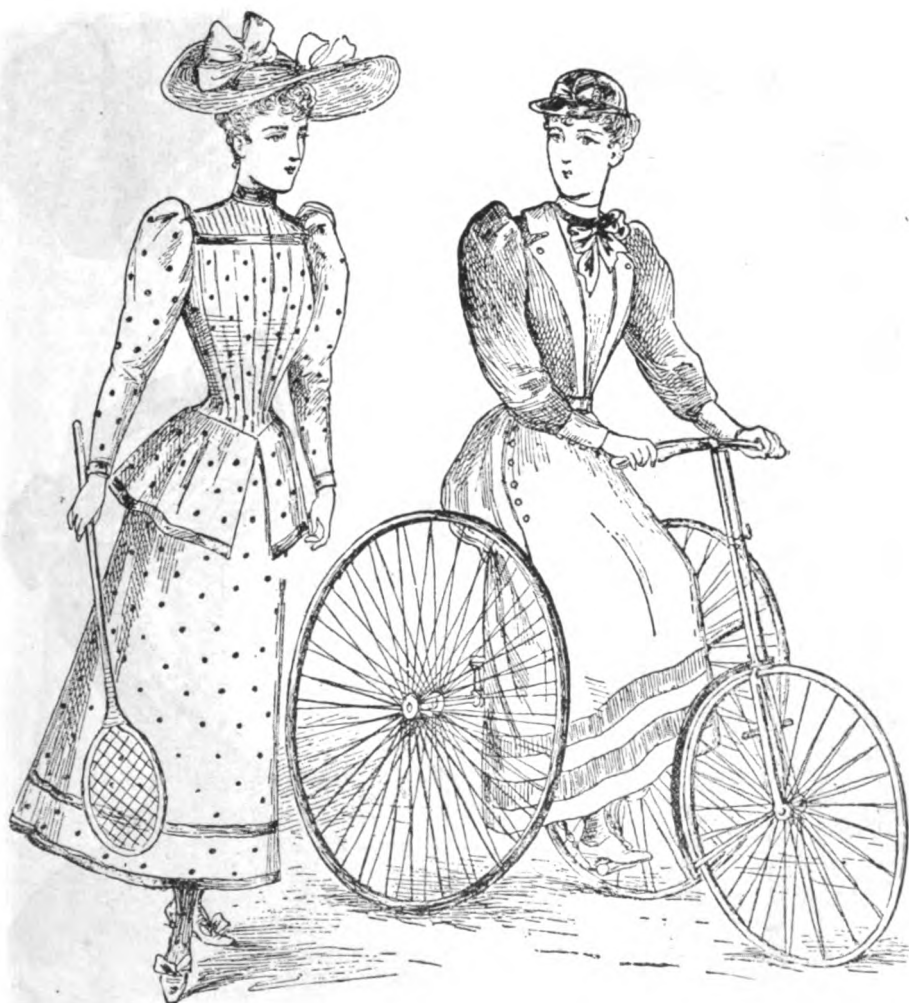
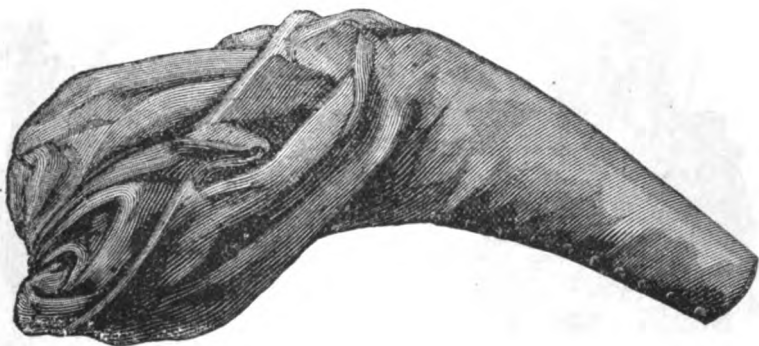
RIBBON DESIGN FOR SOFA-CUSHION.

We give, on the Supplement, the newest design in embroidery for sofa-cushion, a fancied. Delicate green, light blue, lilac, or ribbon pattern which can be done in Kensington or outline stitch on any material in red or black working-cotton, and one, two, or the four corners may be worked. Outline or Kensington stitch may be employed.

CORNER OF NAPKIN.

On the Supplement is a design for one corner of a napkin for keeping eggs warm when placed on the breakfast-table. It can be done in red or black working-cotton, and one, two, or the four corners may be worked. Outline or Kensington stitch may be employed.

SLEEVE. TENNIS DRESS. BICYCLE COSTUME.



HATS. LACE FALL. HAT FOR AN ELDERLY LADY.

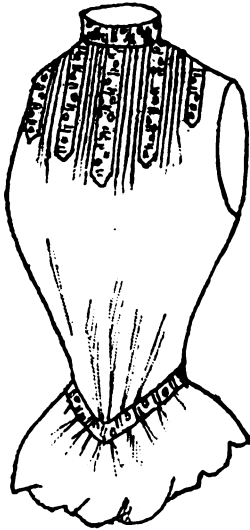


CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MAY.

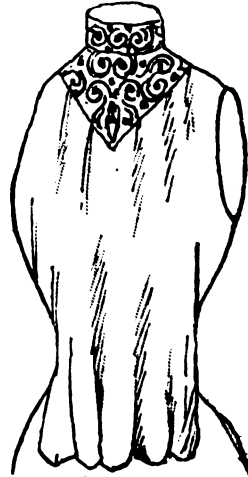


CHEMISETTES: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



plissé front, with narrow tucks and embroidery or fancy galloon between the tucks forming a yoke front. Collar to match. The waistband ornamented to match.



We give, for our Supplement this month, two patterns for chemisettes: Nos. 1, 2, 3 4, belong to the chemisette plissé; Nos. 5, 6, to the chemisette bouffant.

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. HALF OF BACK.
3. HALF OF BELT.
4. HALF OF COLLAR.
5. HALF OF BOUFFANT FRONT.
6. POINTED YOKE.

The letters and notches show how the pieces join. The illustrations show the

In the chemisette bouffant, the pointed yoke is ornamented with passementerie or braided. This yoke and collar are of velvet. The full front may be of transparent tulle over a self-colored crêpe or China silk. English embroidery for the yoke and collar, with soft mull for the full front, will make a charming chemisette for a summer gown.

SHOPPING-BAG AND EMBROIDERY DESIGNS.

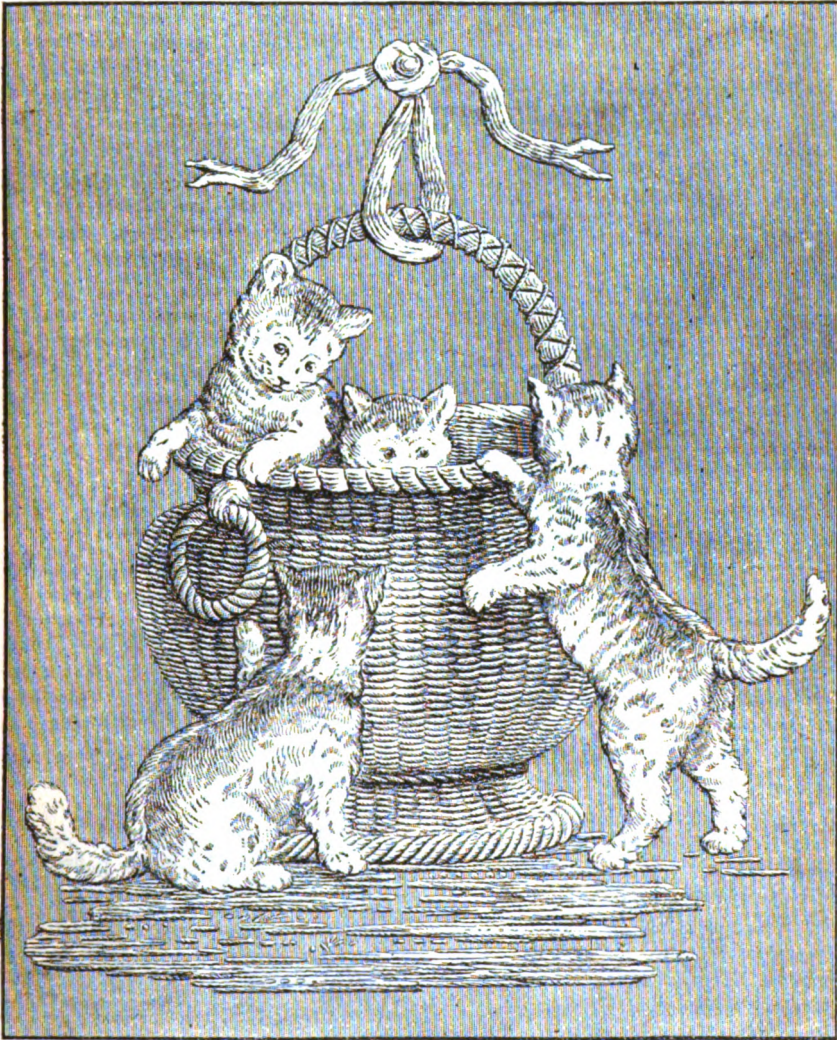
BY MRS. ROANE.

On one of the front pages of this number, we give a design for that useful and almost indispensable article, a shopping-bag, which is simply and easily made and very pretty when tastefully finished. A strip of black or seal-brown velvet, twentyeight inches long and ten inches wide, is doubled across the middle, and a gore two inches wide is set in each side. It is lined with dark-green surah and has a cluster of fern-leaves embroidered

on the outside, in green silk. A casing is run across it, about three and a half inches from the top, and the sides of the ruffle formed by it are left open, as can be seen by the illustration.

On the same page are two designs for embroidering or outlining on flannel or cashmere. The bunch of daisies would be very pretty, worked in white silk on a pincushion or sachet.

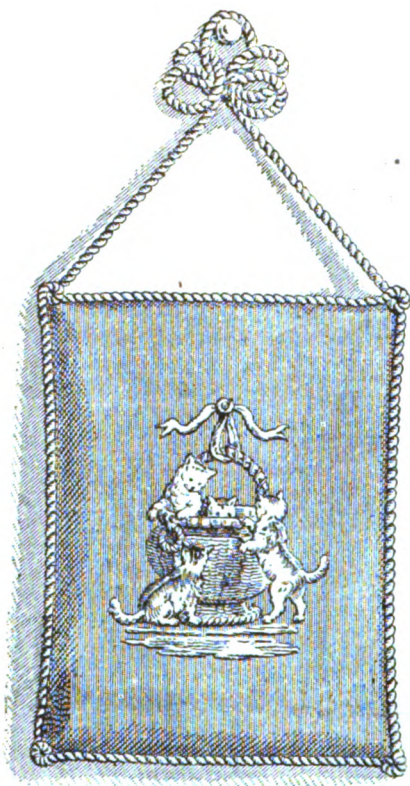
HANGING BAG FOR BED-ROOM OR BATH-ROOM.



We give both the bag complete and the detail of embroidery. The embroidery is done in rope silk or linen, on Java canvas, for the basket, the kittens in filoselle. Make the basket in straw-color, the kittens in black and shades of gray with white; or an

easier way will be to cut out the kittens in cream or white cloth and appliqué them in position, putting in the shading with the filoselle afterward. Maroon-colored canvas will make a good background. The ribbon bow-knot, work in the same way as the

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kittens are done. Line the bag with stiff canvas, and again line the whole with straw-colored silesia or sateen. A thick cord finishes the edge and is formed into loops by which the bag is suspended.

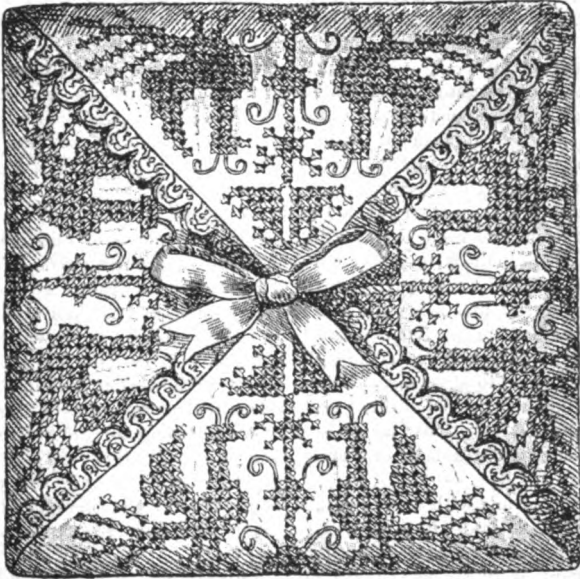
A bag of this kind is suitable for many purposes—to keep in the kitchen for scraps or in the bath-room for paper, or as a catch-all in a nursery. “The little kittens that lost their mittens” may be embroidered above or beneath the kittens.

HANGING PHOTOGRAPH-HOLDER.

Have ready a triangular panel; cover it with old-gold plush, framed and divided into two sections by a Louis XVI galloon. Bows and loops in satin ribbon. At the back of the top one is inserted a loop in gold cord, to suspend the frame to the wall. Bunch of artificial flowers or dried grasses ornaments the left side.



SERVIETTE FOR EGGS, WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY.

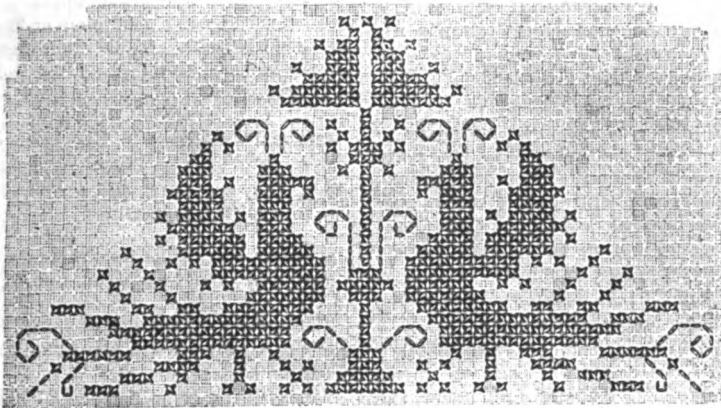


This serviette is made on a square of Java canvas or coarse butcher's-linen, and the embroidery—of which we give the detail—is done in cross-stitch, with either blue or red French working-cotton, wash-linen floss, or wash-silks. Only the points are embroidered.

The edges are finished with a scallop in crochet, or with a narrow torchon lace.

A bow of ribbon or wide linen tape ties the two upper points together; the under ones fasten with a button and loop.

It is a pretty design for keeping eggs hot.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

STIMULATING PLANTS.—The most successful flower-cultivators have more faith in giving stimulants when the plants really need them, than in the practice of keeping the roots of plants buried in soil which is made so rich and almost offensive by the addition of strong manure. When the roots are few and the plants are almost at rest, the purer the soil they are in and the less stimulants the plants receive, the better they will do when the roots are making quick growth and desire to draw in larger supplies of nourishment. We all know that moisture is given to soften the soil and allow the roots to extract nourishment from it. But, when all the nutritive value is extracted from the soil, and the plants commence to show signs of distress, all the watering in the world will not give vigor to their exhausted functions, which are starving and weakened from a lack of proper food.

Take a little guano and mix with water enough so that the water is just colored with it, and give this weakened nourishment every two or three days, instead of using it in stronger doses at longer intervals, and the result will be found very satisfactory. Any well-prepared manure for plant-food may be used instead of the guano. The great benefit resulting from giving weak manure-water with proper judgment to flowering and fruiting plants is well understood by all florists, and its use is now becoming quite general. But there are plants which do not seem to derive benefit, but rather harm, when stimulated by liquid manure.

A good and very satisfactory stimulant is made by using one teaspoonful of ammonia to two quarts of warm water, when watering plants. This will do very nicely for ivies, as they should not have any applications of manure. Give the carnations and pinks an occasional dose of lime-water, but not manure-water. Roses should have a little weak soot-tea, hen, or cow manure water (guano will do), and mix a little powdered charcoal with the soil, or a layer one-half inch deep on top of the earth in the pot. I always mix a little bone-dust instead of manure with the soil in the pots, as later on it furnishes much good nourishment for the roots.

JOYCE RAY.

“‘PETERSON'S' LITERARY CONTENTS and artistic attractions,” says the *New York World*, “put it in the front rank of the monthlies.”

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FURS.—What to do with furs during the warm weather when they are hidden snugly away in boxes and cupboards, to keep them perfectly free from moths, is a question of importance. A great many remedies are suggested, but the secret lies in keeping the furs in a dry place and quite free from dust, and also not packing them while they are in any degree damp. Before packing, brush and beat them thoroughly, and then enclose in a sheet of brown paper; a little camphor, or pieces of Russia leather, or shavings of cedar wood, put between, is a good preventive. They should be looked at once or twice during the summer, and shaken and exposed to the air, and then replaced in brown paper. A very sure method, and one that obviates the necessity of any watchfulness, is to shut them in an air-tight box, after having powdered them with a mixture of crushed camphor and Spanish camomile, using one part of camphor to ten of camomile. To exclude the air from the box, paste a broad piece of paper over the opening. Blankets and rugs are preserved in the same manner.

THE FOOLISH WOMAN, who laughs at etiquette and says she will not be bound by its rules, is the one, you may be certain, who does not possess the virtue of consideration and who makes friends only to lose them. The laws of etiquette are the best and kindest in the world, for they were arranged by hundreds of wise heads during hundreds of years to make life run more smoothly and to render each person more comfortable.

BOOK-COVERS made of brocade, velvet, or embroidery are much handsomer if they are finished with narrow gold gimp or braid. Some are edged with it, and in other cases it runs across the back to represent the gold line on leather bindings.

ABOUT CANARIES.—It has been discovered that canaries fed with cayenne pepper acquire a ruddy plumage. Care must be exercised not to give it in too large quantities.

SCARLET FEVER has been communicated by a library book, used by a hospital nurse.

“THE BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE published,” says the *Albany (N. Y.) Argus*, “is undoubtedly ‘Peterson's.’”

“AS A GUIDE to fashion and a home assistant, ‘Peterson' is above comparison,” says the *Portland (Me.) Press*.

TENNIS-RACQUET COVERS.—Many racquets come with covers already fitted; but, as these have but little individuality, some persons prefer making their own covers or ornamenting the bought ones. Initials can be worked in large gold-colored letters, a favorite flower or an odd device or a racquet and balls may be embroidered on the cloth. Dark-green will prove a more serviceable color than any other.

A NOVEL SORT of appliqué work has become popular in England—partly owing, no doubt, to the fact that the Princess of Wales is very fond of it. Flowers and leaves are cut out of different-colored China crapes and stitched on a satin background which may be either pale-green, white, or gold-color. The idea is new to the present generation, but this style of needle-work really dates back to the time of Louis XIII of France, and possibly still further.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Mediterranean Shores of America. By P. C. Remondino, M.D. Philadelphia and London: F. A. Davis Co.—This description of Southern California, with an exhaustive account of its climatic, physical, and meteorological conditions, gives a world of scientific information in an easy way that makes the book highly interesting to the general reader. This wonderful region possesses six distinct classes of climates, each having its distinct therapeutic value. One understands why the saying that "in order to die, one must leave Monterey" grew long ago into a proverb, when one reads that in this region, during the decade beginning with 1876, there were only one hundred and twenty days on which the thermometer rose above eighty degrees, while the lowest maximum for any one day was fifty-four degrees. The different health-resorts are fully described, the volume is liberally illustrated and ought to be in the hands of every traveler, and especially of every invalid who is seeking change of scene.

Ten Thousand a Year. By Samuel Warren. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is one of the books of a past decade which retains a firm hold on popular favor. Each generation in turn reads and admires it, and just now special attention has been called thereto by the dramatization which has been recently produced by Richard Mansfield.

The Story of Elizabeth. By Miss Thackeray. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is the first book its clever author ever wrote, and it is one of the prettiest love-stories that she or any other modern novelist has produced. The plot is interesting in its simplicity, the style as natural as it is charming, and the characters are as living as the people about us. The long list of the publishers' excellent twenty-five-cent novels does not contain a more delightful book.

Conscience. By Hector Malot. New York: Worthington Co.—As a study of character, this novel is perhaps the most remarkable which Malot has ever written. The plot is exceedingly interesting, although characterization is the leading motive. The different personages are very individual; and the hero himself, at once an ardent lover, a devoted student, and a cold passionless criminal for an object which in his view justifies the means employed, is a type which only a powerful genius could have conceived and delineated. The book is handsomely bound and profusely illustrated.

Deleartean Physical Culture. By Carica Le Favre. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.—The name of the author is enough to convince any person familiar with her former works, "Mother's Help," "Correct Dress," etc., that her present effort will be full of useful information given in a clear common-sense fashion. This exposition of Delearte's rules is arranged for the use of schools and private teachers, as well as for those who are obliged to study the system unaided. The directions are accompanied by numerous illustrations which greatly simplify them, and the volume is published so cheaply that it comes within everybody's reach.

Dollarocracy. New York: John A. Taylor & Co.—This is a semi-satirical novel of social and political life in America to-day. The career of the hero is that of the typical American public man, and about this central figure is gathered a group of very amusing personages and striking incidents. The book is said to be the work of a well-known writer who has chosen to publish it anonymously.

The Peer and the Woman. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. New York: John A. Taylor & Co.—A novel full of stirring incidents and dramatic situations. One of those books which so completely absorbs the reader's attention that he cannot get away from it till he has read to the very last page.

Peculiar, a Hero of the Southern Rebellion. By Epes Sargent. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This novel is one of the few stories of the Civil War which has preserved its popularity up to the present day. The incidents are numerous and thrilling, and the introduction of various notable persons of the period adds to the interest of the book, as the character-drawing is admirably done.

Women of the World. By Alethe Lowber Craig. Baltimore: Press of H. W. Dick & Co.—This beautiful little white and gold volume is dainty enough for a bridal present, and so useful that all readers will want it on their library tables. The dates of birth of all celebrated women from Cleopatra to Margaret Fuller are given, and to each name is appended an appropriate quotation. Only by the completeness of the work does one realize what a vast amount of reading and thought was required for its execution.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and cucumbers: *Creme Simon*, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York. Druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

THE KING OF WASHING-POWDERS.—(From Brooklyn, N. Y., "Times.") It is an old saying that "cleanliness is next to godliness." A number of years ago, a washing-powder was put on the market with a view to making cleanliness more easily attainable than it then was. This powder was called Pyle's Pearline. It is the pioneer of all washing-powders, and now, although it has many imitators, there is not one that can come within speaking distance of it. It can be used where soap cannot, and cleans thoroughly wherever used, saving an immense deal of labor.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

CAKES.

Currant Bun.—Put into a basin one and a half breakfastcupfuls of flour, a quarter-pound of butter, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and add just water enough to mix all into a fine paste, and roll out to a thin sheet; grease a tin, and line sides and bottom neatly with the paste, leaving enough to make a cover for the top after the fruit has been put in. Clean and pick two pounds of currants, stone two pounds of sultana raisins, and put these into a basin; add a quarter-pound of orange-peel cut small, the same of almonds blanched and cut in pieces, half an ounce of ground ginger, half an ounce of cinnamon, half an ounce of Jamaica pepper, the same of black pepper, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, one breakfastcupful of milk (the milk should barely moisten the mixture); mix all thoroughly. Put the mixture into the lined tin, smooth the top, wet the edges and put on the paste cover, prick the top over with a fork, brush with an egg, and bake in a moderate oven for two hours and a half.

Ginger-Snaps.—Rub up half a pound of butter with one pound of flour and half a pound of sugar, one ounce of ground ginger, one ounce of finely-chopped orange-peel, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; mix all to a paste with golden syrup, roll out very thin, and bake in a moderate oven on greased tins. Care must be taken that they do not burn.

Wheaten Scones.—One pound of wheaten meal, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one large teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one dessertspoonful of brown sugar, and a small pinch of salt.

Mix all well together in a basin, then add butter-milk to make a dough. Roll out, dust with white flour, and bake on a griddle on a good fire.

Crumpets can be made when bread is being made. Take one pound of ordinary bread dough, either white or brown, beat hard into it half a cupful of powdered sugar, three ounces of butter, and three eggs. Beat well, and bake in well-greased muffin-rings.

Yeast Scones.—One pint of milk, half a cupful of lard and butter well mixed, add a gill of yeast, a tablespoonful of sugar, a saltspoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a soft dough. Mix together six hours before tea-time, adding half the flour, only just enough to make a leaven, cover with a cloth, and leave to rise. Make up with the remainder of the flour, roll out, half an inch thick, into round cakes, leave to rise in the tin for twenty minutes or less. Bake in a hot oven.

Tea-Cakes.—Rub six ounces of butter into one pound of sifted flour, add six ounces of sugar, two ounces of candied peel finely shred, mix a quarter of a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in a little less than half a gill of milk; pour this into the flour, sugar, and butter; drop in gradually the yolks of four and the whites of two well-beaten eggs; stir, grease a tin, put the mixture on it in small lumps, and bake them in a brisk oven.

CELERY.

There need never be anything wasted in disposing of a bunch of celery. The small white stalks may be served whole and eaten with salt, or cut fine and dressed for a salad. The larger stalks should be cut in inch lengths, cooked in boiling salted water, and covered with cream sauce. The coarser pieces may be boiled and strained for soup, and the green leaves utilized for garnishing, or dried in the oven and chopped fine to be used in seasoning. Almost every soup may be improved by the addition of celery. Often there is none in the house. The dried leaves may then be substituted with good results.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—DRESS, OF DELICATE PINK FIGURED SATEN. Two rows of ribbon, one pink and one of straw-color, are placed above the hem. Skirt plain. Full bodice, worn under a belt made of the two colored ribbons. Rosette bow of the same at the neck. Full bishop-sleeves, tied with ribbons at the wrist. Straw hat, trimmed with pink silk.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF LIGHT-BLUE CHALLIS, figured in darker blue. There are three tucks above the hem. The bodice is gathered, round at the waist, and has a belt and collar of the light and dark blue colors. Sleeves plain to the elbow, full above that.

FIG. III.—DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED NUN'S-VEILING. Skirt plain, bottom trimmed with tucks. Bodice ornamented with rows of guipure lace. Full sleeves, tight below the elbows. Straw hat, trimmed with purple hyacinths and green leaves.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF WILLOW-GREEN ALBATROSS. The front of the skirt is laid in large box-plaits, which show a wide silver braid; the back is plain. The bodice is tucked; between the tucks are rows of silver braid. The back is plain, and from under the arms comes a corselet which fastens in front with silver buttons. Full sleeves above; below, they are tight and button the length of the arm with silver buttons. Straw hat, ornamented with apple-blossoms.

FIG. V.—AFTERNOON-DRESS, OF PINK STRIPED GINGHAM. The skirt has a crosswise ruffle around the bottom. The bodice is pointed, has around the waist an embroidered ruffle forming a basque which opens over a white muslin front, and has a jabot ruffle reaching nearly to the waist. Sleeves made bias, with white embroidered cuffs. Small straw hat, trimmed with pink poppies.

FIG. VI.—FÊTE DRESS, OF POPPY-COLORED INDIA SILK. The skirt is ornamented with machine-stitching and buttons. The bodice is cut in tabs, the alternate ones being narrower and turned up; the tabs are also trimmed with buttons. The front of the bodice is slightly full, has a Medici collar, and opens over an India silk front which is embroidered. Very full sleeves, caught up with buttons and having tight undersleeves of the India silk. Hat of black lace and jet, trimmed with black feathers and a bow of poppy-colored ribbon in front.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF TAN-COLORED NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is trimmed around the bottom with a plaited flounce; above this, are three rows of brown velvet. The bodice is full, opens at the neck over a white linen habit-skirt, and is worn under a Swiss belt. Bodice, belt, and sleeves are trimmed with brown velvet. Tan-colored straw bonnet, trimmed with feathers and lace butterfly; brown strings.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN SERGE. The skirt has the slightest drapery on the hips. The full bodice is worn under a belt of the serge, trimmed with bands of jetted gimp and a long buckle. The collar opens low on the throat and has a four-in-hand tie under it. Full sleeves. Blue straw hat, trimmed with cream-colored surah ribbon.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF TWO SHADES OF HELIOTROPE-COLORED FOULARD. The skirt is plain, with a short train. The bodice is made with a full front of the striped silk, and the very stylish jacket is made of cashmere of the darkest

shade of heliotrope. It is trimmed with large buttons, has a fichu ruffle of cream-colored lace. Cuffs and belt of the striped foulard. A large loose bow is placed on the left side of the belt.

FIG. X.—WALKING OR HOUSE DRESS, OF BLACK ALBATROSS. The skirt is trimmed with a narrow band of black silk. The deep basque, which is sewed to the bodice, is ornamented with three rows of bias black silk. The bodice has a pointed waist, and two rows of black silk give the effect of a jacket front. High Medici collar.

FIG. XI.—BACK VIEW OF FIG. VIII. The coat-skirts open at the back and at the sides; at the latter, over cream-colored lace. This jacket is equally pretty if the tabs at the back are shorter.

FIG. XII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK AND SILVER-GRAY STRIPED SATIN. The skirt is cut so that the lines meet in a point in front, which is trimmed with a flounce of black lace. The back breadths form a train. The bodice opens in front and has a shawl-shaped trimming of black lace, which is full over the high shoulders. A full folded piece of white crêpe-lisse or net fills the open front of the bodice. Jet head-dress.

FIG. XIII.—TRAVELING-DRESS, BOATING OR TENNIS DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE FLANNEL. The bottom has a hem finished with machine-stitching. The bodice is quite plain, cut very low and laced in front, and is worn over a shirt of dark-blue and white tennis-flannel. Bias collar, tied with woolen cord. Over this body is worn, when needed, a jacket of the flannel, open in front with a wide collar, loose sleeves with deep cuffs of the striped flannel. Hat of blue and white straw, trimmed with white ribbon.

FIG. XIV.—NEW-STYLE SLEEVE, full on the top and fastened as far up as the elbow with buttons.

FIG. XV.—TENNIS OR WALKING DRESS, OF WHITE WOOLEN, spotted with garnet. The skirt is trimmed with two rows of garnet-colored ribbon. The basque, which is set on to the body, is also trimmed with the garnet ribbon. Plaited bodice, with yoke of white woolen, striped with the ribbon. Large white straw hat, trimmed with white ribbon.

FIG. XVI.—BICYCLE COSTUME, OF GRAY CHEVIOT. The skirt has two bands of dark-gray braid around it. Row of buttons on the right side. Bodice of dark-blue cheviot, with gray collar and gray plastron in front. Spotted silk tie and jockey cap.

FIG. XVII.—HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, trimmed with black ribbon, yellow roses, and buttercups.

FIG. XVIII.—HAT, OF GRAY STRAW, trimmed with white chiffon and black wings.

FIG. XIX.—FALL, OF WHITE LACE, to wear over a plain bodice.

FIG. XX.—HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, for an old lady. It is trimmed with cream-colored lace and

black velvet ribbon. Black lace strings are put on at the back and tie in front.

GENERAL REMARKS.—All sorts of pretty and fine woolen goods are to be seen on the shop-counters, and all the indescribable pretty new colors charm the eye. Delicate greens and fawns are perhaps the most irresistible, at least till we see the dove-grays and exquisite blues and rose-colors, which we think equally charming. The woollens are of such lightness and delicacy that they can be worn nearly all summer.

Cheviots, serges, and Bedford-cloths of light weight, flannels, Henrietta-cloths, delaines, and challis are all desirable.

China or India silks, foulards, and surahs are quite as popular as the woolen materials, and, as the season advances, will be even more in favor. These are of such light quality, so cheap when we take their beauty and usefulness into consideration, that they have superseded sateens and gingham to a great degree. Some are changeable, which is a new feature.

Ginghams, zephyrs, sateens, and all cotton goods are indispensable, however, to some people. Of these, there was never a fuller or more beautiful variety. Added to them are the "painted muslins" of our grandmothers' days, lawns, organ-dies, and all sorts of filmy materials to distract the eye and deplete the purse. For the heavier grade of cotton goods, embroideries and heavy laces in imitation of old point are used as trimmings; for the lawns and lighter ones, more delicate lace is used, with a profusion of watered or figured ribbons of pretty contrasting colors.

Skirts in America are still worn too long; but in Paris they only reach the ground without touching it, for street-wear. The long skirt is kept for carriage-use or some ceremonious occasion. These trains are very narrow, and the skirts are plain about the hips, the fullness being just in the centre of the back, though an effort is being made to give a little more ease to the skirt below the waist.

Trimmed skirts are reappearing slowly; some have the material put jabot-fashion at the middle of the back, others have a sort of apron-front; or a little draping, too small to be noticed, gives relief to the stiffness and plainness so long dominant. Buttons and imitation pockets are put on at the sides, to give some relief to the severe style.

Trimmings on skirts are most varied; some are slashed at the foot to show the underskirt or a piece of a contrasting color, others have rows of ribbon around them; frills, puffs, draped flounces of the material or of lace, a hundred devices to give variety to the costumes.

Bodices are made in every style except perfectly plain, for these must have a bit of lace or chiffon to relieve them.

Jackets made of the material of the dress and

worn over a full blouse waist of pretty striped cotton or of silk are in great favor; the jacket opens in front with revers, sometimes nearly meets at the waist, and sometimes falls away from it. But our fashion-plates are so full of new designs that we need not expatiate further on this subject.

Sleeves retain the fullness at the top, but are not quite so exaggerated in height as they have been. For summer, the shirt-sleeve and bishop-sleeve will be used on thin cotton goods; these are cool and simple.

The Russian blouse is a new style of jacket or bodice, or both combined. It is quite long, is very plain in effect, fastening over on the left side from the shoulder to the bottom, and worn with a belt. There are no darts and should be no back seams, though for stout people this is very unbecoming.

Wraps are of various designs, the newest being a long jacket without seams back or front; but, in the front, it buttons closely over the chest and is made without darts. It has an awkward look, after the trim Louis XV and Louis XVI coats, that tend to display the figure so much. But the jackets made of the material of the dress will take the place of the larger and heavier ones, to a great extent.

Capes are still liked, because they are so light and easily put on and off; they have pointed yokes back and front, trimmed with jet or gimp, or are made of brocade.

Bonnets and hats are usually quite low, but have a high narrow trimming either back or front. For spring and summer, tufts of flowers have greatly taken the place of the curled feathers. Some have wreaths of flowers all around the outside of the crown. Black lace and fancy straws are sought after for dressy bonnets and hats.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DOVE-GRAY ALBATROSS. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with rows of gray watered ribbon. The yoke waistband is finished with the ribbon. The loose bodice and sleeves are of blue India silk, worn under a Zouave jacket of gray albatross. Collar and cuffs of the gray—trimmed, like the jacket, with blue ribbon.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF BLUE AND FAWN-COLORED PLAID WOOLEN. The skirt is laid in plaits. Bodice plaited from the shoulders and opening over a plastron of dark-blue velvet. Waistband and cuffs of velvet.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT, OF BROWN TWEED. Knickerbocker trousers; coat opening over a Breton waistcoat of white cloth, braided in dark-blue.

FIG. IV.—YOUNG GIRL'S HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, trimmed with primrose-colored ribbon and loops of black velvet.



AN EGYPTIAN TOILET



1892.

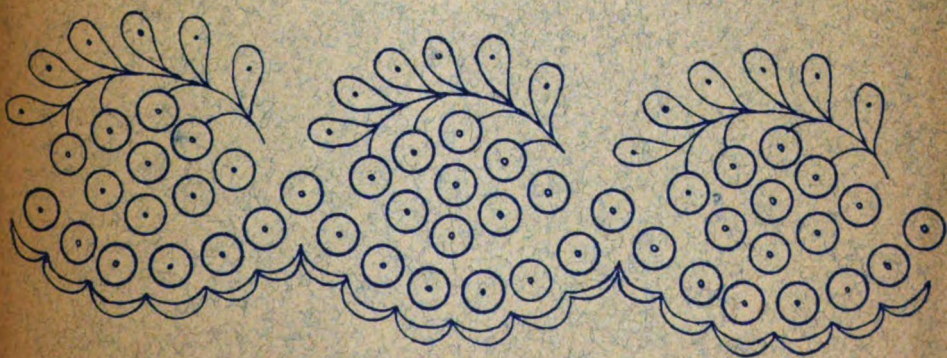




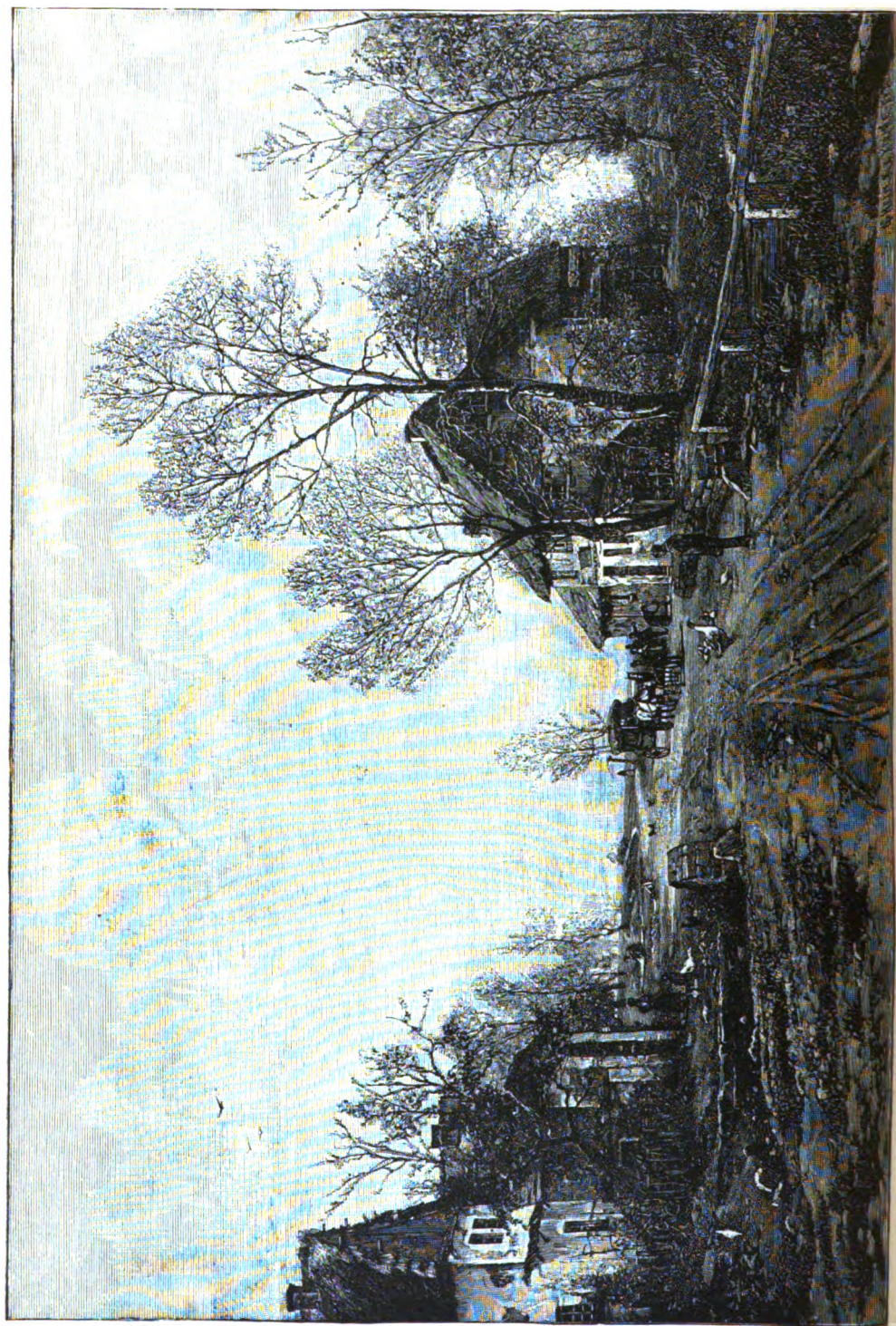




Peterson's Magazine—June, 1892.



Baby's Blanket: Embroidery on Flannel.



POST STATION IN THURINGIA

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1892.

No. 6.

AN HISTORICAL MONUMENT.

BY GARRETT FOSTER.



THE PRESENT DUCHESS.

WALTER SCOTT has made the name of Woodstock as familiar to Americans as if it were situated in our own country instead of in the heart of England.

It is a gray little old town, which, odd as it sounds to say of any English village, somehow reminds the traveler of an out-of-the-way French or Flemish nook. At one end, the streets converge into a square stone-walled court, one side of which is nearly taken up by the great archway which forms the principal entrance to Blenheim Castle,

when only sixteen, he obtained an ensigncy in the Guards. Instead of wasting his time at the gay court of Charles II, he enlisted in an expedition to drive the Moors out of Morocco, and in 1672 was appointed a captain in the Duke of Monmouth's own regiment, when it went to assist Louis XIV in a war against Holland.

He distinguished himself so highly during the campaign that he was appointed a lieutenant-colonel, and later Charles II made him a Scotch peer. James II raised him to

the monument of a nation's gratitude to a great general.

Next to Wellington, no martial leader of English history is better known to us than the conqueror of Ramillies and Malplaquet, the hero of the old Flemish war, John Churchill, the first Duke of Marlborough. He was born in 1650, and was the son of a Wiltshire baronet who in his day enjoyed considerable reputation as an author. It seems odd that a man of any literary ability should have allowed his son to grow up almost totally uneducated, yet it is a well-authenticated fact that the valiant soldier, when he reached the height of his fame, could not spell the commonest words and wrote a hand so illegible—when he trusted himself to write—that frequently neither he nor anybody else could decipher the hieroglyphs.

While little more than a child, he became a page in the household of the Duke of York, and,

the English peerage, and, for a time after that monarch's downfall, Churchill clung to his fortunes—which, however, like most other courtiers, he deserted, to enter the service of William III. This king created him Earl of Marlborough for his gallant conduct as the leader of the English forces in Holland. He was dispatched to Ireland, where he suppressed a formidable uprising, but got himself into disgrace by plotting for the restoration of James, and was sent to the Tower.

But, soon after Queen Mary's death, he was restored to favor, and, when Anne ascended the throne, he reached the height of his glory. He was appointed commander-in-chief of the English army in Holland, and in August, 1704, he gained the famous battle of Blenheim, a victory which was quickly succeeded by successes nearly as brilliant. His triumphs were won over the most famous continental troops, and, to quote from the inscription on his monument, "A marshal of France, whole legions of French, his prisoners, proclaimed his mercy. Bavaria was subdued, Ratisbon, Augsburg, Ulm, Memmingen, all the usurpations of the enemy were restored."

He became at once the idol of the English nation, and Parliament petitioned Queen Anne to erect for him, at the public expense, a palace which should stand as a monument

of his great services and his country's gratitude.

The sovereign was glad to comply with this well-merited request; she created the universal favorite a duke, adding as an entailed estate the Crown property of the manor of Woodstock, in which she proceeded to build a palace for him.

Woodstock had been a residence of the kings of England as far back as Alfred the Great, but its chief romantic interest lay in the fact that it was the place in which Henry II hid fair Rosamond, though the labyrinth that conducted to her bower, cunningly as it was devised, did not protect her from the jealous rage of Queen Eleanor—for whom, somehow, injured wife though she was, no historian or reader ever seems to feel the slightest sympathy.

Edward the Black Prince was born at Woodstock; a princess, Elizabeth, was confined there by the order of her sister Mary.

The remains of the renowned mansion were totally destroyed in 1709, but its site is still marked by two sycamores in the park of Blenheim. The latter name was adopted for the place when it was bestowed on Marlborough. The park contains nearly three thousand acres, is about twelve miles in circuit, and is celebrated for the variety and beauty of its scenery.

Anne selected the celebrated Sir John Vanbrugh as the architect of the new palace, and the building was begun in 1705. Like most public testimonials in every age and country, this gift was attended by so many annoyances and mortifications that, before the foundations were fairly laid, Marlborough must sometimes have wished the work had never been begun. In his "Curiosities of Literature," the elder D'Israeli gives the "secret history of the building of Blenheim," which is at once amusing and pathetic. The nation, or the committee appointed to superintend matters, did not advance money when it was required, and Vanbrugh resorted to all sorts of ingenious plots to obtain from the wary old soldier the payments for himself and his workmen, which he could not



THE ENTRANCE.

obtain from the public revenues. But, however much Marlborough longed to see the grand edifice completed, he showed as much astuteness and calm intrepidity under the wily architect's attacks as ever he displayed in one of his great battles. Aware that, if he should give a personal order or even suggest an alteration, he might become responsible for the expense, he was never to be circumvented or surprised into any spontaneous expression either of pleasure or disapprobation.

The duke died in 1722, but even then the memorial was not entirely completed. The famous hero lived to see himself set aside, neglected—or, worse still, mocked—by those who had once courted him with servile devotion. With the usual inconsistency of humanity, as soon as he was dead, the nation began to regret him; he was given a magnificent state funeral, and his remains were deposited in Westminster Abbey.

The man's finer qualities were terribly overshadowed by the vices of avarice, ingratitude, and a self-esteem which at times seemed almost to approach insanity; but he was a brave soldier, and his kindness of heart was so excessive that it often rendered him culpably weak.

Full of incongruities as his character was, however, that of his wife—the famous beauty, shrew, and miser—was so much more startling in its contradictions that the duke's appears fairly homogeneous in comparison.

Sarah Jennings and her elder sister Frances were the greatest beauties of their day. Sarah was privately married to John Churchill somewhere about 1678, when she was only eighteen, and he merely a colonel of dragoons, but the handsomest and bravest young soldier of his day.

While a child, Sarah had been selected for the playfellow of the Princess Anne, and the two grew up in an intimacy as close as that which could have subsisted between two sisters. This friendship continued long after Anne became queen, and her overweening affection for her favorite renders the latter's calculating conduct still more inexcusable.

The queen's fondness for his wife was undoubtedly a vast assistance to Marlborough, and there was no limit to the duchess's exactions and tyranny. She positively ruled her weak sovereign with a rod of iron, and, the more privileges she received, the more despotic she grew. Her beauty must have been something marvelous, but it seems odd that any human being able to rebel could have supported her violent temper.

Yet Anne trembled before her for years, and it was not until the woman's tyranny and contemptuous assumption of personal superiority had passed all limits that the vacillating and timid queen could be per-



THE PRESENT DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

suaded to throw off her yoke. Marlborough remained his wife's slave to the end of his life, yet the provocations and insults he received from her were as endless as they were unpardonable. To her face, he seldom offered any opposition, and the harshest thing he ever said about her was "that she could not help using intemperate language when in a passion, which was a thing she was very apt to fall into, and there was no way to help it."

Once, in a fit of rage, she seized a pair of scissors, cut off her wealth of ringlets, and flung them in her husband's face, knowing that nothing could hurt him so cruelly as

this reckless mutilation of her beauty. The duke allowed the curls to lie on the floor where they fell, and left the room; but shortly afterward the mass of hair disappeared, and for many years the duchess was left in ignorance what became of it. After Marlborough's death, she herself found the tresses secreted in a cabinet in which he preserved his most valuable effects. She used to relate the incident with bitter tears, declaring that it was the one act for which she had never been able to pardon herself.

The only son of this singular pair died young, but they had four daughters, who inherited the personal attractions and the best mental qualities of both parents. By a special Act of Parliament, the title and estates were allowed to devolve in the female line; and, as the oldest daughter left no male issue, the son of the second inherited, and from this branch the present duke and Lord Randolph Churchill are descended.

The old duchess survived her husband many years, and died at the age of eighty-four. She retained traces of her extraordi-

nary beauty to the last. In spite of her well-earned reputation for miserliness, she could do generous acts when the humor seized her; but her tyrannical temper only increased in violence as time passed on. With her own children, she was more frequently at variance than with anybody else, and her oldest daughter and one of her granddaughters were the special objects of her dislike. Her grandson was her chief favorite until, at the death of his aunt, he succeeded to the title and the fortune; then the harmony which had reigned between them was quickly dispelled. Indeed, the duke was forced to sue his grandmother in order to obtain a large sum of money which she saw fit to withhold, and, though the imperious old dame pleaded her own cause in open court, the case was decided against her.

Among the numerous American women who have married Englishmen of rank, the present Duchess of Marlborough, whose portrait heads this article, stands prominent by her beauty as well as by those qualities of head and heart which characterize the



VIEW OF PALACE, FROM THE LAKE.

gentlewoman, in the original and best signification of the word.

She was the daughter of Commodore Price, and, on her introduction into society while a very young girl, entered at once on that most absolute sway which can fall to the lot of woman—the sovereignty of beauty, tact, and wit. Later, as the wife of a well-known New Yorker, Mr. Hammersley, her social power gained an added strength which lost none of its importance during the season of retirement caused by her widowhood. A few years since, she married the present Duke of Marlborough, and soon afterward the much-needed restorations of Blenheim were commenced. That this was done by

regular plan; it is wide and massive, but so varied and broken and relieved by such abundant ornament that it is free from the charge of monotony. Heavy the architecture certainly is, still the front is imposing, even grand.

The centre stands back, a lofty Corinthian portico, from which two arcades curve forward, flanked on either side by wings and stately towers. In each wing, a fine arch affords entrance to the grand court, of which the main building and towers form three sides.

Crossing the quadrangle, the visitor reaches the centre doors of the north front, from which there is a noble view of the park



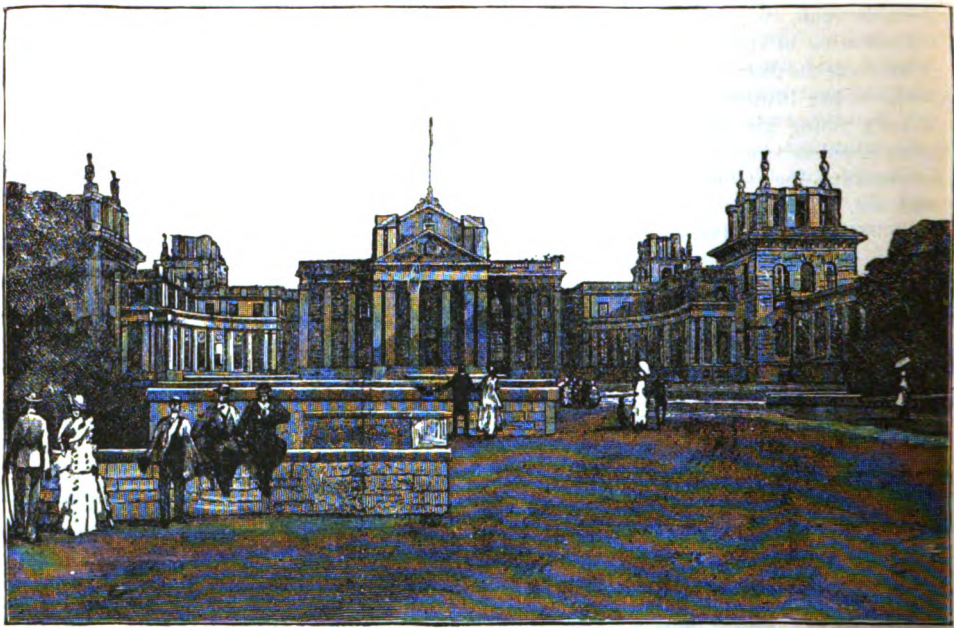
THE LIBRARY.

the aid of her vast fortune is a fact so well known that its repetition here cannot appear any intrusion on that personal privacy to which every human being has a right, little as such claims are usually respected in this day and generation.

The first quality a traveler demands of a palace is that it should be palatial; and, in this respect, none in England can compare with Blenheim. Indeed, neither Buckingham, St. James, nor any other of the dwellings of British royalty in any way approaches one's ideal of what such abodes should be; but the edifice of Blenheim seems quite its realization.

The great pile is built on a liberal and

and lake. The entrance hall is sixtyseven feet in height and is splendidly proportioned. It is decorated with pictures by Thornhill, who had already painted the dome of St. Paul's. The series is neither more nor less absurd in conception than the generality of allegorical designs, from Rubens down. The paintings typify the battle of Blenheim, and its hero is depicted in quasi-classic martial array, with an impossible helmet and a blue cuirass that looks as if it had come out of the old Spanish Inquisition. He kneels before a figure of Britannia seated on a globe and looking rather uncomfortable, while she examines a plan of the battle, which somebody with wings spreads out



THE PALACE FRONT.

before her. Mars and Hercules stand close by, and regard the chart with admiring astonishment not unmingled with imbecility, while Fame hovers near, blowing her trumpet with all her might and main, and an astounding creature styling herself the Muse of History has begun in advance of the battle to inscribe an account of it on a voluminous roll for the instruction of posterity.

One good effect, at all events, is produced by the groups: they brighten the great room in a very agreeable fashion. Indeed, owing to a variety of reasons, the entire edifice is noticeably bright and cheerful for a place of the kind; it is one of the very few palaces which seem ever to have been meant to live in.

With the exception of the library, none of the rooms are large; the principal drawing-room is thirtyfour feet by twentythree, while the largest chamber of the suite, called the saloon, has only a length of some fortyfour feet by thirtyfive in width.

These apartments all communicate by great doors, and, when these are opened, one can look down the entire sweep of the south front, nearly four hundred feet, for in the stretch are included the grand cabinet

and the library, which latter can also serve as a ball-room on occasion.

This library is the show-place of the building; all other glories—painted ceilings, marvelous tapestries, renowned pictures—fade before it, and there are not many so fine in all Europe. It was originally designed for a picture-gallery, and in its brightness and brilliancy would be better suited to be the abode of land and historical paintings rather than that of innumerable calf-bound tomes.

The apartment is sixty yards in length, and is lined with ivory-like marble relieved by a base of black, into which pale-buff has been introduced in the recent restorations. The room bows out in the centre; at either end is a great square, and the whole is lighted from the west by vast windows whose recesses picturesquely break the long expanse of wall. No gilding vulgarizes sides or ceiling; everything is brilliant and rich, but pure and harmonious in tone.

Pictures enough there are here as elsewhere; indeed, Blenheim is a museum of treasures of art and furniture. In a small drawing-room, for instance, stands a cabinet of ebony and gold, of French or German workmanship of the early part of the six-

teenth century, which is the admiration of all connoisseurs.

The favorite apartment of the warrior duke, which still bears the name he gave it, "the grand cabinet," is filled with paintings by Raphael, Rubens, Teniers, and others, and owns besides a magnificent outlook across the park.

The state bed-chamber and the accompanying rooms are crowded with priceless pictures and bric-a-brac, and contain tapestry hangings which represent the great duke's victories, in marvels of color. One of these tapestries had an odd experience, some forty or fifty years ago: it was stolen from Blenheim

and supposed to be hopelessly lost, when, a good while afterward, a member of the family came on the missing treasure in an old curiosity-shop in Paris, and of course recognized it at a glance.

One of the finest views of the edifice and grounds is to be had from a carefully preserved relic of the past, called the High Lodge. This curious old building was for a time the residence of Charles II's profligate favorite, the Earl of Rochester. He died here at the early age of thirtyfour, having, according to the testimony of gossiping Bishop Burnet, repented the errors of his life with edifying fervor and sincerity.



THE HIGH LODGE.

THE SPINET.

BY CHARLES KIELY SHETTERLY.

In gown of white, at sunset light,
She sits and plays upon her spinet;
And, falling clear upon his ear,
Come forth the dainty airs within it.

Unconsciously her fingers stray
His heart-strings o'er, as on the spinet;
Love makes him weak; he dares not speak,
His coward tongue can not begin it.

The twilight falls adown the walls,
Yet softly on her fair form lingers

A last red glow, as, loath to go,
The sun leaves kisses on her fingers.

The moments fly, her faint hopes die
And vanish with the fading day;
The airs grow sad that once were glad,
And Love, discouraged, creeps away.

They both are gone; now quite forlorn,
In dusty attic stands the spinet;
And naught remains to mark Love's pains
Except the airs she found within it.

A WILLING WOMAN.

BY EVA KINNEY GRIFFITH.



GEORGE LATHROP had always said that he should never marry until he found a willing woman. Most people did not know what he meant by this expression, but a few of his intimate friends remembered how pretty Lilly Walker had flirted with him when he was a student at the university, and they knew how he had ever since hated women who affected shyness and bashfulness.

George was a good fellow and a successful business-man, and it seemed a pity that he should not take a wife and open the pretty cottage he had built in the suburbs of Chicago. But how he was ever going to find the "willing woman" he was waiting for, when he would not go into company and avoided all women's society, was a question his friends could not decide, and George himself had long since ceased to attempt a solution of the problem.

He was on his vacation now, the first he had taken for five years. But, as usual, he had avoided the popular watering-places, and instead had taken the guest-chamber of the Thorne house, five miles from Glensdale, a little country station that was more than a hundred miles from Chicago.

Having settled his belongings to his taste, on the first afternoon of his arrival, he sauntered out for a walk. He wandered aimlessly about for a while, explored a wooded pasture, followed a running stream for a mile or so, looking for a good place to fish, then crossed a wide field to the country road that led back to the farm-house.

A barbed wire fence hindered his further progress, and, feeling unusually exhilarated by freedom from business and the walk in the fresh air, he essayed to jump over the fence, as he had often done over a board fence when a boy. Straightening himself to his full height, he began to run a few paces back, caught his hands on the top of the post, and swung himself over. But alas! either he had miscalculated the height of the

fence or the length of his long legs, and, instead of clearing the barrier at a bound, his feet caught in the wire and threw him headlong, his left arm striking a stump, breaking it instantly, while his feet remained entangled in the barbed wire.

As soon as he could catch his breath, he attempted to kick his feet loose, but found that the barbs had so embedded themselves in the cloth of his trousers that this was impossible. He tried to draw himself up so as to loosen the barbs with his hand, but this he could not do with only one hand to work with. So, inwardly anathematizing the inventor of barbed wire fencing, he composed himself to remain as he was until someone should come along the road.

He had not long to wait, for very soon he heard the chatter of children's voices, and presently he saw two little girls in sunbonnets, busy picking flowers in the bushes a little way off.

"Children," he called to them, "I am hurt. Won't you please go and tell your papa or someone to come here?"

They started at the sound of his voice, and for a moment stood still, staring at him with big round eyes; then, suddenly whirling around, they ran off as fast as they could, shouting at the top of their voices:

"Teacher, teacher, come quick! Here's a man that's hurt—he's 'most standing on his head!"

The crackling of the bushes and the low-ering of their voices told of their speedy return with re-enforcements.

"Are you hurt, sir, or only hung up to dry?" said a cheery voice; and, looking up, he saw a bright young woman of twentytwo or twentythree, neatly dressed in fresh gingham, surrounded by a motley group of barefooted children of all ages and sizes.

"I think I'm a little of both," answered George, trying to be as funny as he could, considering the pain in his arm and the dizziness in his head. "I've broken my arm, and cannot help myself very well."

"Oh, that is too bad," she said, sympa-

thetically; "here, Johnny—Charley—you boys lift the gentleman's shoulders carefully, while I undo these barbs. Move him gently back now, so that his feet can come down without jarring his arm."

Careful as their movements were, his broken arm was twisted a little, and the pain caused an involuntary groan, while the sudden receding of the blood from his head made him faint.

"Here, Johnny, take your dinner-pail and run back to the spring for some water," said the teacher.

It was quite a distance back to the spring, but Johnny was not gone long, and, when George opened his eyes, the young teacher was kneeling beside him, bathing his head with cold water.

"I believe I'm all right," George said, attempting to rise.

"Oh, don't get up yet," interposed the teacher; "let me make a sling for your arm first."

She took off her own dainty white apron and put it around the broken member, fastening it by putting the strings through the open embroidery that trimmed it, and tying them around his neck, after which she and the boys assisted him to his feet.

He was still faint and dizzy, so the teacher insisted that he should lean on her shoulder as he walked, while she sent the boys on to let Mr. Thorne's people know what had happened and to start someone after the doctor.

The boys were quick runners, so, when George and the teacher had gone but half-way to the farm-house, they were met by Mr. Thorne and his son, who had come to assist them, while Jim, the hired man, hastened by on horseback in quest of a doctor. Before he hardly realized it, George was comfortably reclining on a cot in Mrs. Thorne's best room, with the young teacher flitting about, arranging his pillows, bathing his head, giving directions to flurried Mrs. Thorne, and chatting pleasantly with the men who came and went on her errands with an air of good-natured importance.

When the doctor came, she waited on him with quiet deftness, held the splints while he bound them, and made herself generally useful wherever needed. When all was done that could be done for his comfort, and the doctor had taken his leave, the teacher also

put on her hat and came to bid him good-night.

"I hope I may see you again, Miss Staples," George said, after thanking her for her kindness.

"Oh, yes," she answered, smilingly; "I'll call in the morning, on my way to school, and see how you are. But it's hardly fair for you to know my name and I not know yours."

"Lathrop—my name is George Lathrop," and so they were made acquainted without the formality of an introduction or the help of society.

George insisted on getting up to the farmer's early breakfast the next morning, and, when Miss Staples came, he was seated in an arm-chair in the porch. It was a warm morning, and Miss Staples sat down on the steps and fanned herself with her school-hat as she chatted with him about the accident of yesterday. Her dinner-pail and books lay on the floor beside her, and she wore a dress as neat as the gingham of the previous day. Her cheeks were flushed with healthy exercise and her eyes sparkled with eager enthusiasm, as she questioned him of the city and its doings.

"Have you never been to the city?" he asked, presently.

"No, never," she answered, emphatically; "I've been over to the county seat to attend the Institute, and I went to school a few years in Merton; but I've never been to a real city in my life."

George smiled a little. He had been accustomed to the society of women who affected to know everything, and this frank ingenuousness was refreshing.

"Perhaps you wouldn't like it if you should try to live in the city," he suggested.

"Oh, yes, I should, if I could have a comfortable income. Of course, I should not want to be one of the starving poor," and then she laughed a bright healthy laugh. She did not look as though there could ever be any danger of her starving anywhere. "I like the trees and sky and fresh air of the country," she went on, "but I hate its stillness. I want to see life—real life! I want the advantages of books and schools and churches and association with cultured people. I want to know things, and I want to know people that know things."

"You have a very earnest purpose in life."

"Yes; and, as usual, I've been talking too much of myself," and she rose to go.

"Oh, not at all," he hastened to say; "I enjoy your frankness, and I hope you are not going?"

"I must go. It is nearly school-time. But, if you get lonesome while you are a cripple, come and visit my school. The school-house is just over the hill, a little further along the road from where you were hurt."

"I shall surely come," he answered; and then he felt to musing, as he watched her go away, followed by a troop of barefooted children, and he wondered how it would seem to have just such a bright, sensible, helpful woman in his home in the city for which she was longing.

It was the next afternoon that he made his promised visit to the school-house. It was recess when he arrived; the children were playing outside, and Miss Staples was so engaged in a book she was reading that she did not see him until he stepped inside the room.

"Why, how do you do?" she said, in her delightfully informal way, when she looked up and saw him. "Have a chair, won't you?"

He sat down, and she perched herself near him and inquired about his arm. The state of his health settled to her satisfaction, she plunged into the subject nearest her heart.

"Have you ever read Tennyson?" she asked, eagerly.

"Oh, yes; he is one of my favorite authors."

"Do tell me about him, then. What is a 'poet laureate'?"

If there was one thing more than another that was dear to George Lathrop's heart, it was his own well-filled library of books, in which he had spent most of the spare hours which others gave to society. So he was able to answer all her questions and many more which she asked in her bright enthusiastic way. Their interesting conversation was interrupted by the ringing of the bell, only to be resumed at the close of school, when they walked back to the farm-house together.

After that, there were many similar walks and talks. George made frequent visits to the little brown school-house, and usually on

a Saturday they took a little excursion into the wood after ferns and flowers.

But jealous eyes were watching them. Miss Lucinda Thorne was not at home, the afternoon that Mr. Lathrop met with his accident. She returned the next day, and was properly horrified at the boldness of Miss Staples. She shook her head when her mother explained that she should not have known what to do if it had not been for the teacher.

"But, ma," said Lucinda, "think of her comin' here an' sittin' on them steps, a-talkin' to that fellow, this mornin', instead of comin' in an' askin' us how he was."

"But, Lucinda, he was sittin' out there in her way. 'Twould 'a' looked funny, seems to me, to come right by him to ask us how he was."

But Lucinda could not or would not see anything but the deepest guilt, in this action of the teacher's. During the day, Miss Lucinda went over to Mrs. Breed's to borrow some sugar, and she asked Mrs. Breed if she considered that the school-teacher had behaved properly under the circumstances. That lady, of course, agreed with Lucinda that such conduct was simply scandalous.

Before the week was out, all the women in the neighborhood were watching Miss Staples and that city fellow, and before long all had come to the conclusion that her conduct was highly improper, and one and another began to seek for opportunities to show their disapproval. For a time, Miss Staples was too happy in the new acquaintance to notice any difference in the treatment of the people about her. But after a while she noticed that, whenever she came upon a group of women, they immediately changed the subject of their conversation and exchanged significant glances with each other. Miss Lucinda Thorne even cut her outright and would not speak to her on any occasion.

At first, Miss Staples paid no attention to the change in the people toward herself; but at last the slights became so pointed that she was constrained to ask motherly Mrs. Marsh about it.

"Oh, I wouldn't mind them," that good woman said, as she stooped for a fresh handful of the red currants she was picking over; "Lucinda is jealous of you, and she's talked till she's made the people believe that you've been too forward with Mr. Lathrop."

"But, Mrs. Marsh," urged the young teacher, with a little tremble in her voice, "do you think I have been too forward?"

"I couldn't say, child, as I haven't seen you with him. But he's a stranger, you know, and you can't be too careful. A man always respects a girl all the more if she is shy and not easy to win."

Mrs. Marsh had heard this sentiment expressed ever since she could remember, and, although in her limited experience in courtship John Marsh had been the shy one of the two, yet he was only John; and men in general, she supposed, conformed to the current opinion and always fell in love with the woman who kept them most at a distance.

But the heart of Alice Staples was torn with contending emotions. One moment, she hated these country people, with their petty gossiping, and was ready to bid defiance to them all; the next, she was crushed with the thought—what if she had been too forward? what would Mr. Lathrop think of her? She spent most of the night in tears, and arose next morning determined to reform her conduct and treat Mr. Lathrop with proper dignity. When George joined her as usual on her way to the school-house, he was very much surprised to be met with dignified coldness instead of the bright frankness he had learned to expect and enjoy. At first, he thought he must have offended her; but, in a furtive study of her face, he detected the traces of tears and an occasional little quiver of her lips, and he concluded that something was troubling her, so he sought by little acts of kindness to express his sympathy.

Poor Alice! his tenderness only served to show her how much she really cared for his good opinion, and the fear that he really might not respect her and was only kind to her out of pity was torture to her. She was very miserable all that day, but sought to hide her misery from George by a cold and distant demeanor. At last, George too began to be miserable. He had sought by every gentle art to win her confidence and find out the cause of her distress. Her continued silence and coldness forced him to set his wits at work to find out what was the matter. He was not conscious of having offended her, and a certain gratitude which he detected in her manner assured him that

his company was not altogether disagreeable to her, in spite of her assumed dignity of deportment. So he decided to watch and wait until the mystery was solved.

It was an exceedingly difficult situation for George, for he was now forced to acknowledge to himself that he was deeply in love with the country school-ma'am; and, being a man of determination, he knew he would never give up until he had won her. But this unexpected change in her was very trying to his spirit.

The next evening, he was invited to a strawberry party at the Marshes'. He went, hoping to meet Alice; but she was not there, and it fell to his lot to eat strawberries and cream with Miss Lucinda.

"I wonder where Miss Staples is to-night?" he ventured to remark, interrogatively, as they ate the dainty fruit.

"I s'pose she didn't care to come," answered Miss Lucinda, with a significant toss of her head.

"Miss Staples wasn't very well to-night," put in Mrs. Marsh, who was standing near; "she had a headache, and she has looked thin lately."

"She ain't sick, though," put in Johnny Marsh, one of Miss Staples's pupils; "she's just cried till her head aches over the way the women-folks have been treatin' her. And I say it's a shame! She ain't done nothing to be blamed for, neither."

"There, there, Johnny," put in his mother, "you mustn't tell tales out of school. Run and get a fresh pail of water now."

"Miss Staples is all right, though, Johnny," called one of the young men after him.

George's eyes began to open, and, as soon as possible, he took the opportunity to have a private talk with Johnny.

"What have the women been doing to Miss Staples to make her cry?" he asked, confidentially, of that young gentleman, when he had persuaded him to take him out to see his pet rabbits.

"Why, they scold her and talk mean about her, because she walked and talked with you so much. She don't dast do it any more, but I say she didn't do nothin' bad, because you wanted her to, didn't you?"

"Of course I did."

"Then where's the harm? I tell you, it's Miss Lucinda that has stirred up all the

trouble, just because she wants you all to herself."

"She won't get me," murmured George, smiling.

Then he again admired the rabbits, and, as soon as he could make a reasonable excuse, he withdrew quietly from the gathering, leaving Miss Lucinda to be escorted home by her brother, a proceeding which she did not at all relish.

The next day was a long one to George, but he waited until toward four o'clock in the afternoon before he made his way down to the little brown school-house.

Alice had scarcely slept for three nights. She had a throbbing headache and was beginning to feel that she could not bear this strain much longer. She had even contemplated resigning her school and running away. The hours were long and tedious, and when, about half-past three, George came in at the open door, and, after a polite "Good-afternoon," took his seat with a not-to-be-put-off air, her head was in such a whirl that she hardly knew what she did.

But the last class was heard, the final song sung, and at last the barefooted children, with folded arms, had marched out, and she and George were alone.

"Alice," said George, coming to her side and taking her hand as soon as the last child had disappeared across the threshold, "won't you tell me what has been troubling you lately, and why you seem to avoid me?"

He had never called her Alice before, and there was an unmistakable tenderness in his voice that went to her heart. She could not trust herself to speak; she only turned her head away and was silent.

"Alice," he went on, gently, after a moment's pause, "you surely would not trifle with an honest man's love. You know I love you! I want you in my city home. Must I go away without you?"

She gave him one eloquent look, and then buried her face on his shoulder.

"George," she whispered, an hour afterward, as they still sat in the deserted school-room, and he had expressed his opinion of Miss Lucinda in no very complimentary terms, "you know I have never been in what people call society, but you have; so tell me—have I been too forward?"

"Not for me," he answered, enthusiastically; "I hate the conventionalities and affectations of society. I have always wanted a willing woman, or one that acted just as she felt."

A TALE OF THE STIRRUP.

BY JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

A CLATTER of hoofs on the chill night air,
A cloud of dust through the moon's weird glare,
A spark of fire on the pavement cold,
An echoing clang which the ear doth trace
As nearer and nearer it cometh apace,
A tightened rein—do the tale unfold:

What! You here, lad, and shivering too,
For a farewell grasp of an old friend's hand?
Ah, me! 'tis hard to part from you,
Though I know full well that you understand.

I loved her; God alone can know
The passion I bore that pure young girl!
Ah, lad, it was a bitter blow,
And it broke my heart; but I'll be no churl!

I hate him, but that matters not;
I've hated the world since that hapless day.
Forgiven is he! I grudge his lot,
Yet I hope that none will be happier than they.

The world is wide! There, dry those tears—
You're young, and don't know sorrow yet;

What matter a score or more of years?
Though the lips are silent, the heart can't
forget!

So farewell, lad—old friend, old friend!
How sweet it sounds; 'tis the last ere I go.
What warmth your strong young hand doth lend!
Here, take this ring: it was hers, you know.

One word, lad—in the years to be,
When our lives are the width of worlds apart,
Remember, still lingers a love for thee
Somewhere far away in an old friend's heart.

If ever your thoughts steal back once more
To the dear old days too good to last,
Remember, as oft I've said before,
Whate'er be the future, our love owns the past!

A clatter of hoofs on the still night air,
A cloud of dust through the moon's weird glare,
A spark of fire on the pavement cold,
A sigh, a plunge of the rewels, a bound,
As faster and faster fadeth the sound,
The click of a spur—and the tale is told.

THE MIDDLE-AGED HEROINE.

BY MARY WORSWICK.



WHEN I look in the glass, I see wrinkles and gray hairs and eyes that are no longer bright and mirthful, but grave and earnest, and I say to myself: "Hester Brown, you are no longer young;

you are an 'old maid.' You have missed the best of life, its romance and its poetry, but you have had all its hard prose and daily work. You will keep on teaching school until you are worn out and worried out and sour-tempered and decrepit, and then you'll retire on your hard-earned poverty to some old ladies' home, to end your days in knitting-work and gossip. Hettie Brown, it is a hard fate, but you have done your duty."

Sometimes I wonder if I have done my whole duty, in sacrificing my life to other people. Some duty we owe to ourselves, to the developing individuality of character and capacity. I had ambitions; I dreamed of a career, but I gave the best years of my life to caring for Emily and her children—Emily, whose improvident husband died of drink and left her with two little ones, to the charity of her relatives.

Emily died, and Claire married, and only Belle, her youngest, was left to me. Belle, dear pretty child, would soon leave me too. She also would marry and have a happy home and a full satisfying life. It was a beautiful fate that I read in her blue eyes, and one needed not to be seer or prophet to read the eyes of Richard Vance when they rested on my sunny-faced darling.

And I? I should be left alone in the world.

Would you smile at the picture?—a lonely old maid dropping tears on the bundle of old letters and the little faded old-fashioned daguerreotype. Your heroines with heart-breaks are all younger and fairer. The middle-aged woman who loves and suffers is not in the line with the sentiment of the novel-reading public.

The novel-reading public is right. There is no romance in wrinkles and gray hair. The eternal heroine of the world's love-story is young.

I do not blame Richard Vance that he covets the freshness, the innocence, the first bloom of my darling's beautiful womanhood. I take to myself the blame in bitterness of spirit for the wild sweet dreams I dreamed between the lines of his bright kindly letters and his spoken words of genial companionship through our long years of friendship.

We were boy and girl together, Dick Vance and I. He was always bright and warm-hearted, but wild as a lad, and he fretted at the quiet life in his father's shop. He was not "cut out" for a village carpenter, he said; and so, after his three years in the Polytechnic School, he went out West, Government surveying. Afterward he turned to land speculation and began to make money, and, when he came home after twenty years of absence, he paid off his father's debts, sent his brother Aleck's boy to college, and otherwise impressed the community with the fact that "old Vance's wild Dick" had amounted to something, after all. He had changed, he had grown, he had progressed—a man of the world, of large interests, energy, liberal views; while I—I had staid still and stagnated, had my small worries, my little interests, my petty economies and my monotony of living, and my face had grown sharp and thin, my cheeks faded, my eyes dull. So my ambitions, my dreams, my ideals, shrunk and withered because there was no sun in my life, no generous influence to quicken their fruition.

I have tied his letters together, with the little old-fashioned daguerreotype he gave me years ago, and I will put them away to gather dust and cobwebs and forgetfulness. He comes often to the house, and Belle is charming to him, as she is to everyone; but I fancy he is not satisfied with her lightly given smiles nor secure in her favor, for Belle is a born coquette and smiles as blithely on young Parker in the tennis-court, or Syd

Remington, who plays duets with her by the hour.

We sat alone in the dimly lighted parlor, Richard Vance and I. He looked moody and distraught, I thought, for we heard the voices and laughter of Belle and young Remington loitering in the garden.

Suddenly he turned to me, speaking lowly and rapidly:

"Hettie, I am going away next week—some Western business. I can bear this suspense no longer. I am a coward; I cannot face a refusal from the woman I love best on earth. Hettie, you must have seen—you must have known—"

"Yes," I murmured, stifledly.

"We are old friends, Hettie," he went on, "and, if there is no hope for me, I will trust you to tell me so firmly, and I will abide by your decision. I am no longer young, and it is no boy's fancy that I have carried in my heart, to be lightly dismissed."

"I believe you are a good man," I answered, quietly. "I could trust my dearest treasure in your keeping. I cannot give you a decisive answer, but you have every hope."

He seized my hands and kissed them in a rapture of gratitude. The warm strong grasp, the eager joy of his face—the mad pulses of my heart contracted with a sense of desolate pain and I shrank from him, Belle's lover.

"Go to Belle now," I whispered, as I gently released myself.

"I am the happiest girl in the whole world!" Belle told me, the next day, her pretty face beaming, her cheeks dimpling. "He says he loves me, and oh, Aunt Hettie, I am so happy!" and she hid her blushes in my lap.

I smoothed her pretty head and told her that I hoped she would be happy, and then I shut myself in my room and fought out the battle alone. Later, when I heard his step on the walk through the quiet of the early evening—how well I knew his step: firm, strong, regular!—I told Belle that my headache must excuse me this evening, and slipped hastily toward the stairs as the glint of her white muslin and the flutter of her blue ribbons vanished piazzaward. In the

hallway gloom, I ran unceremoniously into someone's arms that closed about me and tightened as I strove to escape.

"Hush!"

There were voices on the piazza.

"Dear Syd!"

"My own Belle!"

Syd Remington had made Belle the happiest girl in the world.

"Oh, Dick, I thought she cared for you!" I gasped. "You must believe that I thought it was you she loved, or I would have saved you this cruel disappointment. Forgive me! How could I know she would cast you aside for that callow boy? I have known you so long, Dick—known how good and wise and true you are, and I was so proud that she should have won the love of such a man! I would have saved you this—I would have made any sacrifice for your happiness, Dick."

He drew me into the lighted room. His face was very pale, and his eyes dark and bright.

"We have misunderstood each other, Hettie," he began, quietly. "It is entirely hopeless, since you were happy to think that I loved and was beloved by another woman. But I shall be better satisfied to tell you the truth: I never cared for Belle—never thought of the child. It was you always, my dear. I will go away. I will try to forget—"

I laid one hand on his shoulder and lifted my face to his gaze.

"Dick," I said, severely, "do you know that I am a middle-aged woman, beyond the idle vaporings of sentiment and imagination? I have had a hard life, and the stern realities of it have made me practical and callous. You are in the prime of life, and I am an 'old maid.' There are crow's-feet in the corners of my eyes, and my hair is gray, and my beauty is gone, and my illusions too. You won't break your heart over me. You will marry a younger and more suitable woman, and forget all about me."

And then the inevitable happened: I burst into tears.

Well, Dick did not go away, so I have been enabled to write a love-story with a middle-aged heroine.

SUFFERING.

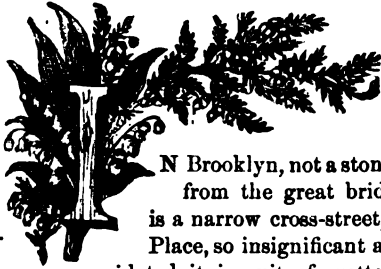
MORE or less, less or more.
Does it matter, say?

We die or else we live it o'er—
The end comes either way.

A GLINT OF SUNSHINE.

BY PATIENCE STAPLETON.

I.



N Brooklyn, not a stone's-throw from the great bridge, there is a narrow cross-street, Badgers Place, so insignificant and dilapidated it is quite forgotten by old residents who have grown prosperous and moved to better neighborhoods. The time that gave new grace to the elms in the quiet Place added decay and dinginess to the old houses, giving it the deprecatory air of a poor relation on sufferance.

Whence the appellation, not even Miss Bowker could tell, and she was one of the oldest inhabitants, and her father had dwelt there before her; and, if he had known, he surely would have bequeathed the knowledge to his descendants. Badgers was a sober decorous Place, though within its confines dwelt several noisy children—young demons, Cyrus Hall called them. Several shrill-voiced and freckled boys particularly were the aversion of the court. Yet the bitterest objectors to children's play were silenced by a streamer of floating white ribbon on a weather-stained door or the clatter of the little white hearse over the stones.

One of the neat wooden houses that faced the unsuspecting stranger with blank tranquillity, when he had strayed down the court and found no thoroughfare, was that of Cyrus Hall. It was three stories high, with neat green blinds, and had on the first floor a door leading to the stairs and a shop adorned with a gilt-lettered sign, "C. Hall and Son." By the door was a hanging tin shield, "Rooms to Rent." Both these works of art, Cyrus Hall frequently surveyed with an air of pride as he smoked his noonday pipe outside his shop.

Miss Bowker and Professor Kline, who played the violin in an obscure theatre,

occupied the second floor. Miss Bowker, who was very large and fat, made daily an outcry at the stairs, but had gone up them for fifteen years just the same. She was a lace-mender, and, with her round face and small black eyes, suggested a spider spinning a web; one wondered how her clumsy hands could manage such marvelously fine and dainty work. Between her and her landlord, there was a deadly feud. She frequently complained of the dangerous proximity of the gun-shop and the explosives stored therein; each new policeman whose misfortune gave him the court on his beat was a recipient of her confidence. Several, with the zeal of new appointees, interviewed Cyrus Hall with unsatisfactory results.

"The house is mine," he would assert, with marked acerbity of manner; "the shop's mine, and my grandfather's before me. They nor me ain't doing business with accidents. Wimmen is born scared of firearms; they're like some dogs—gun-shy. It amoooses 'em to get together up garret, conjuring disasters. If it's their natures to think I'm here meaning to blow up my property and me along with it, they're welcome to the comfort of the notion. I ain't no public gardeen. There's some of them old maids in there thinks a gun would come clean out of its box to shoot 'em of its own accord."

Reprehensible as it may seem, Mr. Hall did publicly and ostentatiously display a large red keg marked "Powder," in front of his store, placing it near the stair door. He even sat on it and smoked his pipe—a proceeding that prevented three of his female tenants from doing their marketing that day, forcing them to a penitential diet of bread and water. Mrs. Hall—who, besides being one of the prettiest of old ladies, had the kindest heart in the world—climbed the two flights of stairs that night to assure her tenants that this was one of Cy's ways, and there was nothing in the keg but a brick, and Cy had sat there so long trying to frighten them he had lamed his back.

Miss Bowker, who had some sense of humor, in the language of Mrs. Landers, who lived on the third floor and dealt in apples, "bided her time." At five o'clock the following afternoon, when Cyrus, according to custom so invariable and so punctual that several ladies along the court set their clocks by him, came out to smoke his pipe, he saw Miss Bowker sitting upon that red powder-keg, reading the afternoon paper. Mrs. Hall afterward explained that "his breath was took away for a full minute." His movements after this occasion became like those of an erratic comet, and many housewives in the neighborhood "dratted" him soundly for occasioning late suppers, for he had been so much surer than a clock, "which often went wrong out of sheer contrariness, like it had a grudge against one."

This little incident justly made some ill feeling between Miss Bowker and Mr. Hall, and he frequently remarked to himself darkly that he would be even. Miss Bowker and the Professor, being second-floor lodgers, openly defied their landlord. Not so the third-floor folks; they were humbly civil. "Garriters," Mr. Hall termed them, as if he concealed on his property a mysterious company of assassins. There was Mrs. Todd, who had the third-floor back and a son Willis, "a rovier," she quaveringly remarked. This Willis had little respect for the decorum of the house, and frequently and maliciously tumbled upstairs, simulating intoxication, to annoy Miss Bowker. Mrs. Landers, who dealt in apples, had a small room adjoining that of Mrs. Todd, and Mr. and Mrs. Richards lived in matrimonial discomfort in the front room. There was an extra room next to this, that was now vacant because Miss Mann, an elderly maiden lady, a dressmaker, had won the affections of a widower butcher, well-to-do, and able, she assured Miss Bowker, to keep a hired girl, and two even, if she'd just mention it. Her marriage on the very day this story opens gave Mr. Hall his sought-for opportunity to be even with the second-floor front.

It was Sunday morning and a very pleasant one, and all the tenants had gone to Miss Mann's wedding, from whence they would come with bits of wedding-cake wrapped in white paper, and a pleasing supply of conversational topics. Mr. Hall, in their absence, secured his revenge.

He was smoking his pipe in the May sunshine, looking sharply up and down the street. The twitter of sparrows in the big elm outside his door so annoyed him that he went into the shop, got a gun, and aimed it with accuracy at a large and noisy bird.

"I'd like to, if there wasn't an ordinance," said Mr. Hall, pensively. "The sportsman instinct is strong in me; my grandfather shot a bear once—blowed its head clean off. Curious thing, heridity—curious."

A pretty little woman in shabby mourning came along the street just as Mr. Hall aimed his gun; she was accompanied by a small girl, who viewed the proceedings with horror. A lovely little girl, too, who seemed to catch all the sunshine of the gloomy place in her bright gold hair, all the blue of the narrow line of sky in her deep-blue eyes.

"Was you goin' to shoot the birdies?" she asked, severely.

Cyrus's small weasel eyes looked in her tearful face, his thin lips contracted, and he removed his pipe from a corner of his mouth.

"Well," he said, coldly, "what's that to you?"

"They ain't your birdies; they belongs to the city, and God made them."

"Wanter know," said Mr. Hall, replacing his gun inside the shop, "why don't the city keep them clattering off my elm—p'raps you can answer that now?"

"I was looking for a room," the woman began, timidly; "my name is—is Parsons—Mrs. Parsons, and I was looking for a room; you have such a nice place here," she went on, encouraged by a gleam of interest in Cyrus's eyes.

"It's quiet and comfortable, marm, which is something, and pleasant folks in it," said Mr. Hall, affably; "there is a second-floor front at three dollars a week, but we ain't never had children here afore."

"Nobody wants children," sighed the woman, "there does not seem to be any place for them in this generation; everybody refuses me a room, and yet Ann is the quietest child. It looked so nice here, too, I would like to come." She raised her violet eyes, and very beautiful they were, and looked at him.

"I didn't say I objected to 'em," said Mr. Hall, looking away, "though I hain't no liking for their screeching troublesome ways."

"I'm afraid you would be cross to her when I was away, sir, if you don't like children, though she stays in the room all the time."

"I referred to boys, impish boys, marm, that infests this court, though about the Fourth of July they're good customers, and some the year round, when they ain't killed promiscuous-like with fire-arms; buys cart-ridges and fish-lines. I don't abuse their confidence in trade, nor they don't play tricks on me, though there ain't a shop round here but's appealed to the perlice, and there's none of their mothers can say I've laid violent hands on their darlin's."

"How do you keep them away?" asked Mrs. Parsons, timidly, as Cyrus smiled in disdain.

"Simply the eye, marm; I eye 'em."

"Soonest said, leastest mended," quoted Mr. Hall, as the stranger came down the stairs after looking at the room; "fetch your trunk right over."

"Bowker," said Mr. Hall, to a large and noisy sparrow which he chose to think resembled his tenant, "Bowker, my dear, you won't be so pleasant in sitting on powder-kegs again; I cal'ate our score is even now."

His face assumed an agreeable smile as he saw, across the street, the four old ladies returning from church, while Mrs. Richards lingered in the rear, pleading with her husband, who had to go down to the city on business. That meant the usual Sunday night wrangle and his clumsy footsteps on the stairs past midnight. They were rustling along in ancient black silks, Mrs. Hall quite the meekest of all, for the whole court affirmed she never demeaned herself as one should who owned property.

"What's that in the front window?" asked Mrs. Todd, suddenly.

"Your own Maltese cat, Mary," said Miss Bowker, placidly; "your sight's failing fast; you're always seeing things that has no being."

"It aren't a cat, I'm sure," interposed Mrs. Hall, meekly, "for cats on a window-sill is smaller."

"A pitcher, then, set careless-like," snapped Miss Bowker.

"That's Miss Mann's room, and, when I cleaned it, I set the pitcher in the bowl," said Mrs. Hall, feeling a reflection on her

housekeeping was intended, "and the door was locked. Cy has the key, and I think it's renters."

Miss Bowker stopped short and put on her spectacles. She said afterward, in describing the occurrence, that you could have knocked her down with a feather.

"Mary Todd," she gasped, "it's a child!"

With one accord, the ladies rushed forward; but on Mrs. Hall's sweet old face there was the ghost of a hopeful smile.

"Nice time, ladies?" said Mr. Hall, politely.

"She was so genteel," quavered Mrs. Hall. Feeling herself the culprit, in the icy indifference of her friends, she hurried into the shop.

"There's a woman and child come here to lodge—has Miss Mann's room; seems nice tidy folks," said her husband, following her, "and I get fifty cents a week more."

"Massy me, Cy," gasped the old lady, "you don't tell me!" Her heart beat wildly, but her agitated manner deceived even him.

"You'll have to get used to it, old lady," said Cyrus, grimly; "when you come here first, you couldn't go through the shop 'thout squawking, now you can dust a gun or clean up a revolver as handy as it was brick-bracks from a what-not—it's all education."

With a gesture worthy of a Siddons, Miss Bowker motioned to the two older ladies to stay behind. "I'll see the person myself," she said, tragically. Soon she returned, red in the face and short of breath. "She's a youngish creature, says she's a widow—oh, butter wouldn't melt in her mouth," wheezed Miss Bowker; "but, when I merely asked what she meant by coming here unbeknownst to us, fetching a child where there hadn't been one since Hall's boy was little, and bad enough he turned out to be—a-disappearing, which was the only blessing he'd been to his parents—she slammed the door in my face. Me, that has for customers the best families in New York City, that lives in their palaces on the avenoo. To my mind, she's no more a widdier than I am, and there'll be another man falling up the stairs Saturday nights in his drink."

Poor little Ann, the unconscious cause of the war in Number Five, led a lonely life. Her mother, aware of the hostility of her neighbors, did not allow the child to leave the room when she was away at work, though

Cyrus frequently asked her why she did not let Ann play in the halls.

"Let her run up and down the stairs now," Mr. Hall would suggest, "or skip rope in the halls; she's free to. The young has to be young; it's naterel for lambs and children to cavort."

Ann rebelled at her imprisonment.

"What makes all the nice old ladies cross to me, mamma?" she asked, miserably; she was such a quaint old child, she might have been an old lady herself. "I don't do anything, and even the Perfesser scowls at me and slams his door when I creep out on the stairs to listen to the music."

"Because you're a child," cried her mother, passionately, "my poor fatherless darling! The world does not care for children; they are shut out everywhere."

"They was little girls once, mamma, and I try to be so still; only Mrs. Todd's kitty will come into my room, and it wouldn't be polite to scat her out, so I play with her."

"You must never do so again; and mind—I won't have you speaking to Mr. Todd. He is a very bad man, Mr. Hall says; so you keep in your room. When the busy season is over, I will have more time to take you out."

"Mr. Todd gives me candy," said Ann, with quivering lip, "and I heard Mrs. Landers say he was a fine man, if he did licker so frequent."

"If you have anything more to do with people in this house, I shall lock you in your room; you are a bad little girl," cried Mrs. Parsons.

"But he said you was pr-pritty and they was mean to treat a nice little thing like you so bad," sobbed Ann; and then her mother, blushing becomingly, became all of a sudden the comforter.

Ann was a very unhappy child, after that; she had been guilty, she knew, and her small conscience troubled her. She had left the door open and cajoled the cat in, and had listened to the talk going on outside, in sheer loneliness. She had taught the cat to eat at her doll's table, and shared her noonday lunch of bread and milk with the animal every day; it was bitterly hard to give all that up. Then there was one day Willis Todd had come in and said it was a "cute layout," and had bought her some candy, and she heard him laughing at his mother when

she scolded. Ann got up resolutely and closed the door, as a faint mew sounded; but, a few moments later, when a gray cat appeared at the window, coming along the ledge that ran along the front of the house, Ann's heart failed her; she opened the window and lifted the cat in.

"A bad boy might throw a rock at her," she said, "and how can anyone be good when she went and come herself? But," continued the child, resolutely, "I am all mamma's got to love, and I'd oughter be trusty; if she had other little children, I could be naughty once in a while."

She picked up the cat and crossed the hall to Mrs. Todd's door; an appetizing odor of boiled cabbage made her small stomach yearn. She had grown tired of bread and milk; but mamma was so poor, even their frugal fare was a heavy burden. She knocked and opened the door timidly, and there sat Mrs. Todd and Willis at dinner, Mrs. Todd such a dear old lady, with her bright sparkling eyes and her neat gowns and caps.

"I've brought back your cat," faltered the child; "manma says I must not have her any more. I can't even be friends with kittens in this place, nor any of the grandmothers either. You was all little girls yourself once, and needn't be so cross to me; and I'm growing, too—I've had tucks let out of my dresses." She dropped the cat and vanished.

"The blessed child!" said Mrs. Todd; "there, Willis, you needn't scowl. I let the cat out myself, but don't tell a soul—Jane Bowker would never forgive me."

"It's a mean shame, all of you picking on that poor little woman and her child. I don't believe Ann has enough to eat, bread and watery milk every day. Did you see her eyes shine when she looked at the table?"

"Lawful sakes," quivered Mrs. Todd, "the very idea! Willis, you take in these things and that little cake and the cat. I peeked in, the other day, and she had the cat sitting up to her doll's table as cunning as ever you saw. Why, they even talk about you, Willis—say you drink because you pretend to fall upstairs; there ain't a mite of Christian charity in this tenement."

Willis stooped and kissed his mother, who flushed prettily at his caress and then added timidly: "Mrs. Landers says the widow is

making a set at you, and that she don't believe her husband is dead at all."

"All Mrs. Landers needs, to be a first-class detective, is a tin shield," laughed Willis, going off with a plate of dainties for the child, the cat at his heels. Though Ann resisted bravely, no small girl could withstand such a temptation; and, before Willis left, she had the cat at the doll's table, and was enjoying her new bill of fare as only a hungry child could. Never a day, after that, but some viand found its way to the widow's room; but Ann said nothing about it to her mother, though mourning her guilt secretly.

Some weeks later, one afternoon, she heard Mrs. Landers rumbling up the stairs with her heavy basket of apples, and then there was a crash and the sound of falling fruit. She ran out, and there on the top step sat Mrs. Landers in deep distress, while her merchandise rolled merrily down two stories to the street.

"I'll pick 'em up," cried Ann, and straightway she ran down, gathering the fruit in her apron, toiling up until all were replaced.

"What a little sunshine you be," said Mrs. Landers, patting the golden curls, bestowing for reward two rosy-cheeked apples; "you'll never hear me say a word agin you, dear, and I'm glad you're here, the best child I ever laid eyes on."

Ann hid the apples away, and their subsequent decay she accepted as a punishment for her guilt in making friends with the enemy, and was almost on the verge of a confession when her mother said she looked so much better and was growing fat. She could not help the latter, with all the mysterious dainties left at her door. Two rooms were visiting-places now, and Mrs. Landers made her a wonderful pincushion in the shape of a heart.

One evening in December, Ann was alone, for her mother worked late as the holiday season approached, when she heard a woman's scream followed by the sound of pitiful sobs. Only Mrs. Richards and her husband were on the third floor that night, and, without thinking what she did, the child ran into the adjoining room. There was the clattering of dishes, and, as she stood on the threshold, the table set for supper fell with a crash at her feet. Mrs.

Richards, her apron over her face, was crying bitterly, while her husband, red and angry, stood and glared at her. The light from the swaying hanging lamp glinted on the child's golden hair, her white horrified face. A look of shame came into the man's eyes; he dropped his uplifted arm.

"I might have been a murderer," he cried, wildly; "what have I done?"

The child came in softly, her grave little face full of pity.

"It was like this to our house once," she said, soberly, "and then my mamma and me hid away so papa couldn't get our pritty things and smash 'em; but one day he found out, and, when mamma and me got back, our things was all gone and my little bird was killed. Now he's dead; he's a better man, mamma says. Your dishes ain't broke much," she went on, picking them up in her old-fashioned way. "Mrs. Landers says you don't hardly drink at all like some men, but you're ugly in licker. I'm glad you haven't any little girl to be frightened like I used to."

The man shambled forward, set the table up, and began helping her replace the dishes; the woman sank into a chair, her face still covered.

"It looks all right now," said the child, timidly, putting a chair in place and beginning to pile up the dishes; "it's a real home-like room."

"A home indeed," sobbed the woman.

"I don't see how a man could drink that had a child like you," smiled the man, watching her quaint ways.

"But I'm naughty coming here," cried the child, miserably. "Mamma don't 'low me to visit, 'cause you all hate me. I was 'fraid someone was hurt, though. You think I'm nice 'cause I'm company; maybe, if you had me all the time, you'd get very tired of my ways."

"Sit down a bit," said the man, eagerly; and she did, stifling her conscience. Soon they were both listening to her, and, when she went back to her room, the man followed her.

"I'll mend that table," he said, kindly, for she had told him the cat had broken it, "and fix you up some little tricks of chairs—better than propping your doll up on boxes; carpentering's my trade, you know."

When he went back to his room, it had been put to rights and his wife sat sewing by

the table; she was pale and quiet, only a heaving of her breast now and then as of a strangled sob.

"A child is great company," he said, awkwardly.

"Yes," sighed the childless woman, "but home for them should be happy; trouble comes soon enough."

"It's late," he went on, in a shamefaced way; "time goes fast."

She did not reply, but sewed resolutely, her face on her work. She had, in all their poverty, preserved a daintiness of gown and kept herself neat; her face was still pretty, save for the pathetic droop to the head, the weariness of the eyes. He laid his work-hardened hand on her shoulder gently, very gently. She glanced up in a startled way, a wave of color flooding her face that made her young again. He knelt beside her, and there came to her lips that quiver he had seen long ago when she stood by his side before the minister, when they started on the pathway that had been so rugged.

"Mary," he said, with a break in his voice, a moisture in his eyes, "Mary, if you will bear with me and be patient, I'll not go out to-night nor another night as long as I live."

II.

FOR a long time, Professor Kline had left his door ajar when he practiced on the violin; he told Miss Bowker he needed more air and that his room was stuffy. She, mollified by his apologies, said the noise did not annoy her more than common, but she had no hearing for tunes, and none of the Bowkers had: their specialty was trade.

Not for air did the Professor leave that door open, not at all; he had heard often in the past a stealthy step on the creaking old stairs, and, the first of all to be treasonable, he had opened his door one day and caught a shrinking listener in the darkest corner of the hall. Touched by her fright, he had taken Ann in his lap and comforted her, told her German fairy-tales, and, when he played now, it was for her. When he lay ill, poor man, she came like a beam of light to his loneliness. After all the folks were at work, she would creep down to his room, the cat in her arms, and mend his stockings, tidy the chairs, and sweep the hearth like a real little housewife. He

actually counted the hours till she came, watching her out of sight, and, one day when he was very ill, he wrote in his queer crabbed hand: "If I die, I want my little neighbor Ann to have my worldly possessions and the few hundreds in the bank; but to Gustave, my friend, I give the violin I love." And this Gustave—a big, burly, blonde man—put the paper reverently away.

One day, when the Professor was better and was playing to Ann, the door opened softly and Mrs. Hall came in. Ann, white and scared, jumped to her feet.

"Don't you run away, you dear little thing," cried Mrs. Hall, piteously; "why, I knew you came here all the time. Who else tidied the room so nice? How often I've gone way up those stairs just to look at you, and you did like those doughnut men with the currant eyes, didn't you, dear, and the little cakes in the scalloped tins?"

"They was lovely," said the child, shyly, "but I never 'spected it was you, the prettiest old lady of all."

"Come and kiss me, dear; how soft your cheek is, and what lovely hair! I had a little boy once, with eyes like yours. Dearie me, what would Cy say seeing me now, and him always so harsh because I'm soft-hearted; and if Jane Bowker saw us, we'd never hear the last of it!"

"I've done with hard-hearted old maids," said the Professor, firmly; "when I am recovered, I shall take this child by the hand and tell her mother what Ann has been to me, the sunshine of my life, and how I love her. I shall tell my neighbor her conduct is unworthy; and, Mrs. Hall, I shall tell it so sternly, with such dignity, that I shall awe her."

Mrs. Hall doubted whether anyone could awe Miss Bowker, Cyrus had failed so lamentably; but it happened the Professor never had occasion to reason with Miss Bowker at all, and something occurred the very next day that awed her beyond all words. She had, contrary to her usual caution, left a number of pieces of lace drying on the window-sill, while she went down to the grocer's; and, during her absence, a spiteful flaw of wind, bent on mischief, wandered into the court. It was a sharp cold little wind, that frosted where it touched. It stiffened the delicate threads of the dainty work, worth its weight in gold,

twisted it into fantastic shapes, and then whirled it into the air. Miss Bowker, returning, saw something white in the frozen gutter; she put on her glasses to look closer. It was a yard of point lace, a fortune for a scavenger. She gave a cry of dismay and looked up; a descending cloud of Valenciennes struck her in the face, while a piece of yellow point, an heirloom, wavered a moment in mid-air, then dropped on the ledge under the roof, between the windows of Mrs. Richards's and Mrs. Parsons's rooms. This narrow ledge had been the fancy of the first architect of Number Five; why it was there, no one ever knew. A little face pressed against the pane saw the flying lace; the window opened, and a small arm was stretched out. It would not go far enough.

Miss Bowker was weeping over her loss. "If that piece of Mrs. Van Dorf's is gone, I'm ruined," she sobbed; "I could never make up the loss of it."

"You ain't fit to be trusted with valuable property at your age," said Cyrus, coming out of his door, followed by his wife, who began to search for more of the scattered bits of white.

"Oh, Father in heaven, look!" the old lady cried, suddenly, pointing upward.

On that narrow path crept a tiny figure, the wicked wind blowing her golden curls, chilling the little clinging hands, and whirling bits of dust, gathered on the ledge, in her face. A number of faces appeared at the windows across the street, anxious women who had children of their-own and who knew this one was the widow's only treasure. Two men stopped on the sidewalk and gazed helplessly; it was too late to do anything. A policeman, attracted by the unusual gathering, came near, hesitated a moment before giving vent to the voice of authority, then stood pale and silent, watching. Mrs. Hall muttered a prayer, as good old women do, but no one made a sound.

The little hands caught the flimsy lace, carefully gathered it from the rough edge where it clung, and put it in the front of a trim little apron. Would she try to turn? That meant death. No one dared call. The stone walk below looked so hard and cruel!

There was no time to get a mattress. Slowly the child retraced her way, crawling backward with infinite care; and how long the distance seemed to the watchers! At the

window, someone reached out and lifted her in. Mrs. Hall rubbed her dazed eyes; how could Miss Bowker have got up there so quickly, such a heavy woman?

"You blessed brave little thing," cried Miss Bowker, "what a wicked wretch I've been to you and your poor mother! Don't you ever lay it up agin me. Whatever the rest is, I'm your friend from this day."

"The kitty walks there, and I thought I could," Ann said, coolly; "'sides, the lace would 'a' been all tored, the wind was dragging it so; it was caught on a little nail."

"You must never tell mamma," said Miss Bowker, "nor go there again."

"I'm friends with everybody in the house," sighed guiltily Ann, "and she never 'spects a word of it, nor that the 'fessor plays for me, and Mr. Richards made me some doll's furniture that I've got hid away with a buteful pincushion Mrs. Landers gave me."

"Oho!" laughed Miss Bowker; "well, I guess you've captured the whole house, you little witch."

III.

ON Christmas Eve, Mrs. Parsons put Ann to bed early. "You be good to-night, dear," she said, tenderly, "for I've got to work; but to-morrow we shall have a long happy day together, and perhaps Santa Claus will bring a good little girl the prettiest blue hat in the world."

Ann obeyed meekly; but, if her mother had not been so occupied with her own thoughts, she would have seen the little maid's eyes were very bright and her cheeks flushed. When her mother was gone, two big tears welled into Ann's eyes. "She's such a nice mamma," she sobbed, "and she's got such a sneaky little girl."

Mrs. Todd put in her head. "Oh, you're there; gone to bed? Let me dress you, and then you can lie down till we come. We're all going out to look at the shops and get some things for the surprise. We'd take you, but your mother might come back."

The room put in order and Ann thoroughly awakened, dressed in her best gown, Mrs. Todd trotted away; but Ann was very restless and impatient, as any child would be, so she stole downstairs in the darkness, to watch for their home-coming.

Mr. Hall was uncommonly cross that Christmas Eve, though his trade had been

good and there was no reason whatever, save that folks were happy and making others happy. When Mrs. Hall sidled into the shop with a bundle under her shawl, he followed her.

"What are you hiding there?" he said, severely. She tremblingly handed him the parcel; it contained a dress-pattern of pretty blue cashmere.

"What's that trumpery for?" he growled.

"It's a Christmas present for little Ann," she answered, meekly. "Oh, I didn't buy it, Cy; all the lodgers did. They are going to have a surprise-party for her mother when she gets home."

"Air they, indeed?" said Mr. Hall, with deadly calmness. "So the house is a kindergarten, is it? Well, I'll show 'em a trick worth two of theirs."

He turned and thrust the goods into a bed of hot coals quivering in the big base-burner. The flames crawled a moment up and down that pretty blue cashmere; then, enveloped in a cloud of smoke, it withered into red fragments with an overpowering odor.

Mrs. Hall burst into tears, looking helplessly on; her husband shut the stove door with a slam—he was ashamed of himself, but he did not show it.

"I'll pay for the damage some day, when they ask for it," he said. Mrs. Hall caught up her shawl and went to the bureau, where hidden under her handkerchiefs was a little roll of money.

"I've been keeping this to give to my boy, if he should ever come back," she said, steadily; "but I shall replace that little dress, if I have to crawl on my knees to the town."

"Where are you going?" he said, anxiously. "You ain't fit to go again; the trembles will seize you, and your knees'll give out."

She went past him without a look. He lay down on the sofa and picked up a newspaper. "I'll send that woman and the young one out of this house to-morrow," he muttered. "I won't have such goings on; this place ain't an orphan asylum."

He was tired from a long day's work; the heat from the stove in the dining-room had made the little parlor very warm, and so, before he realized it, the pipe dropped from his hand and he was asleep. There were no customers in the shop, and the hatchet-faced

apprentice wandered out on the sidewalk to look at the lighted windows across the way. Ann, weary of watching, was at the bottom of the stairs. Suddenly she smelled something. She went toward Mrs. Hall's parlor door, the smell growing stronger all the way. She knocked timidly. No answer. She opened the door into a cloud of smoke. On the sofa, Cyrus slept tranquilly, while a little rim of fire crawled from the pipe that had fallen from his hand, along the carpet to a crumpled newspaper that lay near the door of a small cupboard. Ann, left so much alone, had been taught what to do. In the dining-room was a heavy rug; she ran for it and flung it on the fire, stamping vigorously, calling to the unconscious man.

Cyrus, bewildered and dazed, jumped to his feet; then he comprehended the danger, assisted the child in putting the fire out, flung his pipe in the stove, and, looking white and scared, surveyed her.

"There's forty dollars' worth of fireworks in that cupboard," he gasped; "all that powder! Oughter be punished for having it there, 'tarnal old fool that I was. So you put it out! Well, you've got sense." He went and put on his coat and hat. "If you tell of this, I'll put you and your ma out-o'-doors—you hear? Oh, don't cry like that, or I'll shake you! I don't mean any harm, but don't let those old gossips know. There, run upstairs—here's a dime for you; you're a good girl, and I like you."

Ann wiped her tears away and ran up the stairs; she was just in time, for the old ladies were coming. With them was Mrs. Hall.

"I couldn't find a store," she was explaining, "and my legs gave out; I'm so heart-broken about the little dress."

"Don't you worrit a mite," said Miss Bowker, kindly. "She's got enough, and as for Cyrus Hall, I'll settle with him; leave him to me."

Cyrus heard them as he passed in the darkness. "Oh, you cackling hens," he muttered, "it will take a sharper head than yours, Bowker, to get ahead of me."

Mrs. Parsons was walking wearily homeward, avoiding dark places and shadows; suddenly she heard a step behind her, but she did not start with terror: she stopped and looked calmly at the man following her.

"I told you, Mr. Todd, I was not afraid to go home alone," she said, sharply.

"The sidewalk's free; I might be going home myself. Let me carry your bundle. Oh, but I will! Is it a hat for Ann? She is such a pretty child, but not equal to her mother. How tired you look!"

"Mr. Todd, you force yourself on me; and you are rude, to drag that bundle away."

"You don't know," he said, cheerfully, walking by her side, "what a jolly place I've got—telegraph operator and station agent in the nicest town, and a cute house near the depot, all fitted out. Mother wants to visit my sister in Maine for a year or two; now, if some people wouldn't believe all the gossip they hear just because I like to tease Bowker—"

"I knew you did not drink, if that is what you mean," said the widow, calmly; "you are a very good son."

"Might make a good husband," he suggested.

"Ann loves you," she said, affecting not to hear; "you have been kind to her."

"I wish her mother loved me. You must take my arm, the sidewalk is so narrow—just made for lovers. See how easy I lift you over that gutter."

"How dare you?" she cried, angrily; but her eyes did not show any wrath, and there was a little smile hovering about her lips.

"If you look like that, I shall kiss you," he said; "it's dark, and I shall anyway. You know that house is for you, and you're not going to work any more at millinery, save bonnets for the prettiest head in the world."

She said never a word, but hid her face against his coat-sleeve.

"Why, my room is lighted up!" she cried, anxiously, when they reached Number Five. "I am afraid something has happened."

"It's a surprise-party," he laughed, and he put his arm about her, half carrying her up the stairs.

"They never tired me a bit," she said, blushing.

"I wish there were three flights more," he answered.

The room had a gala air; all the lamps on the floor had been brought in, and a big table was set with everybody's dishes and covered with good things, while on the bed was a collection of toys enough to satisfy any little girl for a long year. All the

tenants were there, while Ann in her best gown was playing hostess. Mrs. Hall, the traces of grief on her kind old face, was unpacking a box of cakes.

"Why, I thought they all hated Ann," cried the little widow.

"She was a traitor," laughed Todd; "she found a weak place in the fortifications, crept in, and stole all our hearts."

Then there was a torrent of explanations, everyone talking at once.

"What a naughty child I have!" said Mrs. Parsons. "How can I understand her? She never said a word."

"They've all 'fessed for me, mamma," said the culprit; "and I'm so glad, for I've had such feelings, and they've given me such pretty things."

"There was a dress-pattern," faltered Mrs. Hall.

"Which I've brought," said a loud and cheerful voice, and in walked Cyrus, a bundle under his arm. He opened it and unrolled yards of beautiful shining silk, as blue as Ann's own eyes. "You folks seem to be having a Sunday-school picnic. Thought you hated children? Made fuss enough when I wanted that nice little girl here."

"We were wicked old people," said the Professor, "and we are all sorry for it."

Cyrus draped the silk over the child, then, touched by a feeling he could not explain, he laid his hand gently on her golden curls. Mrs. Parsons ran forward and caught his arm.

"Keep your hand there," she said, quickly; "it is as if you blessed her. She is your own flesh and blood—your dead son's child. You had never seen me, and I came here under my maiden name, so you would not turn me out. I hoped you might learn to love your grandchild."

"Grandma to her?" sobbed Mrs. Hall. "My boy's own child—my boy that was wayward and was turned from his home? Oh, Cyrus, forgive the dead!"

"Keep cool, old lady," said Cyrus, calmly, though his mouth twitched and not the best freckled boy in the street would have been awed by his eyes with that soft light in them; "I ain't saying I don't like the child. But my son's widdler, now—she's a stranger—"

"You don't have to concern yourself about her," put in Mr. Todd; "after a few days, she won't be your son's widow, but my wife."

Seeing him clasp the pretty widow in his arms emboldened Mr. Richards to put his arm about his wife, while Mrs. Todd took hold of Mrs. Landers's hand.

"It's like a story-book," she said; "the prettiest kind of one."

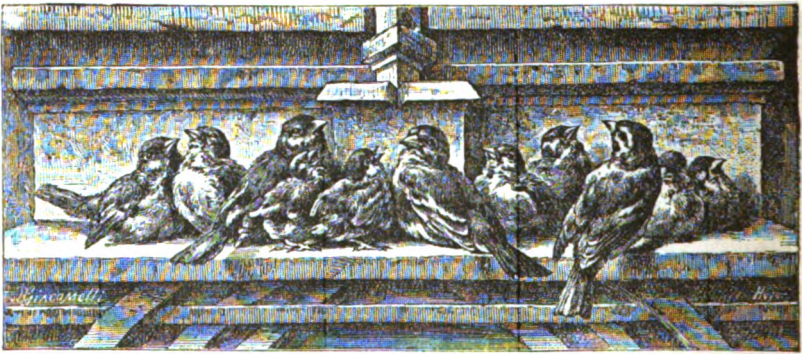
"Let's eat and be merry," said Miss Bowker, delightedly, for good old maids do have a soft spot in their hearts for lovers; "and I don't see but Mis' Parsons was a bigger traitor than that dear child," she added, laughing.

The Professor played a merry air, and they all sat down to the table, at which Mr. Hall was the merriest guest; and Mrs. Hall whis-

pered to Miss Bowker: "His bark was always worse than his bite." To which Miss Bowker responded: "As if everybody didn't know that, though he can't bear to hear anyone say so."

"There's high jinks upstairs," the apprentice said, as he went homeward, "and the boss give me two dollars; wonder what made him so uncommon pleasant—but I was afraid to ask any questions."

He did not know that a glint of sunshine had penetrated the darkness of Badgers Place, and had gone straight to hearts that only needed that gentle touch to wake to love and kindness.



SONG FOR IDLERS.

BY HENRY SANTON.

A NAP in the woods on a soft June day,
What lazy joys excel?
How delightfully Nature steals away
The senses by her spell!

How soft a couch the mosses make!
No canopy so light
As ferns that gently wave and shake
Their fronds of emerald bright!

And then, for a draught of drowsiness,
Can subtlest drug compare
With the sight of clouds that lazy press
Through the sapphire of the air?

These soft white hands doth Nature lay
Over her patient's eyes;
And lo! sink griefs, cares, pains away,
And peace, sweet peace, doth rise.

How softly now on the senses fall,
What once were harshest tones:
The crow's rude cry seems a cuckoo's call,
The magpie a honey-bee drones;

And soothing is the jay's hoarse screech
As song of nightingale,
The squirrels' chattering in the beech
As crickets at twilight pale.

From every voice sweet music flows,
And from the music peace;
Till, the mind o'erburdened with repose,
All acts of being cease.

When Nature such arts as these employs
On one in an idle mood,
How may one e'er resist the joys
Of a nap in a green June wood?

THIS MAN AND THIS WOMAN.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 429.

XI.



HE next morning came.

"Jim," said Doctor Arbury, as the two sat at the breakfast-table, "I have something to say to you, as I wrote you that I had."

"And I have something to say to you," Jim returned, stoutly.

"Wait! wait!" said the doctor, in high good humor. "I suppose it is to accuse me of unkindness in the old days. My boy, it was for the best; you were very foolish then—knew nothing of the world. Besides, I did not know Celia in those days, and I had had a sad misunderstanding with her mother years ago. But everything was explained in Paris last summer, and Celia is just the wife for a fashionable clergyman in these enlightened days, when a minister's wife is not expected to be a dowdy with infallible recipes for curing sick babies."

Jim's face was a marvel of color, and he attempted to speak.

"No heroics, Jim," dryly said his father; "no telling me that I have changed my mind in short order. When you reach my age, with my experience, you will agree with Carlyle that 'consistency is the bugbear of little minds.' How can a man be two days the same, in a world that changes in every particular every twentyfour hours? Be content that the prettiest girl in the city is fond of you, and that your heart's desire may now be gratified. The next thing you will try to make me believe is that the old opposition to you has made you think the less of Celia, though you have scarcely the audacity to declare that you no longer care for her."

Did he care for Celia? Tilly's face came up before him—Tilly so far away, Tilly his wife. And Tilly must have comforts now, and comforts cost money, which a quarrel

with his father would cause to be forfeited. Oh, Jim! Jim! Jim!

Doctor Arbury saved him the trouble of trying a mollifying measure, by announcing that it was church-time; for the doctor had been an assiduous attendant at Mrs. Winship's church since that famous reconciliation in Paris.

In church, on soft cushions, a tender perfume wafting through the air from swaying fans in the hands of elegant women, the marble altar with flowers on it, the stained windows telling the pathetic stories of the life of Him who preached poverty and love of the poor and wretched, did Jim regret anything that might have been his, deplore nothing that lay in store for him when he should be a minister, cast off by his father for unfilial conduct—a poor minister who had married the Cinderella sister of a lodging-house keeper?

Then the grand organ rumbled, and its tone-waves tried to wash clean the hearts of those they touched. In the music, Celia and her mother passed up the aisle—beautiful Celia, with her delicately gloved little fingers clasping her prayer-book. And the organ-tones grew fainter and softer, and from far off floated the sound of singing voices; nearer, fuller, and up the aisle came the white-surpliced boys, their pure innocent voices singing as sweetly as angels' must, and the congregation rose with the muffled movement of refinement at the processional.

And so the service went on, and fifteen minutes were given to a mellifluous-voiced man with clean-shaven sacerdotal face, who preached of Paul and not of Christ, and who touched his lips now and then with a delicate cambric handkerchief surely finer than that which Veronica handed to the Sorrowing Man with which to wipe the sweat and the dust from His face.

The doctor and Jim must needs go to the Winships' for luncheon. Jim could think of no excuse for refusing the invitation. And why should there be an excuse? Celia

walked beside him to the house, affable and happy, bowing right and left to the many she knew on the bright thronged street.

"It is quite like old times, to walk with you, Jim," she said. "What fun those old times were, weren't they?"

Jim, in his heart, thought that those old times had sometimes been not so excruciatingly funny, though he did not say so, but smiled in a vacuous non-committal way.

"And, Jim," Celia went on, "don't you remember how we outwitted your father, the day I went to the station to bid you good-bye?"

Jim remembered that, and admitted that he did.

"And, Jim," and Celia's voice sank softly there in the open street till it held in it the music a man can but like and be fascinated by, when the subject-matter of the voice concerns him alone, "you have not forgotten that day you came to me and told me the doctor had made up his mind you should go into the Church?"

Had Jim forgotten that day? That day when she had accused him of biliousness, that day when she would not let him go, but stood with her back to the door, her arms outstretched against the jambs, those shining buttons on her gown twiddling and glittering like a bright cross?

He glanced at her now, wondering how she could be so bold as to revert to that day. But Celia was as irresponsible as the sunshine, though the boldness of referring to that day of their engagement might be as unpleasant as rain.

I fear Jim's head grew hotter and hotter as he went along, listening to the pleasant jabber into which his name was warped and crisscrossed till it was like a note of music, the "C major of life"; it was like dreaming, like being a part of the "soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs," this lovely spring Sunday, with the "sad still music of humanity" all left out. It became a rhapsody almost, a long flow of pleasant lines and tropes, the stopping before the home of Celia scarcely a period, but a colon that prepared for the interpretation of it all.

She sat near him in the cool drawing-room, which was already petticoated in its summer linens and had huge bunches of lilacs in jars of artistic form scattered about on the tables, upon the floor, in the windows

where the breeze waved their purple plumes and sent their fragrant breath through the room. Celia had him to sit in a low lounging-chair, while she established herself upon a sofa of pale-blue muslin which admirably threw out the silvery grays of her shimmering gown, and here she talked to him while her mother and the doctor held a lazy after-luncheon discussion regarding some hospital beds the widow intended to endow. Outside was the Sunday quiet of town in spring, with faint twittering of birds in the sprouting trees on the sidewalks. And Celia was interested in Jim's studies, his professors, evincing an intelligence which was quite a new side to her character—that is, when the intelligence was adapted to such an unlaymanlike science as theology.

Jim thought he had been there not above an hour, when the doctor announced it had been four, and it was time for them to go.

Her hand in his as he made his adieu, Celia said with a little of the old quizzical sparkle in her eyes:

"I have never missed anything as I have missed—"

"What?" he asked, for she had paused for him to ask the question.

"My little turquoise ring," she said, plaintively. "Send it to me, Jim. See how bare my poor finger looks without it."

He forgot that he had never seen the ring on the poor finger she now held out—that it had been strung about her throat under her gown; it seemed as though he must once have placed it upon that finger, which certainly did look bare, although its neighbors sparkled with jewels. He dropped her hand and turned away without a word.

His father was preposterously kind all day, giving advice, speaking of intercessions with the Bishop on Jim's behalf—was altogether unapproachably gentle; and Jim felt for the first time that he was his father's heir, and that it had been for him that the doctor had toiled along in loneliness.

No, he could say nothing to-day; he would stay away from college to-morrow and have it out then, but not to-day—Sunday—his father's only day for a partial cessation of labor.

On Monday morning, it rained. The doctor had gone out early to visit a desperately important patient. Jim went out for a walk, to think calmly of what he should say

to his father when he saw him. Turning into a busy thoroughfare, he met Celia under an umbrella.

"Walk home with me, Jim," she said, "that's a dear fellow. Isn't it horrid weather? The coachman wouldn't let me have the horses; he said they'd take cold. So I am taking cold instead."

She wanted to find out why he had not offered to send her back the ring.

Well, Jim would go to the door of the house with her, but not inside. He left her at the steps, and she looked after him with astonishment.

"He's destroyed that ring in a fit of temper," she said, "and he thinks I care for it."

But Jim plunged on in the rain, and had two good soaking hours of it. He had always been susceptible to damp; when he reached home, he went to bed with a burning fever.

He was in bed all the week, attended by a strange physician; for Doctor Arbury never prescribed for any of his own family. Moreover, Doctor Arbury, regarding his son as the patient of a brother practitioner, paid no visits to the sick-room, the ethics of his profession exercising much influence over him.

Jim was scarcely sorry for the idle time. Yet what should he do? There was but one thing for him to do. And what a scoundrel he was, to remain here on false pretenses! He would be thrown out neck and crop, if his father were to know the truth.

And his father should know the truth—curse it! He would tell everything to-day, his day for going to Tilly, who had not seen him nor had a line from him for nearly two weeks.

He rose, contrary to orders, and went in search of his father. But the doctor had gone to the hospital with Mrs. Winship, to see about the beds she was going to establish.

Jim wrote a line:

"Have left home. Will write you to-morrow."

Then he went out into the hall for his hat.

A servant handed him two letters. One was from Celia, the other from Tilly. He tore open that of his wife.

"If you can, will you please come to me? I am not well."

If he "could"! And would he "please" come to her!

The tears sprang to his eyes. All the same, he opened Celia's letter.

"I am so glad your father says you will soon be well," wrote Celia. "It was very foolish of you to walk in the rain. I shall not see you before you return to college, as I am making a visit to some people in the country. But write me soon and send me the turquoise ring."

Celia was bound to tease him about that ring!

He crumpled the sheet and tossed it away from him.

"If you can, will you please come to me?" Tilly had written.

"Poor little thing," he said, and "what a brute I am!"

And then he was on his way to her.

XII.

HE was quite equal to anything now.

"Please come to me. I am not well." And he had been mewed up in luxury because of a simple cold.

He had been on the road for several hours when the train slackened, stopped. He had reached the end of his journey.

He fairly flew along the streets. And how hot this part of the town was, this first week in June!

And there was the house.

Hush! Was that the voice of Tilly's organ?

It was eight o'clock, nearly dark, the hour for the music. But no, the organ was mute—it had been only in his thought, that music.

He would enter the house softly and surprise her. He listened at the door of the sitting-room. To whom was she speaking? He pushed the door open and looked into the dim room.

"Good-bye, little room!" said Tilly. "Good-bye, western sky and soft winds and cheerful brown sparrows and all!"

Slowly she said the words of farewell to all that she knew, over and over again: Good-bye! Good-bye!

Jim put his head in. They had brought the bed into the sitting-room and moved the organ close up to it, so that she could lean out and let her feverish fingers dabble

amongst the cool keys. Her hand was smoothing those keys now, as she dreamily crooned to herself, alone there, Mrs. Reilly having gone from the room for a while.

Then she knew that someone was near.

"Jim!"

She called his name gently, almost as though she only thought of him.

"I could not help writing, Jim," she said, when she saw him coming toward her. "I was lonesome, and I believed I should die."

She was in his arms, lying there passive.

"What does it all mean?" he gasped.

"Tell me what it means."

She moved her head until she could see his eyes.

"Why," she said, in vast astonishment, "don't you know? The little baby—it came and went all in one day—my little child! my little girl! You never knew? never guessed?"

Why had he not known? Was he a child? an idiot? Oh, his father's old estimate of him had been verified here.

He had no words for her; he could only hold her to him, feeling that he should never let go of her again, and so she fell asleep.

That night, he sat down to write to his father.

He would write everything, from the beginning to the end. His pen scratched on for more than an hour, and he had told much. But he stumbled when he referred to Celia and the old boyish affection, and he hesitated to set down the words.

Why should Celia be mentioned at all?

His eyes stole over to the bed. Tilly was watching him.

"Let me see that letter," she said, almost as though she read him thoroughly.

He went and gave it to her, turning up the lamp-flame that she might see the better.

She read it through.

"Poor Jim!" she said, and tore the letter to pieces. "Wait!"

Wait? He knew what she meant by that word, and he could only kneel at her side and tell her she did not know, she did not understand—that he knew she thought he still cared for Celia, and oh! would she not believe him if he told her that this was all a mistake?

"Everything is a mistake, I think," she smiled. "All our lives, we make mistakes. And how thankful we should be, if we can

right only one thing that has gone wrong. Now say no more, Jim, please."

Then she grew restless, and would fain hold his hand and tell him about the little child he had never seen, begging him to keep at his studies and be a helpful man in the ministry.

"Never," he groaned, "never."

"For me," she said, "you will do this. You will do this for me and our little dead baby."

"But I must write to my father," he cried, tearing himself from her.

"Write to Celia instead," she said. "She will understand better."

"I will write to your sister," returned Jim. "That is all I will do."

Three days later, Mrs. Rosa was there.

"I never meant to harm you, Tilly," said the poor woman. "And if I had only known the truth! I meant to be a mother to you. I never meant—"

"Few people mean to do wrong," interrupted Tilly. "Let us say no more about that, sister. It is so good of you to come to me."

"But," persisted Mrs. Rosa, "I might have been kinder. I told mother, when she died, I would do the best I could for you. And I meant it. Only, I never could quite make you out. I'm one of the bustling ones myself, and you quiet little things seem deep."

"It is so good of you to come to me now," said Tilly.

"That's all right," responded Mrs. Rosa. "But why didn't you tell me in the first place? I always thought it was young Blight, don't you remember? And Mr. Arbury let me think it was."

"You mustn't blame Jim," sharply said Tilly. "He is not to blame. Nobody must ever blame him, do you understand? It was all my fault. I made him pity me first of all, for I—oh, sister, sister, I loved him, and I was so hungry for love, and I only had my music. There! Jim, come away from the window; you can't hear what we're talking about, over there."

But Mrs. Rosa turned on him.

"Do you think," she said, "you have treated Tilly right, in letting me think of her as I have done? You let me blame an innocent man for your acts," she went on, bitterly; "you broke up my home for me—"

"Hush!" commanded Tilly. "I tell you I am the only one to blame. All he did was for my happiness, and there is no blame to be attached to him for that. Look at him; does he look like a man who should be blamed now?"

Whether or not he did, Jim was a sorry helpless figure as he stood in the middle of the room, looking almost like a boy, with as deep a sorrow in his eyes as ever man could bear, his hands falling listlessly at his sides.

Tilly pressed her sister's hand to enjoin silence.

Then she turned to Jim and asked him again to write to Celia, and he denied her a second time. Yet, with the persistence of natures like hers, Tilly would have her way. So, one day, she asked Mrs. Rosa to write to Celia.

"I will telegraph," said Mrs. Rosa. And Tilly started—was there only time for telegraphing, then?

The day following, when Jim came in from an agonized walk which Tilly had insisted he should take, he found Celia there. He saw in her face that she had been told everything.

"Your wife sent for me, Jim," she said, with just a shadow of reserve in her manner. "It is no more than right that I should be here; I am here in the light of your sister—your father has asked mamma to be his wife."

There was blame for him in every word she said; more than blame—contempt. Crushed as he was, he resented this, feeling that but for her none of this would have come to pass.

But what could he say? The slightest of explanations would have been an insult to Tilly—would have placed his wife lower than the woman who had treated him so faithfully as Celia had treated him. He had not a word to say, it is true, but his sodden eyes turned unflinchingly to hers.

She must have read in his look more than his words could have expressed, for a little sharp color sprang up on her cheek, high up under the eyes. At that moment, she perhaps perceived what she had done when she returned his boyish feeling for her with a play that is forever cruel in the hands of a woman.

But he had angered and played with her in turn, she considered, and no woman can

forgive that in a man. Yet, as she looked at him, a strange feeling was hers, and she felt, like bursting into tears and crying out for him to forgive her, that she had begun in coquetry, but ended in— Would she have said love?

Then she thought of the woman in the next room—all that woman's sad, sad knowledge—and again her anger was for this man standing before her in an attitude of reckless opposition to her anger.

And she turned away and went in to Tilly.

That evening, as the sun was sinking behind the tall red houses opposite and the city noises had sunk to a dull moan, she came to Jim, who was leaning disconsolately against the bed-room window.

"Go to her," she said, almost severely, perhaps a little curl in her lip even at that supreme moment. "Go to her and stay with her."

And, with lowered head, he went to his wife.

She was happy—nay, cheerful.

"Look, Jim!" were her first words.

There on her finger was the battered turquoise ring—blue, the color signifying truth.

"Celia put it on my hand," she went on. "We straightened it out with the scissors."

He thought he could see the two straightening the ring; he thought he could hear Tilly telling Celia why she had sent for her—to ask her pardon for taking Jim away from her.

He had been sitting on the edge of the bed for some minutes, when she suddenly threw her hands across him to the organ.

"Put your foot on the bellows," she said. "I want to play."

Her fingers faintly pressed the keys, making some little attempt at melody.

"After a while, I will do it better," she said, desisting, "after a while. Hold me up!"

He held her to him.

"Higher!" she said. "And Celia is so very beautiful. But remember, you promise me to be a clergyman. Raise me higher yet, dear Jim. There is my baby—there is my old music! Raise me! raise me!"

He raised her to his breast—beyond, till her face was above his, smiling down on him, a smile of blessing and love—higher, till her bright hair fell about him and kept their two faces veiled from the outside world.

"Higher!" she whispered.

But he only held her tighter to his heart, sobbing as though that heart must break.

"Tilly," he said, "Tilly, my dear, my wife! I love you—I love you only—I love you alone, so help me God!"

Her eyelids quivered; she knew that his love was hers, and not his pity.

"My boy, why did you not tell me?"

It was his father who spoke.

"Why did you not tell me?"

Oh, Doctor Arbury, Doctor Arbury, suppose he had told you!

But Jim was crying out:

"She is dead! she is dead! My wife is dead!"

"No," said his father, in his professional voice, "she has only fainted."

But then, so had Jim.

XIII.

FAR away in a pretty country town, there is an old ivy-covered church whose tiny rectory beside it is smothered in roses in the summer-time. If you go to the church some Sunday morning, you will hear the tenderest music from the organ, that is played by a small woman with bright hair. Never was there such a musician, the people will tell you, nor such a little woman in times of sorrow and distress. Nor was there ever a

woman blessed with a more loving husband than she has; he is the rector of the church. They are an idyllic couple, and will always seem young in the eyes of the congregation, though there are some gray hairs in the head of the Reverend Jim, as there are faint wrinkles at the corners of Tilly's eyes.

They are both well beloved, the minister and his wife, but the wife is the more loved of the two; for she is so helpful, so sympathetic, and it seems as though her husband looks up to her as to a superior being.

There are those who will even tell you that the rector's sermons are corrected by his wife, that she writes them out for him and suggests them, as she suggests much of his other work; but that may be only gossip in praise of the little woman who has so endeared herself to the people.

And far off in a distant city, Doctor Arbury and his wife say little about Jim, who was such a disappointment. Though the still beautiful Mrs. Ethelbert Dawson, whose husband is the celebrated club-man and owner of the finest horses in the State, sometimes at the most inopportune times, as at a ball or the like, thinks of "poor Jim Arbury," as she calls him, and wonders if she has all the happiness the world says can be a woman's. Tilly has.

[THE END.]

A PANSY.

BY EVA POYNTER.

ONLY a simple pansy!

There in my path it lay,

Plucked by some careless fingers,

Flung just as quickly away.

There it lay in its delicate beauty,

Purple and orange and blue

Blended so softly together,
Scented with morning dew.

Oh, bright as the pansy's colors
Were the dreams of early youth,
Faded and gone forever
With visions of love and truth.

"SOME ONE."

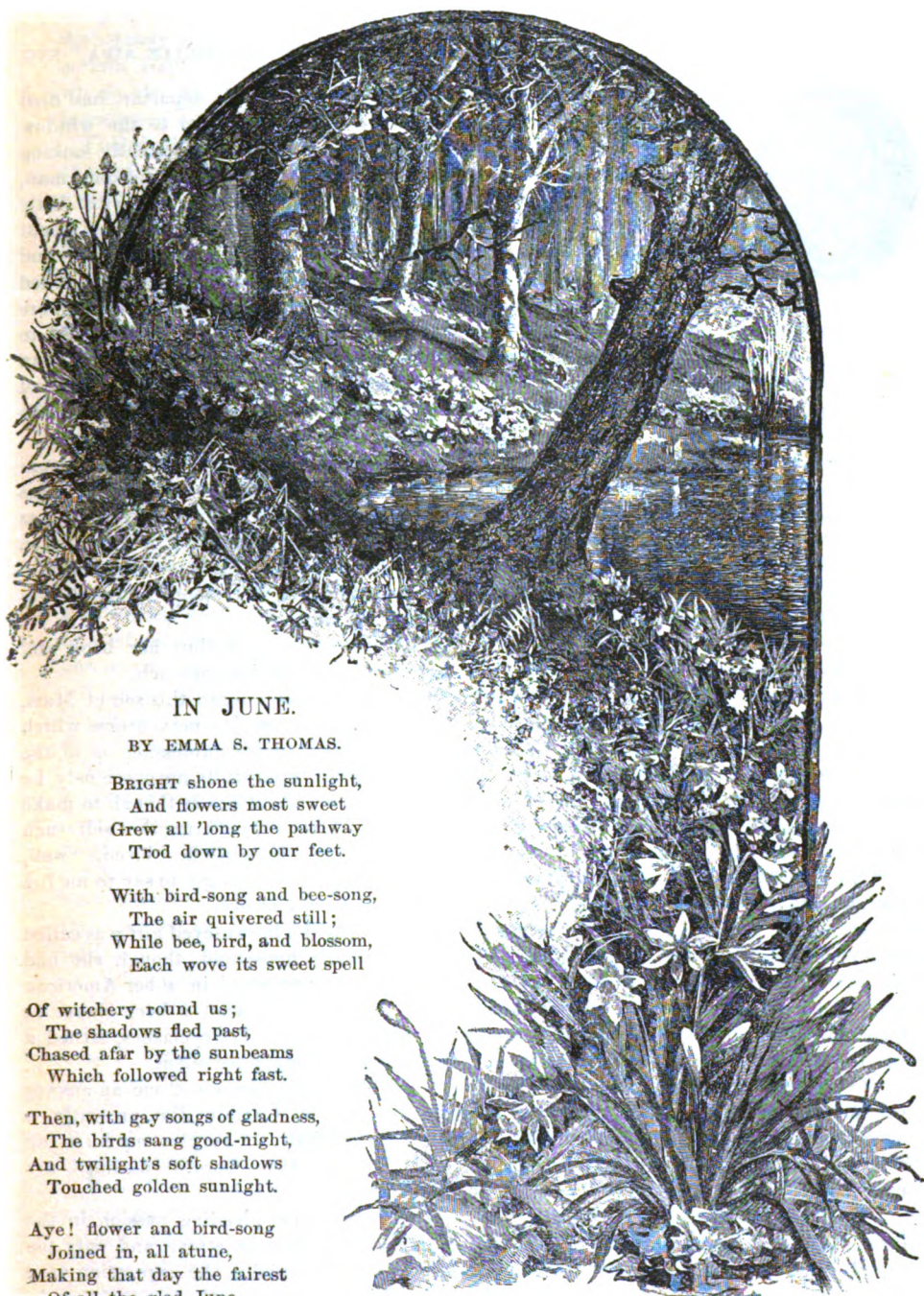
BY GRACE HIBBARD.

THERE'S something wanting in the morning,
The city wears a sombre look to-day;
Song-birds, I'll tell the reason to you:
"Somebody" is away.

If I had wings, I would have followed,
And sung my sweetest—tender songs and gay;
I have not, and I am so lonely,
For "Someone" is away.

The air is full of hope this morning,
Birds never sang so sweet until to-day;
Not one fair flower had bloomed, I thought,
Since "Someone" went away.

If I had wings, song-birds, I'd fold them;
Here in the city I would rather stay.
I'll whisper low the reason to you:
"Someone" comes home to-day.



IN JUNE.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

BRIGHT shone the sunlight,
And flowers most sweet
Grew all 'long the pathway
Trode down by our feet.

With bird-song and bee-song,
The air quivered still;
While bee, bird, and blossom,
Each wove its sweet spell

Of witchery round us;
The shadows fled past,
Chased afar by the sunbeams
Which followed right fast.

Then, with gay songs of gladness,
The birds sang good-night,
And twilight's soft shadows
Touched golden sunlight.

Aye! flower and bird-song
Joined in, all atune,
Making that day the fairest
Of all the glad June

CAPTAIN JIM'S TEST.

BY ISABEL HORNIBROOKE, AUTHOR OF "IN THE SERVICE," "MADEMOISELLE AIDA," ETC.



H, I say, Princess, do be quick and come to the hanging part!"

Thus pleaded, with a bloodthirsty hunger in his look, a chubby-cheeked and brown-eyed specimen of innocent seven-year-old boyhood, lying on his back on a handsome parlor hearth-rug and listening with much impatience to the time-worn story of "Queen Esther and her people."

"So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai," read slowly a girl of eighteen, with eyes of chestnut-brown like the child's, and with a sufficient resemblance to him to mark her as his sister. "Does that satisfy you, little monster?" she added.

"Yes, but how high did they hang him?" gasped Innocence, with relish worthy of a state executioner.

"Fifty cubits high!"

"Fifty cubits! Why, that was higher than the old church steeple!" said the boy, in great excitement. "Wasn't it, Captain Jim?" he shouted, addressing a gentleman who at this critical moment lounged into the parlor, where the reading was going on, with his fingers in his pockets.

"No, I guess it wasn't—not quite," replied the individual styled Captain Jim, when the subject of the question had been explained to him, keeping one eye on the child and the other upon the brown head of the girl who sat by the table, with the dark volume before her, from which she had been expounding the details of a Scripture history lesson.

"Don't you want to run out now, Max?" the new-comer suggested, wistfully, as an after-thought. "Surely lessons might be over for to-day, and I want to talk to Princess."

"Yes, you're always wanting to talk to Princess! And I'll engage it was higher, all the same!" grumbled Max, with furious ill-humor, as he rose from the carpet, betook himself slowly to the door, and slammed it after him.

(500)

When the noise of his departure had died away, Captain Jim walked to the window and stood for a few minutes silently looking out. He was a fair, slight, handsome man, exceedingly well drilled, but with little otherwise of an orthodox martial air about him. From his blonde silken mustache and fair skin to his shining shoes, he looked a being who might handle a cane more happily than a musket, and more fitted to tread Broadway on a fine afternoon than the bloody sword of a battle-field. And yet Captain Jim Noble was an officer in the staunch army of the American republic.

Having remained for a spell in dumb consideration or perhaps in working up his courage—a quality which, albeit that he was facing no enemy's guns, big or little, failed him grievously at this moment—Captain Jim turned again and stepped hesitatingly toward the table.

The brown-eyed girl shut her book and fidgeted uneasily at his approach.

"Well, Princess," began this son of Mars, clearing his throat with a nervousness which was no disgrace to his profession or to the flag he served, even while unconsciously he squared out his shoulders as though to make the most of himself in offering that self, such as it was, to the girl he loved, "well, Princess, what have you got to say to me? I have come for my answer."

Princess, as the brown-eyed girl was called in her father's household, though she had once been duly baptized in sober American as Dorothy Courtney, shot a keen glance at the speaker, blinked her eyelashes, turned a shade pale, and remained silent.

"You know you promised me an answer to-day," went on Captain Jim, presently, a little reproachfully. "Forgive my hurrying you! But, Dorothy—Dorothy darling! my time is short."

There was urgent pleading passion in the soldier's voice; but he strove, and only too successfully, to subdue the expression of it and to keep his tones gentle, to suit the weakness of her whom he addressed.

And even while he was speaking, Dorothy, after that one sharp glance at him, had been hardening her heart against him and striving to ignore a rising feeling which she was desperately afraid had much likeness to a certain emotion named in four letters, of which she wished to profess herself quite ignorant—love. Foolish Dorothy!

Foolish Princess, indeed! She had heard of sundry and many martial heroes. There was fiery King David with his mighty men, in the history from which she had been reading, and countless warriors of divers nations and divers ranks since his time, whose names were preserved in her thoughts as a gallant muster-roll. But not one of them all, according to her imagination, bore any resemblance to the soldier who wooed her—or rather, he had no resemblance to them. Was it possible, she questioned, that this nineteenth-century knight, with his slow polished accents, society manners, and perfect array, was of a like spirit with those heroes whose bravery she revered? Dorothy did not believe it. And she had long ago decided that the lover to whom she should give herself must, above all, be able to quit himself like a man. Therefore she opened her lips at last and rashly answered:

"Forgive me if I am hurting your feelings, but indeed I do not feel that you are exactly the—the—style of man whom I could—"

That sentence was never finished. With a great wrench, the door-knob was turned. A sandy head was thrust into the room. A rough Irish brogue panted out:

"Miss Dorothy! Miss Dorothy! For heaven's sake, come quick! By all the sows that ever left us, Master Max is down in the well!"

"What well?" gasped Dorothy, wildly.

"Oh, wirra! the owld pump in the back yard. Sorra bit o' me knows how he got near it, but the ground broke onder him; an' there he is, wid the earth and stones rattlin' down on him, screechin' like a young devil—the poor little innocent angel! Oh, wirra! wirra!"

Molly Quill, the bearer of this dire intelligence, poured it forth without waiting to catch a breath; but her closing lament, which rose to a shriek as she wrung her hands in dismay, was lost upon the two whom she had surprised. Indeed, ere she was half through, Captain Jim, who had taken in the

position more quickly than the child's sister, was already out of the house and finding his way to the back yard.

The sight which greeted him there confirmed, in a measure, Molly's words. In a far corner of the yard was an old pump, which had fallen lately into disuse because a portion of the pavement about it was judged to be insecure. It had been protected by a timber railing while awaiting removal, and every member of Senator Courtney's household, from Dorothy, the eldest daughter, to the poorest help, warned not to go near it. But Senator Courtney and his wife were from home to-day, and Max, their youthful hopeful son, had had his temper sorely outraged by contradiction about the height of the gallows on which the miserable Haman was hanged. He had quitted the parlor, ripe for mischief.

Prowling forth upon an amiable quest after it, his attention was caught by the pump. A sharp glance certified to him that no one was near. With infinite difficulty, he squeezed his body between the wooden rails and started to work at the stiff rusty pump-handle.

The sweat came out on his brow with the vigor of his efforts. An impish whoop of delight broke from his throat. But ah me! it was a shout quickly silenced. Even under the boy's slight weight in his straining labor, the treacherous pavement gave way beneath his feet. Down it went, curbstones and mortar, and Max with it, into a yawning pit beneath.

The child's shriek of terror as he fell, more piercing than his former whoop, was heard by the servants in the house. They rushed to the scene of disaster, and Molly Quill, an Irish cook, flew with the tidings to the parlor.

When Captain Jim, followed by Dorothy, arrived at the pump, he discovered, with a thankful ejaculation, that the boy was not dead, nor indeed in the well, as Molly had pictured him. Through a providence, his fall had been stopped by two planks which crossed each other in the shaft, a little above the surface of the water. To these he was clinging, dazed and moaning, while clay and stones from above were still rattling upon him.

Dorothy had a very indistinct understanding of a scene which ensued, though, as

long as she lived, it would not leave her memory. She knew that in five minutes the yard was half filled with men. Whence they came, she saw not nor cared. But she perceived that there was one master mind which controlled them, one individual in their midst whose familiar accents, though concentrated now, were still slow, and his movements apparently unhurried, one in whom she trusted as his tones sounded in clear direction.

"We must rope that trough!" said Captain Jim. "My God! at any moment it may go down!"

A heavy stone trough was placed beneath the mouth of the pump, to receive its drippings. The ground under this had not yet given way. Would it do so? Dorothy wailed at the idea. Any attempt of the men to move it would have meant certain death to the little sufferer below. The best they could do was to pass ropes through solid rings attached to it. Even this was fraught with danger too terrible for speech. It was accomplished at last, and a ladder lowered into the pit.

Now came a critical moment! The one policeman in the yard silently eyed the broken pavement and sidled off. Several of the ablest and most plucky of the men were holding the ropes sustaining the trough. There was a flash of uncertainty.

To hurl a ringing cheer and lead a dare-devil charge against an enemy, or fight till he bled over a stricken comrade, would, to Captain Jim's thinking, have required small courage, compared with what was needed to strip himself deliberately of coat and shoes and descend that ladder to save a child, whose cries were already growing feeble, with the agreeable prospect of having a reasonably pleasant life abruptly cut short by that trough coming down on his head, or

by a treacherous slip into the hideous depths of the well below.

Yet the soldier hesitated only while he fetched one sharp breath.

"Men," he said, while his eyes looked into his companions' like spirits of appeal, "men, you'll hold on to the trough?"

"We swear it!" broke forth a strong chorus of reply.

Then the hero of unheroic appearance vanished from sight.

A quarter of an hour afterward, he reappeared with torn shirt, face piebald with dirt, and hands cut and bloody, but bringing Max and himself in safety.

"God bless him!" sobbed the women.

"Brandy!" yelled the men.

What the child had borne fairly well was too much for his preserver, with the labor of rescuing him from the rubbish about him—the foul air of the shaft. Captain Jim reeled. But for half a dozen friendly hands gripping him, he would have come pretty roughly on his back in the yard.

Presently he opened his eyes in sickly fashion after a faint. Light and energy crept quickly into them. Dorothy, convinced that her small brother was not likely seriously to suffer, save by having his friskiness checked for a day or two, was kneeling by him and pressing her lips passionately to one of his hands, while thus she supplemented the sentence begun an hour before:

"Oh, my love! my love!" with a sob, "I never had a notion what bravery meant!"

"I say, my dear," interrupted Captain Jim, "don't be wasting that sort of good thing on my fingers. My mouth is a great deal more convenient."

And so sadly did the Princess forsake her dignity that, full in the sight of several on-lookers, her red lips nestled shyly down on the blonde mustache.

RECONCILIATION.

BY FLORENCE MAY ALT.

My friend of old, to you I stretch my hand
Across the wide dissension of past years
And burning wrongs that have been cooled with
tears,
As by the palm-trees is the gleaming sand.
My friend of old, upon Time's shore I stand;
My eyes grow dim, but my soul-vision clears.
Now only love desirable appears

Upon the border of that other land.

For hatred with the flight of years must cease,
And nothing shall outlive the world but love.
Forgive me, then, and all thy wrongs forget.
Across the flood of sorrow, isles of peace
Raise their green rims a quiet sea above.
And evening draweth near: the sun is set.

PLANTS FOR GARDEN AND HOUSE.

BY JOYCE RAY.



THE amaryllis is one of the most beautiful plants we have. Though greatly admired, it is not grown nearly so much as it ought to be, as many people consider it difficult to cultivate with success. But, given the right conditions which I will describe, it is very easy of culture, rarely failing to put forth its beautiful lily-like blooms with regularity and freedom.

The amaryllis is naturally a tropical plant, and subject to a period of continuous wet, alternating with one of corresponding dryness. In order to grow it fully, due regard must be paid to this annual period of rest, and I mean rest in every sense of the word.

Unless the amaryllis can have rest for several months, it will not bloom regularly, and perhaps will not bloom at all. The bulbs, when once planted, should be let alone, so far as changing the soil or pots is concerned. Frequent repotting is unnecessary and undesirable. Removing the bulb takes from it much of its strength, and also injures the flower-scape. It will also blossom better if slightly cramped for root-room, so long as the soil is kept sweet and the drainage good, as too much soil rather tends to leaf-growth instead of flowers.

The roots should not be disturbed oftener than once in three years. For repotting, be sure to choose the time when growth is just commencing after the long rest, and be very careful not to disturb any root-growth there may be. The spring is the best time to repot or to start new growth. When planting the bulbs, be sure to provide for good drainage by putting plenty of potsherds in the bottom of the jar. The soil should be of rich but rather heavy loam and sand.

When the bulb begins to show signs of growth, give one good watering, enough to penetrate to every part of the soil. Then wait, before giving any more water, until the earth is nearly dry again. When growth is going on rapidly, increase the supply of water, as plenty of nourishment and moisture will then be required; but even this should never extend to over-watering or stagnant moisture.

After the first year's growth, applications of weak manure-water will be of much benefit. When the foliage has attained its full size, water will be needed less often, and only enough must be given to keep it from flagging. Blooming bulbs should be planted so that one-half of the bulb is covered with earth, the upper half remaining above. The growing bulblets should be covered to the neck with earth. As a general thing, the flower-buds start before the foliage. A new leaf-growth is made after each flowering. After the period of full growth and bloom, the bulbs must be dried off gradually. When this is properly done, the foliage will often remain fresh and green for a couple of months, without water. However, it makes no difference whether the leaves remain green or die off altogether, so long as the plant gets a perfect rest. Do not remove any of the leaves unless they turn yellow from lack of vitality, as the bulb shows when growth is full or completed by ripening its leaves.

The young bulblets should be detached from the old ones, planted in small jars, and kept growing until the foliage begins to show signs of dying off, when they should be allowed to rest.

"Our long American summers," says that noted horticulturist, Peter Henderson, "enable us to cultivate many varieties of this beautiful plant in the open air, merely protecting the roots in the winter in the same manner as those of the dahlia."

It only remains to call attention to some of the finest varieties of these bulbs.

Amaryllis Johnsonii spectabilis is an old
(503)

reliable variety, the one most commonly cultivated. It has large crimson flowers, striped with white. It is a very robust grower and blooms freely. The flowers are borne in clusters of from two to five; they remain in bloom for several days, and a large specimen covered with its gorgeous blooms is a grand object.

Amaryllis Johnsonii grandiflora has still larger flowers—white, with a rose-colored stripe.

Amaryllis Johnsonii striata has large double crimson stripes on a pearly white ground.

Amaryllis defiance is a very sturdy grower, and, with fair treatment, it will never fail to bloom. It is also remarkable for its continuous blooming qualities, as it flowers repeatedly during its growing season. The flowers are very large, of a bright carmine-red; each petal is lined with a stripe of white, and the whole petal is flecked or marbled with white. The flowers are of very strong texture, and will last a long time when cut and placed in water.

Amaryllis aulica patypetala has very broad spreading petals of immense size, which are pointed quite sharply and finely striped. They are of a deep rich crimson shaded with maroon, and have a greenish yellow throat. The leaves are of a broad strap-like shape. This variety is well named the "lily of the palace." This variety is still rather expensive, large bulbs costing \$1.50 each.

Amaryllis Empress of India has a magnificent bloom, very large and of a wide-open shape, often showing an extra petal. Color deep scarlet, banded with orange shading to white.

Atamasco rosea has beautiful flowers. When they first open, they are of a soft rosy pink, gradually growing lighter, until they become a pure white tinged with rose.

Amaryllis Formosissima, called the Jacobean lily, will flower as easily in winter as in summer. So, if wanted for winter blooming, it should be kept dry and at rest during the summer. The flowers are of a dark velvety crimson. This variety is quite generally known. It blooms freely.

Amaryllis belladonna major is a splendid species. The leaves and flowers of this variety are never produced together. It throws up strong stalks which support immense lovely shell-pink blooms having a

white throat, a single stem bearing from four to seven flowers. This variety makes very large bulbs and generally blooms in the autumn.

Amaryllis treatie is of recent introduction, and is generally called "fairy lily." It may be grown as a bedding-plant in the garden or as a pot-plant. It is a native of Florida, and there it may be left in the ground over winter. But in the North, if planted out, it must be taken up the first of October and stored away like the gladioli. If placed in pots, a six-inch pot will hold three or four bulbs, as this variety does not attain a large size. The flower-stalks vary in length from seven to twelve inches; the flowers come singly, are of a pure white and deliciously fragrant. A strong bulb will give several blooms.

The *amaryllis* increases so slowly that it makes the finer varieties quite expensive. A bulb once procured will well repay the outlay, as it improves every year.

The *heliotrope*, with good care, is one of the most abundant and continuous bloomers among summer or winter blooming plants. To induce numerous flowering shoots, *heliotropes* should be frequently pinched back while young. When grown in pots, the plants must be shifted as soon as they need change, as they are impatient of too close quarters. Still, the other extreme must be guarded against; the use of too wide a pot will be unwise. As often as the roots fill the jar, put them into another just a size larger. Sprinkle with a compost of three parts fresh loam to one part of well-rotted manure, adding also a little sharp sand.

In conservatories, the plants may be bedded out in earth over the stages, spread about eight inches deep. Keep the new growth of the plants well tied up to a central stake, so that both light and air may freely circulate all through them, particularly through the heads. The plants do better if not crowded together too much by themselves or with other plants. During the winter, give a temperature of 65° to 70° during the day, and from 55° to 60° at night. Once or twice a week, a dose of liquid manure or a mild stimulant of one teaspoonful of ammonia to a quart of water would be of much benefit during the flowering season, as they will not do well without plenty of nourishment. *Heliotropes* also require all the

sunshine they can get. Never expect them to bloom well in a north window; they are veritable sun-lovers. When the plants are troubled with the green fly, the common remedy of tobacco-smoke will injure the leaves unless care be taken to wet them thoroughly in advance. Weak tobacco-tea will be found a better means of ridding the plants of the insects, but they should be rinsed off in clear water a short time afterward. Fortunately, however, the heliotrope is little troubled with insects of any kind.

Heliotropes may be trained in different forms, such as pyramidal, bushy, pillars, fan-shaped, etc. When cut for vases, the flowers should be loosely arranged; and they will keep fresh in water for days, if the ends of the stems be clipped a little every twenty-four hours. The dark varieties are the most reliable bloomers in the house. Do not allow the flowers to fade on the stalks, as that would prove very exhausting to their vitality; and, by cutting the blossoms freely when they are fully opened, you will not be the loser, as, the more you cut, the more blossoms you will have.

Sometimes the leaves turn black at the edges and seem to dry up. This trouble often comes from lack of water, for the heliotrope is a thirsty plant. Watering should be thoroughly done, so that the moisture can penetrate the thickly matted mass of fine fibrous roots, which in older plants will form in the centre of the pot; for a partial avoidance of which, let the soil in the pot slope in toward the centre. Be sure that perfect drainage is provided, so that any excess of water may run off through the hole in the bottom, for water standing about the roots with no way of escape will grow stagnant, making the earth sour and causing disease to the roots. Sometimes the drying-up of the leaves arises from the plants becoming pot-bound; the way to ascertain if this is the case is to turn the plant out, and, if the soil is well filled with the roots even to the outside of it, it is evident that a larger pot is required.

The stock may be increased from a single plant to as many as can be accommodated by taking cuttings from the half-ripened wood, which strike roots very readily in sand.

THE OLD IS DEARER.

BY ELLIS YETT.

Oh, mountain grand, with hoary crown,
On the fair valley looking down
With such a calm disdain,
Royal and proud your brow may lie
Against the clear blue western sky
That knows nor cloud nor stain;
But on a low-crowned eastern hill
The setting sun is lingering still
With slow reluctant feet,
And dearer still those hills must be
With all their homely charms to me,
For them my heart must beat.

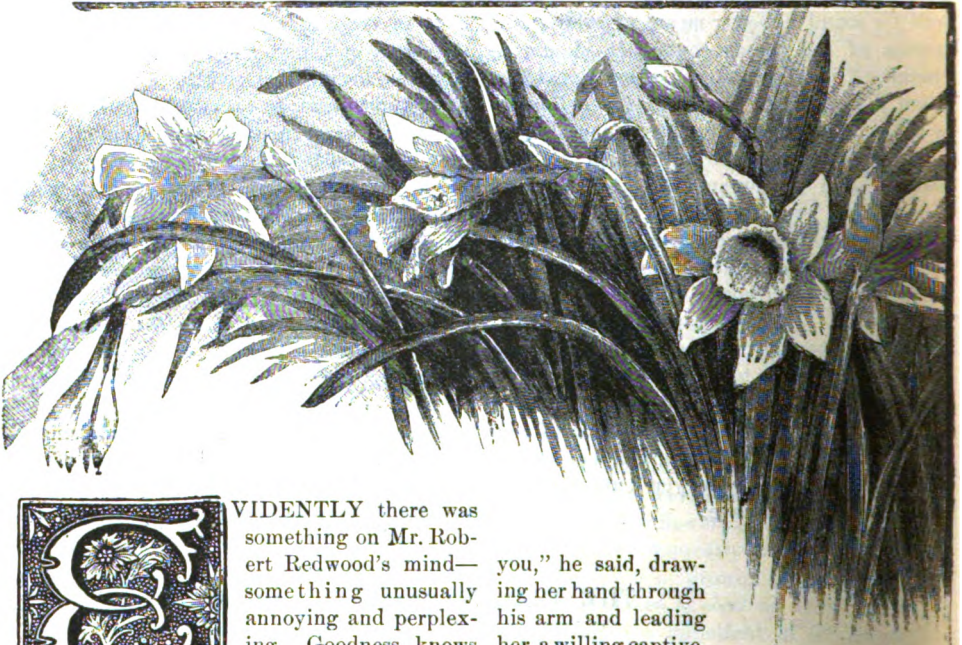
Oh, valley fair, with smiling face
And winding streams that interlace
And gleam in silvery sheen,
Brightly the sun pours down his light
On you, his trusted favorite,
With warm and glowing beam;
But underneath far eastern skies
A quiet happy valley lies
Sweet smiling in the sun,
And dearer are its rustic sights,
Its homely joys and pure delights,
Its rests when day is done.

Oh, colors grand on western height,
Oh, shades divine in western light,
Your glories are most fair—
Your purple, bathing hill and vale,
Your crimson, gold, and amber pale,
Breathe in the limpid air;
But when sad autumn fills the wood
With all her brooding solitude,
Then will my fancy stray
Far, where those gorgeous woodlands lie
Beneath a hazy eastern sky,
Dear scene, so far away!

Oh, western air and western skies
As clear and pure as paradise,
Ye make heaven seem more near—
The moon is clearer in your blue,
The sun is bright the whole year through,
Your days are glad and clear;
But grayer skies are dear to me,
And all your charms, though fair they be,
Want a familiar tone—
Though sweet the tune and soft the swell,
And cadenced with a mystic spell,
They've not for me a home.

A WESTERN WAIF.

BY CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.



VIDENTLY there was something on Mr. Robert Redwood's mind—something unusually annoying and perplexing. Goodness knows there was always enough on his mind, owing to

the fact of his being part owner and chief editor of a live metropolitan journal. But on this particular sunny April day, as he strode through the busy city streets, there was the shade of something more than the ordinary weight of editorial responsibility on his brow. His old mother perceived it the instant she turned, at the click of the gate-latch, and saw him coming up the walk. The annoyed look in his gray eyes and the droop about the corners of his mouth carried her back to the days of his boyhood, when he had been wont to come to her with his small but very real troubles.

She was a sweet-faced old-fashioned little mother, and she made a fair picture as she rose from the border of early spring blossoms over which she had been bending, and turned to meet her stalwart son.

"Now, mother, your eyes are asking what has brought me home half an hour before luncheon-time; so come in and let me tell

you," he said, drawing her hand through his arm and leading her, a willing captive, into the house.

The sweet spring-time air swept in before them, setting the blooming window-plants in motion and filling the spacious apartments with fragrance.

"Mother," he began, plunging at once into his subject, "you remember my 'Western song-bird,' as I call her—the Nevada girl who has been sending me poetry for months past?"

"Why, yes, Rob, of course I do, poor little thing! You know you brought some of her poetry home for me to read; and you said it had the 'true ring,' if only it were not so faulty in construction."

"Yes, and you asked me to accept and pay for it, even if I never published a line; didn't you, little mother?"

"I did, Rob, because I couldn't bear to think of your sending them back to her. You see, I never can forget poor Emily, and how she used to look when her manuscripts came back; and somehow, Robbie, I can't help seeing Emily every time I think of this Western girl."

"Yes, I know, mommie dear," he answered, gently. "And by George! she looks like Emily, too!" he exclaimed, springing up, snatching an album from its stand and turning to a photograph of his dead sister. "There is the same dreamy yearning look in

about. You see, that last poem she sent, two months ago, I think—the one I published, you know—was really something fine, once put into shape; and I told her so in my letter, when I sent the money. I told her she had undoubted poetic ability, and



the eyes, and the same pathetic downward curve of the delicate lips! See, mother?"

"But you've never seen her, have you, Robbie?" asked his mother, in very natural bewilderment.

"Yes, mother, I've seen her to-day; and that is what I've come home to tell you

expressed my regret that she had not enjoyed better educational advantages. I advised her to study all she could, and never cease to strive for the development of her gift."

"I am glad you did, Rob," his mother broke in.

"I took quite a fatherly tone, you see, and

did not doubt I was doing the girl a kindness. Then, as weeks went by and I heard nothing more from her, I concluded that my letter, kindly as it was meant, had given offense. I was sorry, but did not see what I could say or do to help the matter, and had nearly forgotten all about it, when, this morning, the girl herself came into the office and asked for me!"

"Good gracious!" Mrs. Redwood ejaculated.

"Mother, only seventeen years of age, beautiful and as innocent and unsophisticated as a child! And now, when I tell you that she is an orphan, and has come all the way from Nevada alone and unprotected, with the idea of remaining here and working her way, single-handed, to education and fame, you can realize the enormity of the sin I have so unwittingly committed. Of course, my letter has done it all."

"And of course you were right to tell her what you did," said Mrs. Redwood, with decision.

"I hadn't the heart to say a word to discourage her, and, when she asked if I thought I could take regular contributions from her, I said yes. Then she left her address and went away."

"Poor child! Where is she stopping?"

"Oh, it is dreadful to think of—no home but a room in some horrid third-class lodging-house; nobody to care for her, and no reliable means of support! Why, she has no more idea what lies before her in this wicked Gotham than a baby! She talked about attending a night-school, and earning her living by writing and teaching music. Bless the child! Is it likely she is capable of teaching music, when she can't spell correctly or write a poem that will scan? Oh, confound my luck! I feel somehow responsible for the girl, and yet I don't know what I can do. I suppose it serves me right for not minding my own affairs. What business has an editor with a heart, anyway? Hereafter I'll regard myself as a mere machine to run the paper, and my contributors as so many 'automatic feeders' to pitch manuscripts into my insatiable clutches!"

His mother smiled, a tender prolonged smile.

"Tell that to somebody else than mother, Robbie," she said. "And now, about this

friendless little lass: if you have her address, how would it do for me to go to see her?"

The editorial machine leaped to his feet and hugged the speaker.

"You dear little mommie! That is just what I hoped you would suggest, but didn't like to ask it," he cried. "You always do help me out of any mess I get into. We'll go this evening, then. By the way, her name is Ruth Corbett."

And so, that evening, the lonely heart of the Western waif was gladdened by the sight of two kindly sympathetic faces. Oh, the bare discomfort of the shabby lodging-house room in which they found her! And oh, the pathos of her timid little attempts at playing the dignified hostess! The poor child was a little bit afraid of Robert. A great metropolitan editor was, in her eyes, an awe-inspiring personage. Still, how kind and nice he was! And as for his mother—well, Ruth never quite knew how it came about, but, when they finally arose to take leave, she suddenly found herself in the dear little mother's arms, kissed and petted in a way that went to her heart and broke down the last bit of her self-control.

"Dear Mrs. Redwood, you are like mamma," she said, trying to smile through the tears that would come.

"And you, child, are like the dear little girl I have lost," was the tender response. "I'll come again to-morrow, and we must see a great deal of each other."

"Robert," she said, as soon as they were out in the street, "I'm coming again to-morrow, and—I think I'll bring that child home with me."

Robert could be self-contained when he chose. The great arc-lights were very bright, and the streets were thronged with people. But, when the home gate had closed behind them, he suddenly bent and kissed the lips that had never yet failed to bring him comfort in the hour of need.

"No man ever had a better mother," he said.

"But I wonder what Kate will say, Robert? You know, she comes in July."

"Kate?" he echoed. "Why, I don't see how it can concern Kate; she has no right to dictate to us, mother."

And that settled it.

When Robert Redwood came home from the office on the following evening, his mother met him on the veranda and motioned him to silence. The sound of a violin floated to his ears from an upper casement. He stood still and listened.

"It is she, Robert—Ruth Corbett!" whispered his mother. "Who would have dreamed the little thing could play like that? I've given her the west chamber; and I fancy the poor child never saw a comfortably furnished room before, for she seemed carried away by it and couldn't say a word. She kissed me, and then burst into tears and fell on her knees by the bed. I came down and left her; but after a while I heard the violin, and stole back and peeped into the room, and saw her standing by the window, playing to herself such music as I never heard in all my life before. Just listen, Robbie!"

"Mother, we've a genius on our hands," said Robert, as he passed into the house and threw himself on a sofa by an open window, through which the sound of the violin still reached him. "The girl is a genius, from her finger-tips to the depths of her soul," he reflected. "And to think of such a creature coming out of the wilds of the far West and finding her way straight here!"

Presently he sprang up, and, going to the piano, began playing a soft accompaniment to the violin air. Then the latter ceased, light steps came down the stairs, and Ruth Corbett, her violin in hand and her dark eyes glowing, came into the room. But, seeing him, she paused and drew back, with an apology.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Redwood; I thought it was your mother playing, and I was going to—"

"Going to what?" he demanded, smiling, as she hesitated.

"To ask her to play a duet with me."

"Won't you let me try?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, if you will," she answered, brightening and taking her place at his side with the frankness of a child. And so they played together, and Mrs. Redwood came in and listened and cried softly to herself, thinking partly of the daughter that was dead, and partly of this gifted young stranger she had taken into her heart and home, and getting the two oddly mixed in her mind.

"Who taught you to play like this?"

demanding Robert, at length, as his wonder grew.

"An old man in Nevada—a sheep-herder," she answered, simply. "He left me his violin, too, when he died."

"A sheep-herder?" he echoed. "Verily, that West of yours must be a wonderland!"

"I don't know," she said, thoughtfully, "I don't think it is half so wonderful as this great city of yours. It is just a vast solitude in comparison. The sheep-herder played to me and his flock because he was lonely. I played to the birds, the flowers, and the blue heavens because I was lonely. I don't suppose you have ever been lonely, have you, Mr. Redwood?"

There was something wistful in the smile with which he answered:

"Not in your Western way, child; not for lack of human life about me. But there is another kind of loneliness. The best wish I can make for you is that you may be long in learning what it is."

She was silent a moment.

"I am sure I never can be lonely here," she said. "If I could, I should be ungrateful to your mother and to you. Besides, I have got to work so hard, you see, to educate myself and to be self-supporting, that I shall not have time even to think of being lonesome. Your mother is going to help me to get pupils for the violin. I am pretty sure I can teach beginners. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I think you can. And now, mother," he added, turning about on the piano-stool, "I want to be the first pupil on the list. Put me down for a lesson every evening after dinner."

They laughed at the proposition; but he insisted and had his way, and soon the two women learned to look forward to that after-dinner hour as the pleasantest of the whole day. As for the "lessons," so called, they very soon resolved themselves into mere pleasant rehearsals. If there was any instruction given or received, it was Robert who taught, and Ruth who unconsciously learned; for, while she could not transfer her genius to him, he could impart to her much of the technical knowledge of music which she lacked. But, if he gave more than he received in that respect, the account was perhaps evened by his intenser enjoyment of the whole thing.

"Robbie seems to have dropped about ten years from his age since that dear child came to us," declared his glad mother to Cousin Kate, who, all in good—or bad—time, appeared on the scene. "You must notice

in the small person of a bright little five-year-old daughter. Without directly charging her with unwomanly designs, it is safe to say that her visit to the Redwoods just at this time was not without an underlying



how well he looks and how light-hearted he is—I haven't seen him so happy since Emily died."

Cousin Kate had already taken some surreptitious notes of her own; and now, by dint of a few well-directed but seemingly careless questions, she soon drew Ruth Corbett's story from the simple-minded old lady.

"She's like a daughter to me, and I think dear Robert almost feels as if Emily had come back to us," she said, in conclusion.

"Emily indeed!" was the mental ejaculation with which Kate Farnsworth gave vent to her contempt for the mother's blindness. Cousin Kate was, in reality, cousin to Robert Redwood only by virtue of having been his cousin's wife. She was now, however, a widow, of somewhat recent bereavement—young, handsome, stylish, and dashing, with only a very slight "encumbrance"

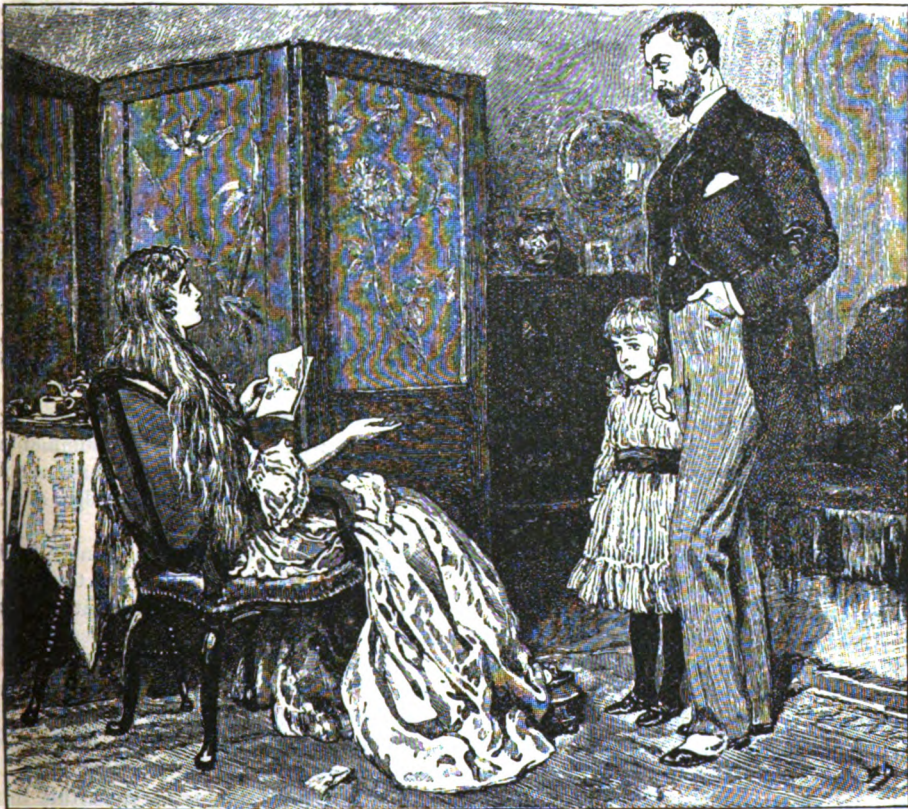
motive, and that Ruth Corbett's presence in the house was as distasteful to her as it had been unexpected.

Fully alive to the fact that Robert Redwood was a "catch" worth striving for, and gifted by nature with no mean scheming

powers, Cousin Kate was not long in resolving to twist a few threads into the web of fate, let the result be what it might. The interloper, she decided, must be ousted at all hazards. So she laid her plans, and, in doing so, discovered that she needed the assistance of her bosom friend, Laura Shirley. The latter lived in Albany, but that made little difference to the all-conquering Kate. Miss Shirley was communicated with, came on a flying visit to the metropolis, and spent

if only you had told me of my mistake in coming to New York as I did. If you care for me, try to convince your son that it was my ignorance, and not boldness, that led me to call upon him. I thought an honest girl might ask any gentleman for honest employment. I have learned some things to-day that I never thought of before. Good-bye to you both, my good kind friends; we will never meet again. RUTH CORBETT."

In vain Robert questioned his mother and



a day with the young widow. The two, between them, soon had the fuse ignited, and it burned so straight and true that, when Robert Redwood came home to dinner that same evening, Ruth Corbett was gone, and Cousin Kate, unconscious and serene, had the field to herself.

Robert found his mother in tears over a mysterious blotted little scrawl she had discovered in Ruth's room.

"God bless you, dear Mrs. Redwood, for all your kindness to me," it said. "But oh,

Kate Farnsworth. The former was as deeply mystified as himself, and the latter was a good actress. Robert went nearly wild, and took little pains to conceal his feelings. To his mother, he said brokenly:

"I don't understand it, mommie; but I will find her, though I move heaven and earth."

He began his task by advertising, and followed this up by employing a private detective. Yet weeks went by without bringing any tidings of the missing girl; and,

when two long months of suspense had worn away, even Robert began to despair of ever finding her. Then suddenly, from a most unexpected source, he obtained his first clue to the mystery of her disappearance.

Coming moodily downstairs one morning, he was met by little Maud Farnsworth, who caught his hand and drew him into the music-room.

"I want to tell you something, Cousin Robbie," she said.

Her eyes were red from recent tears, and her small face wore a hard vengeful look not pleasant to see.

"Mamma has been cruel to me; she has whipped me for something I didn't do, and now I'm going to be even with her," she said, with a smile that was painfully unchild-like in its cunning. "I'm going to tell you why Miss Corbett ran away!"

At the sound of that name, Robert started and his fingers involuntarily closed over the little hand. Under almost any other circumstances, he would have checked the unfilial confidence; but now he let the child go on.

He heard how, on that memorable afternoon, mamma had gone out shopping with Miss Shirley, and had asked Miss Corbett to sit in her room with the child during her absence. Miss Corbett, cheerfully acquiescing, had brought her book and "played school" with the little one, behind the Japanese screen in mamma's room.

"An' then I brought mamma's easy-chair behind the screen, an' Miss Corbett rocked me in her arms till I went to sleep," continued the child. "An' when I waked up, I heard mamma talking to Miss Shirley on the other side of the screen. Miss Corbett's face was so white an' dreadful, I was afraid to move. Mamma was telling Miss Shirley about you writing a letter once to Miss Corbett, an' she took it for a love-letter an' come from 'way out West to see you; an' you was awful mad, but you had to take her in to keep her from going to the dogs. What dogs was it she wanted to go to, Cousin Robbie? An' has she gone to 'em now, do you think? She never said a word to mamma or anybody; she just got up an' went out of the room, an' mamma whispered to Miss Shirley she thought that would settle the upstart. What does 'upstart' mean?"

Robert started up, his face pale and stern. "Stay here, Maud; I am going to speak to your mother," he said.

But the child clung to his hand and danced along at his side.

"I'm going too; I want to see how mamma looks when she finds I've told! She told me never to whimper about it as long's I lived!"

And so, with the child's hand in his, Robert Redwood entered the room in which Kate Farnsworth sat reading her letters while she sipped her tea, arrayed in a fanciful morning-gown, with her luxuriant hair streaming over her shoulders in a way which she knew set off her beauty to the best advantage.

She looked up as the two entered; her first thought was one of anger, to be forced to notice how the last two months had changed Redwood. He had become thin and pale, and the full beard which he had allowed to grow made him look still older and more careworn.

He only bowed in response to her pleasant greeting, and, without any preamble, sternly demanded an explanation of the little one's story.

At his first words, Kate's lovely face flushed scarlet; but, instantly summoning all her craft and assurance, she made a bold attempt to disclaim all knowledge of his meaning.

Robert stood silent for a full minute, looking straight into her false eyes; then, in a voice full of indignation and contempt, he said:

"Kate, be still! If you are lost to all sense of truth and honor, at least spare your child such a lesson in deceit!"

She knew then that her plans were hopelessly frustrated, but carried the affair off with a high hand, taking her departure from the house a few hours later with the air of an offended queen.

After this, Robert Redwood plunged madly into a renewed search for Ruth Corbett. Strangely enough, he never thought of carrying his quest beyond the limits of the city, until, after weeks of fruitless effort, he chanced to notice in one of his exchanges a little poem which caught his attention and suggested a new idea. The instant he read the poem, he knew that Ruth was the author. It was a simple little allegory, yet, marked with the delicate beauty of conception and

the touching pathos that was unmistakably hers. It was a story of a wild rose, growing by the brink of a lonely Western river. She dipped her pale-pink petals in the cool waters and longed to break her earthly moorings and drift away, away, out into the wide, busy, beautiful world. When at length her stem was severed and she was tossed by a careless hand on the bosom of the waters, she danced away, and for a brief time was happy in the fulfillment of her dream. But soon she found herself scorched by the merciless sun, and bruised by the speed with which the relentless waters bore her on. At last, she reached a friendly eddy that carried her slowly back to the grassy bank she had deserted; and there, on the spot which she had despised, she lay down and thankfully faded away in death.

"Dear little wild rose!" thought Robert, as he read. "I might have known your white soul would turn to the pure waters of the homeward-flowing eddy, rather than to the muddy embrace of the turbulent current."

It was evening on the lonely Truckee River, away out in Nevada.

The red October sun hung low above the

rocky butte, and stained the waters of the stream, from whose fringed banks came the hoarse croak of the frogs and the first timid challenge of the night-bird to its mate.

But it was another and sweeter sound than any note of nature which arrested the steps of the man hastening along the sandy serpentine trail that skirted the river—the sound of a violin, whose strings vibrated with all the wild sweet pathos in the gifted player's soul. Slowly, softly, Robert Redwood approached the slight familiar figure seated on the bank of the stream, until at last he knelt beside her and barely saved the precious violin from a watery grave as it fell from her hands in the first start of a great surprise.

"Oh, Robert!"

A light leaped into his eyes at the unguarded greeting.

"Dear little Ruth, I have found you at last!"

An hour later, the moon peeped over the ridge and saw the pair still sitting there, and mirrored their happy faces in the silent lonely stream, with the loving regretful touch of one who consciously does a thing for the last time.

TO MY WIFE.

BY J. H. ROCKWELL.

THROUGH years of mingled joy and sorrow,
Hand in hand we have made our way,
The springing hopes of each to-morrow
Lifting the darkness of each to-day.

What lies before us in the coming years,
We cannot see, we cannot know;

If fewer smiles and deeper tears,
Closer together we shall onward go—

Till, on the height of those eternal hills
That rise beyond the purple of the west,
Our feet are staid, and love at last fulfills
Her promises of peace and rest.

UNRETURNING.

BY MISS HATTIE HORNER.

THE sea was as calm as the cloudless heaven
Until the siren moon drew near,
And then the waves by a mad wish driven,
Leaping, strove for her silver sphere.
They sprang, they reached, in a helpless fashion,
Rose to break with a ceaseless roar,
Rose to fall in their baffled passion
And lash the rocks of their stubborn shore.

My heart was as calm as the tideless ocean
Until your eyes shone o'er its wave,
And then it woke with a startled motion
And all its strength to a vain hope gave.
Now never more shall its calm returning
Yield back the peace that my soul forsook,
O sad sea, torn by a hopeless yearning,
O heart, disturbed by a fleeting look!

"ORNARY WILT."

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.



EVERYBODY in Oregon knew Wilt. He had "rafted it" down the Columbia, "freighted it" from the Dalles to Umatilla, "grubbed stumps" where now the beautiful city of Portland stands, and "staged it" wherever a Star route was known. Having been once seen, he was not to be forgotten. He had a long, slim, ungainly body that seemed to be jointless, a long slim face, and a long slim nose; his eyes were pale-blue and weak-looking, contrasting oddly with his queer bandit-like mustache, which had once been brown, but which exposure to many a Western sun had turned to a dead yellow. He stooped a little, and slouched a great deal in his gait, having once been a cow-boy and worn such unwieldy spurs that he had dragged, rather than lifted, his feet when on the ground—which was not often, for cow-boys are usually in the saddle. The spurs were things of the past, but they had left a legacy in the shape of a shamble.

Wilt was considered rather a hard character by the settlers along the Willamette, and especially in the village named by courtesy Oregon City, where of late years he had wintered. He smoked bad cigars and chewed worse tobacco, and as for the whisky he drank—well, nothing could be worse as to quality or larger as to quantity.

"There's thet fella Wilt, now," the good man who kept the post-office in one corner of his grocery-store was never weary of repeating; "he kin drink a gallon o' whisky a day, 'n' never feel 't."

But, although he invariably added, with an exclamation-point, "thet ornary he be!" it must be confessed that in his soul of souls he cherished a secret admiration for Wilt's power of imbibing without "it's ever tellin' on him."

Wilt usually wore brown overalls and a brown "jumper"; and his belt, decorated with many-colored leather fringes, was the

envy of all the village children when he came to town to winter.

"There's one thing thet must be said fer Wilt," Mrs. Undertaker Brown, with whom Wilt boarded in the season of '61, always declared with the strong emphasis which was as much a part of her as were the sandy hair and the arms akimbo: "no matter how mad he gits, he don't swear bad. I kin stand a man's chew'n' 'n' even a-drink'n', but I can't 'n' won't stand 't 't hear him swear—not 'f he swears bad. All Wilt ever says when he's mad 's 'By-e golly!' though I'll allow he does say thet ter'ble wickid sometimes."

Mrs. Undertaker Brown was a widow, and she was not to be mistaken for Mrs. Carpenter Brown, whose husband's occupation could not be compared to her husband's, in point of gentility. The greatest grief of Mrs. Undertaker Brown's life was not her husband's death, but the regret that he could no longer sit, solemn and dignified, with white cotton gloves, on top of his home-made hearse, and lead the way to the "cemetairy," his head held very straight and his long whiskers blowing out on either side. Of that good man's own funeral, she declared, weeping, that "it was th' longes' funeral thet hed ever been seen 'n thet town; 'n' only 't' think thet he hed not been there 't conduct 't hisself, 'n' 't count th' mourners! It was enough 't drive a body crazy!"

She had become reconciled to her husband's death, but not to the bitterness of seeing the new undertaker conduct funerals; so she set her face resolutely against attending any, nor had she ever broken this resolution, even reproaching herself severely for having yielded to the temptation of peeping through the muslin curtain when the minister's wife was "took by 'n her caufin."

Mrs. Undertaker Brown was expecting an orphaned niece from "Kans-us." Coming to Oregon in '61 meant six months of travel and suffering in long trains of "prairie schooners," deafened by squeaking of wheels, rattling of chains, and shouts of drivers, and

blinded by heat and alkali—of stumbling thirsty cattle and dying horses. It meant illness, disease, despair, and oftentimes death. But, one Sunday about noon, after having spent several hours playing poker in a saloon, Wilt came home and found a little slip of a maiden sitting in the big rocking-chair by the kitchen window. She was about fifteen years old—pale, and with the biggest, darkest, and most solemn-looking eyes Wilt had ever seen. They looked at each other for a moment in silence. Then the little stranger smiled and said: “I guess you must be Wilt; Aunt Mary has been telling me about you.”

“Yes,” said Wilt, awkwardly enough, and coloring too, poor fellow! “’n’ I reckon ’s you’re Melia.” He shambled forward and took the fragile hand she held out to him.

“I was sick almost all the trip,” she said; “and I feel so weak, I can’t do anything. Seé the big blue veins in my wrists?”

Wilt had sat down near her, and he observed for the first time in his life how long and ungainly his legs were, for there was no mistaking the surprised disapproval in the child’s eyes, kind as she was.

“I suppose,” she said, presently, “you have just come from church?” And she looked curiously at the fringes on his belt and at the brown overalls.

Wilt, taken completely by surprise, looked down guiltily and could only stammer “No-a.”

“Oh,” she said; then, after a little silence: “From your Bible-class, then?” Wilt was silent; indeed, his tongue seemed glued to the roof of his mouth.

“How many are there in your Bible-class?” she asked, turning a well-worn gold ring round and round her thin finger.

“I—I—I hain’t been there neither,” blurted out Wilt, wishing he could crawl through a hole in the wall.

“What!” cried the little girl, “not to either? I do hope”—very gently—“that you have not been working? It is very wicked to work on Sunday.”

Wilt, who was not afraid of the biggest bully that ever carried a six-shooter, could not look into those innocent eyes, and for the first time he wished that he had never done anything more wicked than working on Sunday.

After that, when Wilt came home after
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a day or night of dissipation, he always felt a queer choky sensation in his throat, and somehow he grew to dread the searching look of those innocent eyes. He was a puzzle to the little girl.

“What do you do, Wilt?” she asked, one day, gently. “I mean, what do you work at for a living? I never see you doing anything.”

Wilt thought of the back rooms of saloons and of poker-games, but he replied evasively: “Oh, I fool roun’ th’ liv’ry-stable, ’n’ do odd jobs here ’n’ there.”

“Wilt,” said Melia, leaning her pale cheek in her hand and looking at him sweetly and seriously, “I heard someone say you were a ‘hard case.’ What does one mean by that?”

“Oh, I do’no,” replied Wilt, sheepishly; “I s’pose I be a bad lot.”

“Wilt,” said Melia, “I’ve known you a month now, and, if every man in this town said you were bad and of no account, I should not believe it.”

Then Wilt got up very suddenly and went out. He came back about noon, with an anxious look on his face.

“Th’ river’s gitt’n’ awful high,” he said, to Mrs. Undertaker Brown.

“Is thet so?” She lifted her square shoulders, the rolling-pin in her hand, and looked at him questioningly.

“Has it got up t’ Bartmes’s mill?”

“Mighty nigh up t’ ’t.”

“Up t’ th’ Green P’int?”

“Mighty nigh up.”

“Has it”—she paused and carefully dusted some flour off her red arm—“has it got up t’ th’ log cab’n beyant th’ falls?”

“Mighty nigh.”

“Why, lan’ sakes!” exclaimed Mrs. Brown, suddenly, looking out the window, “I shud say ’t was up! You kin see ’t from here, clear up t’ th’ top o’ th’ banks, ’n’ jest roar’n’ like ev’rything.”

She turned back mechanically to her table, touched the pie-crust lightly with the rolling-pin, and slipped it deftly into the buttered pan.

“I do’no,” she said, paring off the edges and letting them fall down over her arm, “what we’d do ’n case o’ reel high water. I never see th’ W’lamette ’s high ’s thet before.”

Wilt looked at Melia. The girl smiled at him trustingly.

"Wilt would take care of us," she said.

"Wilt?" repeated the widow, scornfully, as that individual left the room. "Why, he's too ornary t' look out fer hisself, let alone us."

"By-e golly!" muttered Wilt, when he got outside, "ef anybody else hed ever hed th' faith 'n me thet little girl's got, I wudn't be th' no 'count cuss thet I be to-day."

By sundown that December night, the Willamette had burst over its banks and was swelling across the flats immediately below the falls. These flats were the suburbs of Oregon City, and were dignified by the name of Goose Hollow. Poorly built houses were scattered over them, and in one of these lived Mrs. Undertaker Brown.

"It's a-gitt'n' scary," said Wilt, coming in at six o'clock. "I guess you'd better be mov'n' out."

"I guess I'd better be do'n' nothin' o' th' kind," retorted Mrs. Brown. "I guess I'm a-go'n' t' stay right here 'n this house 's long 's 't stays here; 'n' if 't goes down thet river, I'm a-go'n' with 't! Them thet's afraid kin do 's they like."

She went out and banged the door. Melia got up quietly and went to Wilt, pale and trembling a little.

"Wilt," she said, gently, "don't go out to-night."

Wilt thought of a promised game of cards, at which he expected to win a considerable sum of money. Then he felt the pressure of the child's fingers.

"I guess I'll stay home to-night," he said, shambling away from her.

At bedtime, someone reported that the river was falling, and the inmates of the widow's household retired, somewhat reassured. But, about midnight, Melia was awakened by a sound of rushing water and a swaying motion of the whole house. She leaped out of bed and ran to Wilt's door.

"Wilt! Wilt!" she cried, her heart beating violently with fear. "Oh, Wilt, what is that noise? Is it the river?"

Wilt was out of bed in a moment, and at the window.

"By-e golly!" was all he said, but a terrible sight met his eyes.

The night had cleared off slightly, and, by the dim light of moon and stars, he saw that the water had entirely surrounded the house and was roaring and eddying madly over the

flats. It was sweeping everything with it—huge logs, trees, barns, chicken-houses, haystacks, mills, bridges, dwellings: some of the latter with lights inside casting a sickly ray out through windows from which the curtains had been flung back when the occupants, startled from sleep, had first peered out with horrified eyes.

Far off, he heard shouts, and now and again some awful grinding crash, as of two buildings coming together and going to pieces. A haystack swept by, so close to his window he could have almost touched it, and on its top was a solitary rooster, crowing loudly and triumphantly in pleasure at his midnight journey. Then came a small house, in whose kitchen the lights were burning and the table set for a supper that was never to be eaten. The little story told by that silent kitchen, as it went careening down to the ocean, went to Wilt's heart, even in the midst of his horror and dismay.

He hastily dressed and ran downstairs. The widow Brown had forgotten her resolution to stay by her home and go down the river with it if need be, and was now wringing her hands and bemoaning her luckless fate. Melia was looking out the window, with big terrified eyes. She turned and said:

"Oh, Wilt! we are going to die, and I do so wish I had been better, so I would not be afraid." Then she leaned against the window, and did not again speak.

Wilt shivered. If she was afraid to die—

Suddenly he remembered the little boat which always lay in the pond back of the house, and was fastened to the wood-shed by a chain. He ran—there was no shambling in his gait now! The pond had been swallowed, and the water was rushing into the wood-shed; but, by wading waist-deep, he reached the boat, climbed into it, and rowed around to the kitchen door.

"I dassent take but one 't a time," he said, looking helplessly at Mrs. Undertaker Brown. "Th' boat ain't reelly calk'lated fer two, 'n' there's no use a-think'n' o' three, er we'd all be swamped 's sure 's anything. I guess I'd best take Melia first, 'n' I'll come right back fer you, Mis' Brown. I'll land up 't th' Congerational church."

But Melia firmly refused.

"Take my aunt first," she said, trembling of body but firm of will. Mrs. Brown

required no urging, but climbed into the dangerous boat. Wilt looked at the young girl standing in the kitchen door, with the candle flickering dimly behind her.

"Melia," he said, with a tenderness that would have made him ashamed at any other time, "don't you git scared now, fer jist 's sure 's I live I'll come back fer you."

"I know you will," she replied, faintly.

He rowed away. It was a dangerous and a terrible trip. The water was boiling and whirling into pools, and constant vigilance was required to avoid logs and buildings. Several times, Wilt was on the point of giving up; but always the remembrance of the little figure he had left behind in the very heart of the flood gave him new courage, and he struggled on, and finally, almost exhausted, landed the rickety boat near the "Congregational" church, and Mrs. Undertaker Brown was lifted out, half dead of fright and nerves.

At the same moment, not more than fifty yards away, little Melia was landed by three men, who had passed and found her alone in the house. Wilt pushed out his boat.

"I'm go'n' back fer little Melia," he shouted.

"Fer th' Lord's sake," somebody cried, "don't think o' go'n' back, Wilt! You'll never git there alive! The water's riz three feet sence we've been watch'n' here, 'n' th' falls 's run'n' level! Come back, man, er you'll never see daylight agin!"

Wilt hesitated. In his soul, he felt this to be the truth—felt that it would be facing death to go back for Melia, and Wilt shrank at the thought of death. If Melia was afraid to die, how would it be with him? He pushed the boat back toward the shore. Then, all in a moment, before his straining eyes arose in the darkness the vision of a lighted doorway and a child's fragile figure clinging therein.

"By-e golly!" he said, "I never done any good 'n all my life, but I'm a-go'n' t' save Melia er die try'n'! Ef any liv'n' creature

hed ever hed th' faith 'n me she's got, I wudn't be th' ornary cuss I be. I guess, 'f I die try'n' t' save her, it won't go so tarnal hard with me, anyhow."

He pushed the boat out again, and now it went whirling down with the flood. Wilt realized at once that it was too late. He could not control the boat or even use the oars. The shouts of the people died in the distance, but the horrible roaring grew louder every moment.

"By-e golly!" said poor Wilt for the last time, "I guess my hour 's come! I'm awful afraid, 'n' I never said a pray'r 'n all my life; but I wonder 'f try'n' t' save little Melia won't count same 's if I saved her?"

Then a huge boom of logs whirled and swung around him, and his little boat was caught up and crushed into atoms.

When the "great flood o' '61" went down, they found Wilt's body tangled in the roots of a tree.

"Who'd 'a' ever thought," sobbed Mrs. Undertaker Brown, "thet Wilt 'd 'a' been so brave? He was al'ays thet no 'count, you'd 'a' thought he cudn't take care o' hisself, let alone us, 'n' a-dy'n' try'n' t' save Melia, who's not much more good 'n a kitten!"

And she secretly resolved to go to Wilt's funeral, thus bestowing upon his memory the highest honor that lay in her power. But, when the little girl for whose sake Wilt had given his life came to look upon his dead face, she was silent a long time. Then she said—gently, as she ever spoke: "Well, if everybody in this town said Wilt was bad, I wouldn't believe it. I think, if somebody had loved him more, he would have been just as good as gold, even if he didn't go to church. And I just believe, if more people had trusted him and had faith in him, it would have put him on his mettle, as father used to say, and made a man of him."

And who shall say that the little girl, kneeling to pray for poor "Ornary Wilt," who had died for her, was not more wise than the world that condemned him?

BLESSINGS.

BY CHARLES BABSON SOULE.

THE sweetest blessings falling from above
Are human sympathy and human love;
One strengthens hope with stimulating cheers,

The other softens sorrow with its tears,
While both together form the golden tie
That spans the borders of eternity.

WOMAN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY ANNIE CURD.

GR^{EAT} interest from the beginning of the work has been attracted to the Woman's Department, the most notable feature of the great Fair. There was much discussion before the appointment of the lady managers to the World's Fair, as to the result of appointing such a body; but, at a dinner recently given by the President of the Commission, Mr. Palmer said this: "The creation of so large a board of lady managers was the cause of much adverse comment. The course of that board has justified the action of the Commission. It was the first time that our Government had in any way recognized woman. The appointment of one hundred and fifteen ladies to co-operate with the Commission and to promote its development will have manifold results. It has dignified woman; a responsibility has been placed upon her, outside of household cares. It has given weight to her opinions; it has opened new avenues to her efforts."

The Woman's Department was most fortunately placed under the charge of Mrs. Potter Palmer, a society leader of Chicago, who has displayed the highest administrative ability in her new position.

The Empress of Russia was the first sovereign to accept an invitation to take part in the women's work of the Exposition, but others have followed her example. Queen Margherita of Italy has offered to loan her collection of rare laces, and the poet queen of Roumania will send some of her unpublished poems.

English ladies are actively preparing to participate, and the committee which will superintend their exhibit is headed by the Princess Christian, who proposes to send samples of her ornamental needlework. The Princess Louise will contribute a bust of her mother, which she is modeling for that purpose, and her younger sister Beatrice will send several of her own paintings, which are said to be excellent.

At a meeting of the committee in London, on March third, it was announced that

Queen Victoria had promised specimens of her own work in spinning and knitting, done when she was a girl; also some of her embroidery and fine drawing and water-color painting.

The committee assigned charge of various branches of woman's exhibits as follows: Irish, Countess of Aberdeen; Scotch, Lady Reay; philanthropy, Baroness Burdett-Coutts; education, Mrs. Fawcett, the writer on political economy; hospital nursing, Mrs. Fenwick; woman's art, Mrs. Robert Austin. Several women were selected to prepare papers on educational and economic subjects.

Miss Julia Nielson, for many years President of the Woman's Congress in Norway, has been appointed commissioner from her country to the Exposition.

The Princess Vischnegradsky, wife of the Russian Minister of Finance, is at the head of a board of ladies organized in aid of the Russian lace industry.

The Woman's Building will contain many special features: a hall for conventions, a restaurant for ladies, etc. Near it will stand a house which will exemplify what is considered perfection in the way of tasteful furnishing, modern contrivances, and sanatory and kitchen arrangement. It is also proposed to convey an object-lesson by the serving of simple meals cooked in this building. On the bills of fare will be stated the cost of each dish and the nutritive values of the different foods.

There are three important committees connected with the Woman's Branch, having in charge the subjects indicated by the three topics, "The Industrial Condition of Woman," "The Economic Dependence of Woman," and "Social Theories and Experiments." Meetings will be held during six months of the Fair, in which papers will be read on subjects connected with these general topics, and discussions will be carried on upon all sorts of suggestions and theories which may be adduced in this relation.

One of the many lines of work under-

taken by the Woman's Branch of the World's Congress Auxiliary is an association of housekeepers. This organization is directly under the auspices of the Committee on Household Economics, and is styled the Columbian Association of Housekeepers and Bureau of Information.

Mrs. Palmer has been to see the Commissioner of Patents in Washington, to ascertain what could be done in the way of exhibiting the inventive genius of woman, as shown by the patents on file. The Commissioner suggested that the best plan would be to select, from the three thousand patents issued to women, the ones that, in the opinion of the Fair committee, seemed to be the most notable and worthy of exhibition.

The Emma Willard Memorial Association has applied for space in the Woman's Building. The exhibit will include a bust of Emma Willard by Palmer, portraits by Alexander and others, and many interesting documents.

Miss Wait, of San Francisco, has undertaken to furnish the south room adjoining the main reception-room on the east side of the second floor of the Woman's Building. The entire apartment will be finished in the famous redwood of California, which is found nowhere else, and which is so beautiful when polished that no carving is necessary except on the mantel, which will be incorporated in the architecture of the room and reach to the ceiling. The redwood lumbermen contribute the material necessary. Miss Wait also offers columns of pure fine white marble and a single column, gracefully carved, of California translucent onyx.

West Virginia lumbermen, through Miss Lily Jackson, one of the lady managers, have agreed to finish the room facing that of California, in the finest native woods of their State.

Mrs. Charles McClung, alternate member of the board from Tennessee, succeeded in securing the co-operation of the ladies of Knoxville, and the result is a wainscoting of the finest and most beautiful of Tennessee's exquisite marble, for the vestibule of the main entrance to the Woman's Building. Artistic designs for wood-carving for the interior have been received. Kansas sends a conventional arrangement of the State emblem, a sunflower. Chief Thorpe, of the Department of Floriculture, is pre-

paring a list of plants for the roof-garden of the building.

Miss Jean Loughboro, the assistant of Mrs. Palmer, is the architect of the Arkansas State building, and it is probable that the superintendency of the building's construction will be entirely in her hands.

A co-operative display of all the Woman's Exchange Associations will form a feature of the Exhibition. The San Francisco Exchange will make a large contribution of glacé fruits and delicacies for the sick.

Mrs. Anna B. Patrick, lady manager from Colorado, is endeavoring to secure an exhibit of Navajo blanket-weaving by squaws, and is corresponding with Professor Putnam for that purpose.

An endeavor is being made to secure for the Woman's Building a wainscoting from the petrified forest near Prescott, Arizona. The material is as hard as marble, ranging in color from brown to blood-red and clear amber. It takes a beautiful polish. A portion of the Arizona display will consist of the bead-work, clay images, and pottery made by Indian women. The work of the pupils of the Indian Mission Schools will be exhibited. The Sisters of Mercy, or the Mission School of the ancient Church of San Xavier del Bac, have promised to furnish a large exhibit of Indian progress under their training.

Miss Lovell, lady manager from New Mexico, writes that the Territorial exhibit will be large, varied, and interesting. The fifty dollar prize offered for the best design for a seal for the body of lady managers had seventy contestants and was won by Miss Sara Bodtker, of Chicago. The drawing displays a ship emblematic of Columbus's voyage, the national eagle, the ivy and laurel, typical of friendship and success, and the whole is surrounded by stars representing the number of managers.

The dedication ode will be written by Miss Harriet Monroe, of Chicago, who has already done much good work.

The Board of Lady Managers proposes to erect near the Woman's Building a children's home or public comfort pavilion for mothers and children. It is certain that a place in which young children can be well cared for while their parents view the sights of the Exposition will prove a great and appreciated convenience.

CURIOUS EMBROIDERY.

BY MARGARET V. PAYNE.



HENRY VIII'S GLOVE.

EMBROIDERY has been a passion in all ages as far back as history or legend can trace. In the far past, almost every one of the famous cities became in turn the chief centre of this industry. Babylon and Tarsus, then Damascus and Bagdad, followed by Alexandria, Antioch, and later Palermo and Syracuse, were all celebrated for the weaving of gold brocades and the production of gold, silver, and silk embroidery.

For the adornment of the sanctuary, the Israelites wove gold into their colored woollens, and the most ancient Chinese and Indian stuffs were similarly ornamented. A robe belonging to the Persian monarch Darius is described as having been embroidered with golden hawks, and the rooms prepared for the nuptials of Alexander had hangings cunningly wrought with scarlet and silver.

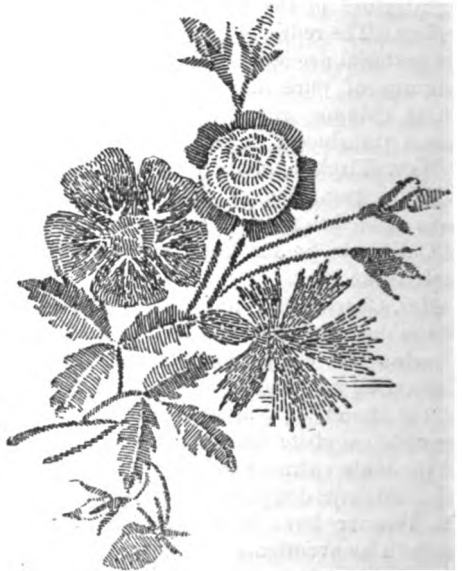
Gold embroideries and woven stuffs were well known among the Romans. Pliny describes how gold may be spun like wool,

(520)

and tells of a golden garment worn by the Empress Agrippina. It is said that when, by the order of Pope Pascal, the grave of St. Cecilia was opened, 281 A.D., some forty years after her death, there was found lying at her feet a splendid gold-embroidered mantle still bearing the stains of blood.

These relics of early Christian and preceding eras perished long since, but there remain in European cathedrals and museums numerous specimens of embroidery, in the shape of ecclesiastical and royal vestments, which show to what perfection the art had reached in the Middle Ages, and make us still more regret the loss of much similar work minutely described in the pages of the old chroniclers.

William the Conqueror and his wife Matilda presented their wedding mantles to the Church of Bayeux, in which they were long preserved. The bride's cloak was wrought with gold trellises about which flowers were climbing, while her groom's was strewn with little golden figures surrounded by elaborate borders.



EMBROIDERY FROM A DRESS WORN BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.



TWELFTH CENTURY PANEL.

In a very early French romance, a beautiful princess presents her lover with a shirt made of the softest possible white silk, every seam of which was worked with gold thread, while the embroidery of the bosom was done with the damsel's long luxuriant hair, which the story-writer declares was brighter than the gold itself.

The robes of ladies and courtiers made almost as fine a show as the costly offerings they bestowed on their patron saints, and it is to be noted that men have always been quite as fond of personal adornment as the sex to whom they so frequently ascribe the liking as a weakness in which they themselves have no share.

Magnus, a French king of the twelfth century, had crimson silk lions embroidered on his trunks; and a noted French gallant, a couple of hundred years later, appeared at court in a tunic, on the sleeves of which were worked the words and music of a song then popular, the first line of which ran: "Madame, I am more joyous." The notes of the music were composed of some six hundred pearls.

In the London South-Kensington Museum, one sees a glove that belonged to Henry VIII, on the cuff of which are displayed a crown, a lion, and a rose, in elaborate gold

embroidery half covered with seed pearls.

A few years ago, I saw in a London exhibition of needlework a bit of brocade from the dress worn by Queen Elizabeth when she went to St. Paul's in state to offer thanks for the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The embroidery, of which I made a little sketch, was done on a rich background that time had sorely faded, though the gold and silver threads that composed the flowers and leaves still looked fresh and bright.

One cannot fancy Queen Bess herself much addicted to the use of the needle, but her sister Mary was a proficient in embroidery, finding it a great solace in the anxieties caused by ill health, the cares of state, and, worse yet, her domestic woes. Mary Stuart possessed a positive genius for needlework, which the poor soul had ample leisure to develop during her eighteen long years of captivity. I think there is no glimpse of her life that brings her more real and living before the mind than the scene in which she is described as seated in her room in Fotheringay Castle, surrounded by her women, she and they alike engaged on some wonderful embroidery intended as a gift to the sister queen who held her a prisoner.

In the days of feudalism, when gentlewomen as a rule led lives for the most part



SEVENTEENTH CENTURY JACKET.

as dreary as ever were those of condemned prisoners, what rivers of tapestry and of every species of fine work flowed from their expert fingers, and what untold yearnings, disappointments, and sorrows must have been woven in with those shining threads!

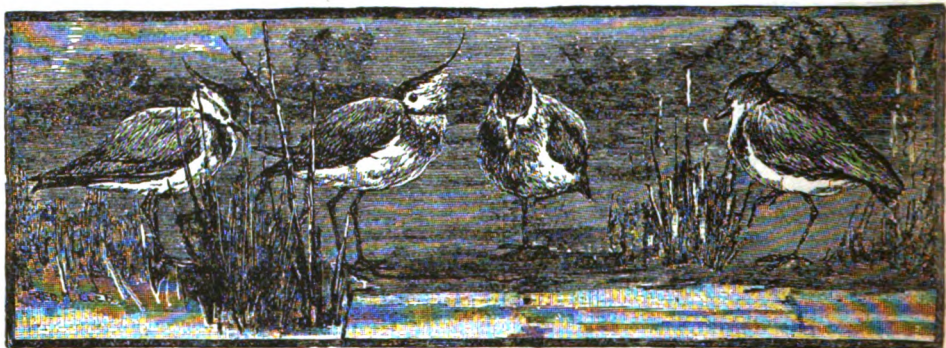
In the South Kensington Museum is a striking piece of embroidery which dates back to the twelfth century. It is a panel for a wall, embroidered in raised gold and silver on red silk. The design is singularly quaint and effective, and the work is done with such miraculous delicacy and precision that it will bear inspection through a microscope.

Formerly every article of apparel worn by the rich and great, which could be ornamented, was profusely decorated, from gowns and tunics to mantles and girdles. A cloak

centuries, men's dress equaled that of women in magnificence as well as in variety of hue. In that storehouse of priceless relics already referred to, the South Kensington Museum, there is preserved a white linen jacket literally covered with fine silk embroidery in gorgeous tints, and this very showy article was intended for masculine wear.

Indeed, the male love of ornament and color remained almost unchecked until this practical century had nearly reached its majority. It seems rather a pity that, at least for evening-dress, men do not permit themselves some license in the matter of color, even if they do not return to the picturesque garb of former eras.

The gilded youth of this generation have been much laughed at by their elders for the openly displayed love of finery in the



MEDITATION.

would be embroidered with scenes from the life of some hero, or a classical story recorded from beginning to end in miracles of color and skill. The bags which ladies and gallants alike wore, suspended from their girdles, were both useful and ornamental, as they would hold the various articles the wearer might need during the day. Quaint devices and mottoes were worked on them, and sometimes the name of the maker and that of the person to whom it was made a gift. Noblemen wore their coats-of-arms embroidered on their breasts; heraldic animals played an important part in dress ornamentation, and an old French chronicler in the fourteenth century gravely notes the fact that a pair of shoes with lions wrought on the toes formed a necessary adjunct of the attire of every well-dressed gallant.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth

matter of silk shirts and gay house-jackets, but it seems to me a pardonable weakness which on many accounts their sisters and sweethearts would do well to encourage.

Embroidery of various kinds has again become exceedingly popular among ladies, and, both in this country and Europe, one can see examples of work that would compare favorably with the noted achievements of the past. I have seen a chasuble of white satin, embroidered by a Philadelphia lady, which ought to have a place among the embroidery that will be exhibited at the World's Fair. Two of the angels in Fra Angelico's picture of the Assumption of the Virgin were reproduced in gold embroidery so delicate that, at a casual glance, one would pronounce them done by the brush of a skilled artist.

The group of queer birds is another speci-

men of modern handiwork which deserves mention. It was done in silk embroidery, and the effect at a little distance is that of a highly finished painting.

Apropos to needlework, I wonder how many persons ever stop to think how far back in history that little implement, the needle, can be traced? In one of the sacred books of the Hindus, there is mention of "clothes and the like, wrought with a needle," and these records date back so many thousand years that it is difficult to assign a date thereto.

In ancient times, needles were made of wood, bone, ivory, bronze, and iron, and were very coarse in quality and dimensions; of these, there are a variety of examples in our museums, some dating back to prehistoric times. Some needles found in Herculaneum and Pompeii were of bronze.

The needles of modern times appear to have had their origin in Spain, and were introduced into England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, though that country was famous for the work of the needle previous

to the manufacture of the appliance such as it now is, and the embroideries still preserved compare well with those done under better auspices. Rough as such implements were in the days of Edgitha, wife of Edward the Confessor, she was pronounced by her historian to be "perfect mistress of the needle"; and English work was held in esteem above all other in Europe, even in her day.

In the reign of Henry I, steel wire needles were first made in England by a Spanish negro, who kept his secret during his lifetime; they were afterward made in the reign of Elizabeth, by one Elias Krause, a German. The great secret was lost after his death, and recovered again a hundred years later. In 1556, Cromwell incorporated the Company of Needle-makers. Needles of English manufacture are now considered the best, those of Germany ranking next.

It is worth remembering that, in the course of manufacture, a needle passes through one hundred and twentysix different hands.

THE HEART.

BY WALTER M. HAZELTINE.

DEEP within the mind's recesses,
There are mirrors clear;
Laughing eyes and golden tresses
Oft are pictured here.

But, as perfumes are not dearer
For the bloom that's gone,
So the heart needs not a mirror
When the years pass on.

EVANGELINE WAITING.

BY WILLIAM H. FIELD.

WIDE, wide meadows where kine are lowing,
Deep to the knees in the fragrant grass;
Summer asleep, and her tresses blowing
Out on the wings of the winds that pass;

Up from the wide sea-marshes coming,
Full of the scent of new-mown hay,
Full of the sounds of the pheasant's drumming,
Surge of the ocean far away;

Windows far in Grande Pré turning
Red as the leaves by autumn kissed,
Hills of haze and the sunset's burning
Weaving itself to a golden mist;

Still in the darkening door, half hidden,
Shading her eyes with her slender hands,

Dark eyes full of tears unbidden,
Anxious trust on her face, she stands—

Searching the fields for her lingering lover,
Wondering why he hesitates;
Twilight comes, and the bright stars cover
Heaven with flowers—and still she waits.

Wide, wide meadows, all full of slumber;
Dreaming things in the fragrant grass;
Wondrous dreams that fill and cumber
Lips of the sweet cool winds that pass

Up from the wide sea-marshes flowing,
Full of the scent of new-mown hay,
Full of the sounds of the low sad blowing
Surge of the ocean far away.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

BY ANDRÉ GÉRARD.

TRANSLATED BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.



IN the confines of Styria, in one of the most picturesque mountain districts of the whole region, stood the old chateau of the Duke de Rosenthal; and thither, one lovely morning in the early summer, came Gaston Bernard, fresh from his native Paris.

The Frenchman had never met his host, but that gentleman had been for years the intimate friend of Bernard's uncle, who was one of the most celebrated French painters of the day. When the duke learned that Gaston was preparing a book on an important era in mediæval history, he insisted that the young gentleman should give him the pleasure of a visit, promising as a reward free access to many old documents which might prove highly useful in his work.

The evening of his arrival at Rosenthal, Bernard made a long entry in his diary, and his first impressions are best given in his own words:

"Here I am, safely housed in this stately old chateau, which is perched in the most picturesque fashion possible on the side of a steep hill, overhung by huge rocks, encircled by a wide forest, and possessing views of such mingled grandeur and loveliness that already I fear my inherited artistic instincts will get the better of my determination to do nothing but decipher ancient manuscripts, and that I shall forget wholly my intention to become an historian, in the irresistible desire to imprison some of these varied landscapes on canvas.

"The interior of the chateau is worthy of its massive front and noble surroundings.

Everything is on a grand scale, and the furnishing displays a princely luxury tempered by a taste fairly severe in its correctness. There are splendid leather hangings which date back to the best days of Cordova, marvelous oak settles, cabinets, and bridal chests, a wealth of marbles and bronzes, but no frippery, no gilding; and all the modern accessories are in keeping with these treasures of the past.

"As for the duchess and her daughter, they certainly belong to some supernal paradise, and have come down temporarily to make the happiness of the charming husband and father. I must begin with my introduction to Mademoiselle Mina, whom I met the first of the three, in a manner as unexpected as it was delightful.

"I had grown tired of my long night's journey in the diligence, and this morning early hired a post-chaise at Goesting for the remaining eight miles. After perhaps an hour's drive, I was tempted by the sight of a winding path which the postillion assured me would shorten the route to a pleasant walk, adding that I could not lose the way if I tried, so I quickly descended and let the chaise go on with my luggage.

"I had a picturesque stroll of two miles through the forest, then I emerged on a broad plateau which commanded a fine view of the chateau in the middle distance. Close by me, in the shadow of a group of oaks, two ladies were seated on camp-stools, the elder reading aloud while her companion worked at a sketch in water-colors with a swiftness and ease which marked a practiced hand.

"She sat there with her face turned so that I could see it plainly, as I stood screened from sight by the trunk of a tree. She resembled my uncle's picture of Goethe's 'Marguerite' so much that I am inclined to think he must have had her photograph by him while painting that lovely countenance. There was the same low white fore-

head, the same innocent expression, the same sweet smile, and, to complete the likeness, down her shoulders hung two long braids of golden hair. But, as I studied the face, I perceived the difference between it and that of the picture. The complexion was more transparent, the features more delicate. Then, too, this girl had an indescribable air of elegance remarkable at her age; a Marguerite, I admit, but no peasant maiden—a Marguerite with fourteen quarters at least.

"The elder lady might have been thirty. She was a dimpled little brunette, with bright eyes, a musical voice, and an air of innocence and romance which, unlike as the two were, gave her a species of resemblance to her beautiful charge.

"I felt so certain they must be Mademoiselle de Rosenthal and her governess or companion, that, when I had feasted my eyes for a few moments on the enchanting tableau they presented, I marched forward, hat in hand, and asked to have the route to the chateau pointed out. The question, I must admit, sounded singularly superfluous, since the path was as easy to trace as a road in the Bois de Boulogne; but I could think of no more brilliant fashion of introducing myself.

"The lovely blonde gave me one glance and leaned toward her companion, saying in a rapid whisper: 'Our Frenchman!' Then, while the elder lady politely gave me sundry unnecessary directions, the girl's great blue eyes studied me with undisguised curiosity. Suddenly she exclaimed: 'Mademoiselle, we can take monsieur with us in the carriage.' She looked at me again with a bewitching little laugh, and added with the simple directness of a child: 'I am sure you are the Parisian papa is expecting—Monsieur Gaston Bernard, I mean.'

"'That is my name,' I said, nor was I ever more pleased to claim my rightful cognomen.

"'And I am Mina de Rosenthal,' she rejoined, 'and this is my dear friend Mademoiselle Dumont. I am so glad you have come, monsieur! Papa was wondering last night if you could not reach us to-day. Do you want to go on at once? If you are not too tired, I would like to finish my sketch.'

"I hastened to declare my entire willingness to wait as long as she might desire: so she threw a shawl over the root of a tree

at the side of her camp-stool, and said unceremoniously: 'Then sit down, please; I shall have done in a very little while.'

"For a moment, I felt fairly disconcerted by this Arcadian simplicity, so unlike the affected timidity of most Parisian girls; but Mademoiselle Mina chattered on in a delightful fashion, asking me unhesitatingly all sorts of questions about my book, my drawings, my uncle's pictures, and himself, whom she had remembered having seen when a child. In the meanwhile, her governess sat smilingly by, evidently not in the least surprised by the young lady's freedom of speech and manner; a freedom, be it remembered, like that of a child, not a woman.

"When the sketch was done, she demanded my honest criticism, and I gave her advice about lightening a mass of foliage that was somewhat too heavy. She insisted on my taking her seat and making the change. While I worked, she leaned over me, following every stroke of my brush with the attention of a diligent pupil. I will confess that my eyes grew a little bewildered at seeing, each time I looked up, that fresh candid young face so close to my own that I could feel her breath on my cheek.

"When I had finished, Mademoiselle Mina joyfully declared that I had made her pet tree look living, and called on her governess to praise the effect. Then she quickly gathered her sketching materials together, and, before I could take them from her hands, ran down a path into the wood, calling on us to follow. At the foot of a steep declivity, an open carriage was waiting, and in this we drove toward the chateau.

"Presently, at a turn in the road, we saw a gentleman on horseback, riding swiftly along a route to the left, and Mademoiselle Mina called in German at the top of her voice: 'Papa! papa! we have found your French friend, and are taking him home with us.'

"This was my sufficiently unceremonious presentation to the Duke de Rosenthal; but I doubt if he heard, though he waved his hat as he rode on, while Mademoiselle Dumont explained that he was in haste to catch the noon diligence, by which he wished to send dispatches.

"At length, we reached the chateau, which owns a portcullis that gives admittance to an immense court-yard, at the further extremity

of which a lofty flight of steps, guarded by two immense bronze lions, conducts to the grand entrance-hall.

"'Welcome to Rosenthal!' cried Mademoiselle Mina, extending her hand as we crossed the threshold. 'Now, monsieur, I must take you at once to mamma; she will be delighted to see you. She is a Pole, and dotes on French people.' I ventured to suggest that I was very dusty and tumbled, and, as my luggage must have arrived, it might be well to make some change of toilette before presenting myself to the duchess; but the merciless young creature exclaimed quickly: 'Never mind your dress; you will have plenty of time to show yourself attired in the latest mode.'

"There was a perceptible mockery in her tone, which cut my excuses short; and I followed her in silence down a long corridor with oak wainscotings on which were carved episodes from the Old Testament, in a fashion peculiar to an early era of the Middle Ages, with bizarre human figures and apocryphal quadrupeds.

"'Look at all the odd beasts,' cried Mademoiselle Mina. 'They look like ever so many of our neighbors; when you have made acquaintance about here, you will see the resemblance.'

"She made a comically grave reverence before a tall unicorn, saying: 'Madame la princesse, I have the honor to salute you!' Then she added: 'The living image, I assure you, monsieur; only wait till you meet the stately dame—who, by the by, holds me in horror!'

"We crossed a square antechamber and reached two heavily curtained doors which a waiting lackey opened, and my conductress called unceremoniously:

"'Mamma, I have brought Monsieur Bernard. I told him that being a Frenchman was the surest possible passport to your favor.'

"We were standing in a great room, hung and furnished with ancient Genoese damask as rare as it was gorgeous. In the centre of the apartment, in an ebony easy-chair encrusted with silver carvings, sat one of the loveliest women I ever saw. She was an exquisite blonde, with tender dreamy blue eyes, and did not look a day over six-and-twenty.

"Several women coquettishly dressed in

Polish costumes were seated near, and she and they were busy with an immense piece of embroidery of lilies and roses on a background of white silk, which I learned was intended as a gift for the most famous pilgrim church in all Austria. The picture carried my fancy centuries back; it seemed to me that I must be bowing before some chatelaine of the days of the Crusades, who, during her lord's absence in the Holy Land, was seeking to propitiate the saints in his behalf.

"I felt uncomfortably modern and commonplace, but the duchess received me with an encouraging frankness that bore no resemblance to the coquetry which so often appears the interpretation women of the world give to the phrase cordiality.

"We talked for half an hour about Paris, the late war, and our misfortunes, for which she displayed the warmest sympathy. I confess that, though I secretly smiled, I was pleased to see her, when she mentioned Bismarck's name, make a rapid sign of the cross, as if conjuring an evil spirit.

"Suddenly the doors opened and the groom of the chambers announced the duke, who entered with a grace at once easy and soldierly. He bowed before his wife and kissed her hand with an air of passionate adoration that was plainly quite unconscious, then he gave me a welcome so hearty that one would have supposed my visit was really a favor. He is a splendid specimen of a man: fifty, perhaps; his hair somewhat gray, his eyes blue as steel, a superb profile, and an air of distinction I have seldom seen approached.

"He talked to me of my uncle, for whom he has evidently an attachment as sincere as his admiration for his talent. Then he made interested inquiries about my proposed work. In the midst of our conversation, the dressing-bell rang, and we both took leave of the duchess.

"As we passed down the corridor, my host began abruptly to talk of his wife and daughter, as well as of Mademoiselle Dumont. I did not ask questions; from the first, it seemed to me that he had a motive in all he said—a reason for making this frank declaration in regard to his domestic affairs.

"'You have seen my treasures,' he observed. 'My wife is a civilized angel, my daughter an angel in the savage state, in which I desire to preserve her as long as

possible. Eve, before she left the Garden, was not more innocent or more fearless.'

"'She is like my uncle's Marguerite,' I said, 'but a Marguerite with royal quarterings instead of a simple peasant maid.'

"'Charming!' he cried. 'I shall tell her mother—who, by the way, is scarcely less innocent of this world's wicked ways. I am always amused, when we go to Vienna, to watch the duchess's utter unconsciousness of the incense that all the society gallants try to burn on her altar. Outside of her love for Mina and myself, she has only two passions—one is for beggars, the other for proscribed Poles! Agreeable illusions which help to empty my purse, but I don't complain.'

"'I should think not,' was all I ventured to respond.

"'The fourth in our little party, and a most useful as well as agreeable adjunct, is Mademoiselle Dumont,' continued the duke. 'She has been with us ten years—since Mina was under eight. She is a trusted friend and the best of women. She passes her time in study, in teaching my daughter, and working for charity and the Church. She was only nineteen when she joined us; she was engaged to a young Russian lieutenant, who wanted to be a captain before he took a wife.'

"'And he is still waiting promotion?'

"'Oh, no; though she is still waiting for him. She believes that he was compromised in a conspiracy against the Czar, and sent to Siberia; she hopes and prays. I have discovered that he is married and a father of a family; has left the service, and lives on the lands of his rich wife near Warsaw. If I were to tell this to Mademoiselle Dumont, she would not believe me; if I proved it to her, she would break her heart. So I keep silence and leave her to her dream. I assure you, she is the third celestial spirit that brightens my roof.'

"'To say that you are fortunate in your possessions would be too commonplace,' I responded.

"'But true,' he replied. 'As for your humble servant, I am only a soldier; that is, all that can be imagined of what is most unangelic and most unromantic, but at least I can boast of being a faithful friend to those who deserve my friendship.'

"Then he showed me to my rooms and

left me. As the door closed behind him, I thought:

"'A word to the wise is sufficient. Never was a warning more neatly and pleasantly given. A charming wife, a bewitching daughter, a delightful governess! Admire all three—enjoy their society; but remember the seventeen quarterings of the Rosenthals, and respect the illusion of the constant demoiselle.'

"'Seventeen quarterings! No, I shall not forget, monsieur the duke! Yet somehow an unaccountable sadness stole over me; it came back again and again during the gay talk of the evening; it haunts me still, as I sit here writing these lines.

"'But what folly, to indulge in a sadness that can offer no reason for its existence! Seventeen quarterings, and two royal blazons among them! Verily, this youthful pearl of beauty is enshrined in a dazzling setting; but that need not hinder my admiring her at a respectful distance.'

CHAPTER II.

THAT same evening, Mademoiselle Mina opened a diary which she kept with more or less regularity, and set down certain details of the day and her opinion thereon.

"One of my bullfinches died of the pip this morning," she wrote. "This afternoon, papa's Frenchman arrived, and he pleases me very well indeed. Mamma pronounced him a charming young man, but that is mamma's formula for all the young men who climb up to Rosenthal; which proves that she never takes the trouble to notice any of them.

"Now, in my judgment, this Frenchman does not in the least resemble the stereotyped 'charming young man,' always old and always new, differing only in the cut of a waistcoat or the color of a scarf. What pleases me in Monsieur Gaston Bernard is a something peculiar to himself which I cannot define, though it is so evident. I think one often feels things of which it would be impossible to give an explanation.'

Mademoiselle Mina's intuitions had gone straight to the truth: Gaston Bernard was so unlike the ordinary specimen of modern youth, that he seemed fairly a type by himself. He had the artist temperament and was full of originality, strength, and independence, so could not fail to stand out in

bold relief from the courtly society to which the girl was accustomed, in which only half-tones were considered correct, and whose devotees would sooner have been considered wanting in intellect than in good form.

It was quite natural that Mademoiselle de Rosenthal should be attracted by the newcomer's unlikeness to the men she had met; for, by some inexplicable miracle, this creature, whose genealogy counted the proudest names in all Germany, had been born with a horror of etiquette and ceremony, and irreverently styled their aristocratic neighbors "bats and owls."

She had an imaginary critic whose pardon she was always asking after any thoughtless speech, and, not long before Bernard's arrival, greatly amused her father by kissing some flowers which she had just bought of a beggar, and then crying out to her invisible Mentor in comically pretended terror:

"Pardon me, Aunt Twilight; I will ask for a finger-bowl as soon as I get in the house."

Without counting this and other shadowy personages, Mademoiselle Mina possessed three Mentors in flesh and blood—three solemn and awful ladies, her grand-aunts: who, during their visits at the chateau, always tried to teach their youthful relative "correct deportment," to use their favorite phrase, and only received severe metaphorical scratches in return for their solicitude.

In vain did the duke and duchess, when called on to interfere, endeavor to assume airs of severity; for these were quickly dispelled by the doleful mien that wicked little Mina would assume, as she walked up and down the salons, while an aunt marched majestically on either side, and the third stately spinster gave directions as to the carriage of her head, the pose of her arms, and the length of her steps.

These lessons usually ended in such open mockery on the part of the pupil, such undisguised caricaturing of the three relatives in turn, that the duke would be forced to rush off, in order to hide his laughter. The duchess would stand her ground, reprove Mina, and admit she lacked dignity; but her sorrowful tone was so evidently assumed that the noble relatives in private blamed her more severely than they did her daughter.

When Mina was about thirteen, the oldest

of the sisters believed that she had at length discovered the reason why this daughter of the Rosenthals showed herself infected by "the wickedness of radical theories and a degradingly republican spirit." She found, after diligent inquiry, that Mina's nurse had had a Polish father, but a French mother, who had been a sixteenth cousin to Danton. This nurse was still employed at the chateau, and the spinster had her summoned and bitterly reproached her for having dared to nourish a descendant of the Rosenthals on milk so tainted and accursed.

However, in spite of this drop of poisoned blood in her blue veins, Mademoiselle Mina had grown up tranquilly in the midst of earnest and well-directed study, varied by pleasures as innocent as they were simple. Gradually, as she advanced toward womanhood, while preserving her charming naturalness and child-like candor, she developed a graciousness and gentle dignity of manner, when circumstances demanded, which even her disapproving great-aunts were forced to admire, though of course giving themselves and their unwearied exertions credit therefor.

The admirable course of instruction pursued by Mademoiselle Dumont had so thoroughly developed the brilliant intellectual qualities of her pupil, that, although not quite eighteen, she was an earnest student and a well-educated girl. Latin and Greek she read with ease, spoke French without accent, and was almost as familiar with English, Spanish, and Italian as with her native German. Added to these accomplishments, she possessed an absolute genius for the piano, and sketched both figures and landscapes with a fidelity and dash really surprising at her age. She was a splendid horsewoman, and could exercise for hours without feeling fatigue, as her supple young frame, naturally strong, had been healthily developed by wise physical training.

But the crowning charm of this winning and gifted creature was her perfect candor and utter unconsciousness of her own beauty. Even yet it must be admitted that, though she had learned on occasion "to play the great lady," as she said, she was given to all sorts of madcap freaks and escapades.

One of the park keepers declared that, since her seventeenth birthday, he had surprised mademoiselle perched on a branch of a tall tree, examining a bird's nest; but

everybody in the chateau religiously kept this indiscreet revelation from the ears of the great-aunts, though the duchess never felt certain the audacious damsel might not herself sometime avow the truth, just for the satisfaction of horrifying her august relatives.

This was the girl with whom Gaston Bernard was to be thrown into intimate relations during a period of several weeks. At twentyseven years of age, Gaston had already given proofs of possessing talents as versatile as they were superior. He had the rare—and, as a rule, unfortunate—ability to do many things well. So far, he had succeeded in everything he had undertaken, and in painting and literature had produced several works which had attracted much attention; though, oddly enough, considering how pronounced was his imaginative faculty, his literary efforts had taken either a scientific or an historical form, and as an Oriental scholar he already ranked among reliable authorities.

The man's indomitable will had early given him thorough self-mastery, and beneath his gay spirits and laughing cynicism dwelt a spirit fairly feminine in its conception of purity. He had never been in love, save with his ideal. Like Pygmalion, he had his statue, to which each day he added some new charm. However much this invisible Galatea might vary at times in other minor details, she was always a simple country-girl, without fortune or rank, who was to owe everything to his care and adoration.

The morning after his arrival at the chateau, the image of his Galatea kept rising between him and the pages of the old books which the duke's secretary had spread out on a table in the library; but Galatea had suddenly changed the color of her tresses. These had been raven in hue, only a week before; now he perceived that the waving locks were bright as spun gold, and her eyes, instead of black, were blue as sapphires.

Toward luncheon-time, he left his books and went out into the garden, perhaps to see how his abruptly transformed goddess would look by daylight. He had not been there long when a page brought a message from Mademoiselle Mina, requesting him to come to her study, to look at some drawings of which she had spoken the evening before.

He found the young student and her

governess seated in an octagon room, whose open windows commanded a view of the lake and a stream that poured down the hillside in a succession of cascades.

Mina greeted him with a friendly bow, while Mademoiselle Dumont begged his indulgence for a few moments, as the lesson was not quite finished. He sat down and listened as the pupil explained, with the clearness of a learned doctor, that "rationalism was an abuse of the spirit of philosophy." She went gravely on, apparently unconscious of his presence after that first greeting, and to Gaston's secret amusement he perceived that, while so clearly expounding the theory she had studied, her dainty fingers had twisted her pocket-handkerchief into the shape of a rat, with which she played as she talked. Her serious countenance and the little wrinkle of thought between her delicately arched brows made so piquant a contrast to her sport that Bernard longed for a pencil and sketch-book. As he followed her answers and remarks, which revealed earnest reflection and an intimate knowledge of her subject, Bernard said to himself:

"A man's intelligence and a child's simplicity! So has my ideal; she has golden hair and blue eyes, too—they resemble each other! Attention, heart! But luckily this one is noble, an heiress, while my Galatea is poor, friendless, alone in the world, except for my love and care."

Mademoiselle Mina finished a brilliant peroration on the usefulness of philosophy, then suddenly tossed her rat into the air and exclaimed:

"Luncheon-time, thank goodness! I am so hungry that I could not have held out another five minutes; I should certainly have devoured my handkerchief! Good-morning, Monsieur Bernard! The sketches must wait. Come, come—both of you!"

At table, without the least hesitation, the young lady asked the guest to accompany her on her ride; and when, before replying, Bernard glanced toward the duchess, that lady smiled approval and the duke said laughingly:

"Mina has already adopted you into her order of Freemasons, Monsieur Gaston; I pity you, but cannot interfere. Then, too, I am selfish: while she tyrannizes over you, I shall get a little respite."

"You do not mind, monsieur?" demanded the girl, with a smile which no man could have resisted.

"I am only too grateful," he replied.

As he spoke, he looked at the father, meaning his words to show that he had fully comprehended the reason for the explanations that gentleman had offered on the previous evening. The duke's face showed he caught his guest's intention, as he answered slowly:

"I am the richer by a new friend; I must write and thank your uncle."

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning, Bernard began his researches, in which Mademoiselle Mina had frankly volunteered her assistance.

"Butterfly as she is, you will find her as indefatigable as a little book-moth. Her patience in hunting through old manuscripts never gives way," was the duke's remark, which contained, his guest understood, a permission to accept the proffered service.

This was the commencement of several idyllic weeks: in which, however, Bernard accomplished much serious work—finding, as her father had predicted, that his beautiful aid was as unwearying as she was useful. During at least two hours each day, and oftener longer, she helped him either by copying manuscripts, or hunting for books, or relating from her store of legends some tale which accentuated and gave a local color to the particular epoch whereof he chanced to be writing.

Nominally, Mademoiselle Dumont acted as chaperon; but she was often absent. Frequently the duke or the duchess would look in on the engrossed pair, with a few interested remarks about the forthcoming book; but Bernard soon decided that even an English or American girl could hardly have been allowed more independence of action than this noble-born young German maiden.

Sometimes Mina would be perched on a step-ladder, eagerly hunting for some volume she had suddenly remembered; then, without warning, she would spring down, carry her prize over to the table at which Bernard sat, and, in displaying it, would bend so close over him that her hair touched his cheek, while he neglected his task and occasionally almost forgot his prudence in the delightful intoxication of the moment.

There were daily rides on horseback, walks among the hills with Mademoiselle Dumont, or drives with the duchess, followed by long delightful evenings of domesticity which gave the solitary Bernard a new and captivating idea of home. The days flew, and, when three weeks had passed, the young man wrote one night in his diary:

"Woman in intelligence, child in innocence—no fancy could have imagined a combination so rare and so bewitching. So far as she is concerned, her father's warning to me was not needed. She has a heart, but it has not yet awakened—it is not ready to rouse from its sleep."

"A proud creature at bottom, I think—unconsciously the laws of heredity will control her! What she calls her radicalism is only independence of spirit, a horror of the conventional. She dreams, as she told her father and me the other evening, of some unfortunate proscribed hero who is to fulfill her ideal. Ah, it is clear that her refugee would need the jewels of a coronet on his forehead!

"I am nothing in her life, beyond an agreeable distraction; I shall remain only a pleasant souvenir. It is plain that she likes me—she avows it on all occasions with that graceful candor which is one of her greatest charms. Only two days ago, as we were out walking, she said to me suddenly:

"When you are back again in your Paris and are seized by what you call one of your black hours, if your soul shivers under the monotony and cold, you must send it to Rosenthal; there will always be a warm corner ready for the visitor."

"Ah, it required all my courage to keep silence. Fool, how dare you even think that? And still several weeks of this delightful torment before I can finish the work I want to do. Come, Gaston, be a man—at least, do not be obliged to despise yourself! Yes, Mina, I shall think of you in the dark hours, but only as one might think of a beautiful sister gone to paradise."

Her head filled with marvelous chronicles, her soul aglow with generous chimeras, Mademoiselle de Rosenthal knew as little about the actual life of the ordinary world as if she belonged to another sphere. She believed only in what was good, tender, and sincere. The young girls whom she liked were angels—older women, perfection; and

often, when she aired her opinions, Bernard sighed to think that somewhere in the future this beautiful realm of illusions must be rudely dispelled.

"But let her keep her dreams," the duchess said to him, one day. "Leave her faith undisturbed. Who knows? Look at me: I believed and hoped everything at her age, and I have not been disappointed; fate has converted all my hopes into realized joys."

And Bernard said to himself:

"She is right. Why should not the daughter be as fortunate as the mother, and meet a love that will guard her with jealous solicitude from the corruptions and troubles of life?"

Away down in the bottom of his heart, it irritated the young man to remember that this happiness must be the care of another than himself; but he refused gallantly to admit the fact, and assured his conscience he rejoiced to think that sometime the beautiful creature would encounter the true prince. As for him, was he not to go away when this enchanting episode had reached its appointed length? Very soon now, must not the final parting come between him, plain bourgeois, and this heiress of a ducal house? Why should he revolt against destiny? Why court wretchedness by warring against the inevitable?

So the days fled, and each new morning seemed brighter and more unreal than its predecessors. The enchanted weeks slipped on until two whole months had gone, and Bernard's stay was nearly at an end.

The duke had been obliged to go to Vienna, and, in one of her letters to him, the duchess wrote:

"Monsieur Bernard grows on me continually; he is as good and honest as he is gifted. His attitude toward Mina is perfect; solicitous as that of a brother, and as staid as a grandfather's. As for her, she delights in his society and shows it so frankly that, as you said, we need have no fear. Yet this companionship has caused a certain change in the child—she is more of a woman. The time cannot be distant when that heart of hers will wake. If only, in point of birth and fortune, we can find for her a husband who will be as worthy, as fit a mate, as this youthful genius is in mind and imagination!

"I will make a confession for you alone:

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If there were many bourgeois of France like Gaston Bernard, I think that misalliances in the Faubourg St. Germain would risk becoming rather frequent."

If this letter had fallen under the eyes of her daughter or of the young Frenchman, what would have happened?

For the one, it might have proved a light to startle her soul into a consciousness of an unsuspected truth; for the other, an encouragement, in spite of his stern practical sense.

But neither ever saw the indiscreet avowal, and to the last Mina de Rosenthal remained utterly unaware why, into the midst of her gayest moods, a vague sadness would at times intrude, as new as it was inexplicable, at once troubling and sweet. As for Bernard, the fear that he might in some fashion betray the secret which he had ceased to disguise from his soul would often, as the time for his departure drew near, render his manner almost cold for a little. Mina noticed this and explained it in her own fashion.

"Monsieur Bernard begins to feel homesick for Paris," she said to Mademoiselle Dumont; "I flattered myself that he liked us all too well for that to happen."

"He likes us all as much as suits the temporary connection between him and us," the governess replied, quietly. "It may be years before he will meet us again—very likely never. He proposes to visit the East in the autumn; to go then to Australia—America—to pass, indeed, several years in traveling."

"Yes, I know," Mina answered, dreamily. "Ah, well, we shall not forget him, and I do not believe he will forget us; I must ask."

"It might hurt him to have you imply a doubt," mademoiselle said, wisely refraining from offering any stronger objection.

"You are right—it might. No, I will not ask," Mina answered, with a sigh for which she could not have accounted, had it by any chance occurred to her to try.

CHAPTER IV.

THE first of September came; Bernard's visit was at an end.

The duke had hurried back from Vienna on purpose to see him before he went, and the entire household united in lamentations over the necessity for the guest's departure. What added to the general sadness was the fact of which Mademoiselle Dumont had a short time before reminded her pupil:

none of them were likely to see their new friend for an indefinitely long period.

"But we shall read your book," the duke said; "we shall rejoice over your rapidly growing reputation. In whatever distant spot you may be, remember always that at Rosenthal you are not forgotten."

"I have to thank you for so much kindness," Bernard said, in a shaky voice.

"And I have to thank you; we are quits," rejoined the host.

At this instant, the door of the library opened and Mademoiselle Mina entered, attired in her riding-habit.

"I shall ride by the carriage to the station," she explained; "that will give me another half-hour with Monsieur Bernard."

So, for the last time, Bernard lifted her into the saddle and arranged the folds of her amazon.

"Nobody ever helped me up so well—not even you, papa," was the only remark she made.

She rode close to the open landau, along the shady road that wound through the oak forest. She was somewhat pale, and her lips were slightly compressed. Bernard watched her with a bursting heart, while some unseen tormentor seemed to moan in his ear:

"You are leaving happiness behind! You are losing forever the ideal of your youth! Look at her well! This is the soul kindred to your own; this is the bride you might have won, had fate been kinder! You are leaving her forever!"

They talked little, but neither was conscious of the long breaks between their conversation; they had long before reached that point of mutual comprehension in which silence has its own eloquent language.

Suddenly a long silvery thread from a spider's web floated toward Mina; she put out her hand, dexterously caught and laid it on Bernard's shoulder.

"I told you our mountain superstition," she said, with the pensive smile her lips had learned during the past weeks: "a thread from a spider's web, lighting on one's shoulder when starting on a journey, means good luck."

"I shall owe mine to you, in that case," he answered, quietly, clasping his hands hard over the stick he held, to keep them from snatching the ungloved fingers which rested for an instant on his sleeve. "I offer you my thanks in advance."

"You are sure to have good fortune," she said, "if my wishes can avail. One would like all the happiness in the world, just to give it to one's friends."

And the secret voice whispered in Bernard's ear:

"And she can give you nothing! Between you there's a barrier as high as the Egyptian Pyramids and cruel as death—a barrier of blazoned genealogies and untold millions."

They traversed the village and reached the station just as the train arrived. There was only space for hurried adieus, and, had there been, they must have remained unspoken; the final moment overwhelmed both.

"Adieu, Mademoiselle Mina," Bernard exclaimed, brokenly, "adieu!"

He could not add a word. Without speaking, Mina stretched out her hands; as he grasped them, he saw two tears glitter on her eyelashes. In another moment, she was galloping down the road, and Bernard stood there alone. The summer idyl had come to an end.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOY.

BY LILLIAN FOSTER.

A BIRD within the blue expanse
Is warbling full and clear,
Its melody so sweet enchants
And thrills the listening ear.

A song-bird in my happy heart
Is singing blithe and free,
To heaven it doth its joy impart
In unvoiced melody.

Ah, happy bird, whose joyous lay
Rings clear in ether blue!
Ah, happy heart, who all the day
Echoes a song as true!

Kind heaven, who hears the bird's voice clear
Ring out in sweet refrain,
Bends low a gracious list'ning ear
To catch my heart's glad strain.

PILLOWS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

BY M. E. PAUL.

THE approach of summer days and the season for lounging in hammocks and on those wide couches suggests pillows first of all. They are too expensive, do you say? No; you can measure your expenditure by the depth of your purse, and perhaps you may even prefer the inexpensive one that you can make from simple materials to your neighbor's more costly one.

Let us suppose that you want to make one of those generous cushions for the back of your wide couch, that will be big enough to suggest comfort as well as decoration. Perhaps you have a dollar to spend, besides some of the materials that almost everyone has in the house. Bolton sheeting is a very favorite material for sofa-pillows; but, as you are going to be very economical, I will whisper a secret to you. Do not use the Bolton sheeting for any purpose where only one side will show; you will find that the twill side of canton flannel will look just as well and be ever so much cheaper.

A yard and a half of canton flannel will make the material for your pillow cost only eighteen cents. Not very extravagant, is it? If you can draw, perhaps you can design some conventional pattern to put in one corner of your pillow; and, if you are not able to do that, it may be that some friend has a pattern that you can copy with tracing-paper. If not, you will have to get it stamped, and of course that will make your pillow a little more expensive.

Outline it neatly in red linen floss, which is almost as effective as rope silk and very inexpensive. Get six dozen brass rings, about as large around as a penny, and crochet them with red floss or knitting-silk, if you have any on hand. After all the rings are covered, sew them together so that they will form a triangle. Fasten the two straight sides of this triangle to two sides of your decorated square, so that it will fill the corner that is opposite to the outlined design. You can begin to see already what a pretty pillow you are going to have, with very little work or expense.

Now make a pillow of strong muslin, a little more than twentyseven inches square, and fill it carefully so that it will be of a good shape. Cut a square for the top and bottom, and make the sides of strips of muslin five or six inches wide. Of course, curled hair would be the nicest material with which to fill this pillow; but, as this would be altogether too expensive unless you had it in the house, I will tell you a substitute. Excelsior, of which every housekeeper has some stored away, will do very nicely.

After your pillow is filled and you have been careful to see that it is perfectly even, take some Turkey-red twill and cut it into strips a little wider than the strips that form the sides of your pillow, and put a full puffing of this red all around the sides of the pillow. Cover fortyeight more rings, a little smaller than those on the top of the pillow. Make a hem an inch wide around the square of canton flannel that you are going to use for the top of your pillow, and hem the remaining square for the back. Sew the rings firmly around these two squares at equal distances.

Get eight or ten yards of the cable cord that is used by dress-makers and costs a cent a yard, and dip it in weak coffee, so it will match the unbleached shade of the canton flannel. Lace the two squares together over the Turkey-red puffing, and your cushion will be complete.

Denim is a very inexpensive material, and a great many artistic things can be made out of it. It is only fifteen cents a yard, and is strong and durable. You can get it in two colors, blue and brown, either of which is equally pretty for decoration. A spider's-web, outlined in white linen floss in one corner, is a very pretty decoration which does not require much work. Across the opposite corner, a piece of netting should be stretched, and you will be charmed with the result. If you can net, you can make the netting of linen floss to match the outlining; but, if you do not possess this accomplishment, you can buy a crab-net for ten cents,

and cut out a triangle that will answer your purpose nicely. These nets are made of cream-white cord, that is very effective on the dull-blue of the denim. This pillow may be finished around the edge with a white cord, or it may be laced over a white cushion, as the former pillow was finished. A pilot's-wheel or any other simple design may be put in the place of the spider's-web.

As inexpensive a material as black sateen or even black silesia may be utilized, and will make such a pretty cushion that no one will stop to consider the cheapness of the covering. A conventional design may be outlined on it with yellow floss, and it may be puffed over a yellow cushion, or little buttercups may be worked on it with filofloss.

The coarse huckaback toweling that comes on purpose for fancy-work will make a very pretty cushion, but it should not be undertaken unless one has plenty of time to spend upon it. A design should be stamped upon it, something that is not very large in its pattern, and this should be outlined in rope silk. The remainder of the surface should be darned either in filo-floss or rope silk. The same shade may be used or a contrasting

one, as you prefer. Huckaback is a very easy material to darn, for all you have to do is to take up the raised threads on your needle, and each row alternates these raised threads and makes a very pretty appearance.

If your design is large, fill in the figures with white silk, or work them with heavy outline in the white, in the method that is called the "long and short stitch." I saw one worked in orange silk, and it was very beautiful. It is very durable, and, if worked in washing-silks, can be washed when soiled. The washing-silk not only can be washed without danger of the color running, but it does not fade in the sunlight, as other silk does. The back of this cushion may be made either of the huckaback or of China silk or sateen, of the same color as the silk with which the cushion is worked.

Even this last cushion, showy as it seems, is comparatively inexpensive, for it is the amount of work on it that constitutes its chief charm. Try one of these cushions, girls, and I think you will find that you could not make a better investment of the money that might find its way into the candy-store and vanish in an afternoon in the shape of caramels.

A CHERRY LUNCHEON.

BY E. A. MATTHEWS.

The table was profusely decorated with red flowers, and on a red satin centre-piece covered with lace was set a large cut-glass bowl filled to overflowing with branches of ripe cherries, nestled among green leaves.

By each plate lay a card tied with a bow of cherry-colored satin ribbon, bearing the name of a guest written in deep-red ink, along with some motto, such as: "Oh, cherry-time is a merry time," "By its fruit shall the tree be known," "Babies are too young to choose, cherries are too sour to use," "Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy boy?"

The bill of fare was simple, the color of the viands red, or as nearly so as possible. Tomato soup was followed by a lobster omelette, made after the following recipe: For each person, one well-beaten egg, one tablespoonful of sweet cream, a pinch of salt and pepper; cook on top of the stove, in a porcelain-lined dish; sprinkle thickly with finely broken bits of lobster, previously heated in cream and thoroughly seasoned.

The third course was veal loaf, garnished with sliced red beets and accompanied by hot rolls and red currant jelly; next came a salad of sweetbreads with a mayonnaise dressing and decorated with crimson nasturtiums. Edam cheese was chosen, on account of its red outside.

The sweets were cherry jelly, whipped cream, and iced cakes decorated with candied cherries. There was also a platter of cherry-sticks—twigs stripped of all the leaves except a few on the ends, and having ripe cherries tied closely about them with satin ribbon of the same color.

A recipe for candied cherries may be useful, so I will close with one: Drop the seeded fruit into a thick syrup, and boil for a few minutes. Remove from stove, and let the whole mixture stand for two or three days. Then drain the cherries out of the syrup, and set them in the sun. When dry, sprinkle with sugar and put away in a dark cool place.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, Etc.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is one of the newest style of dresses for cool summer days. It is of dark-blue albatross. The skirt is of the length now so fashionable, and is trimmed around shorter in front than at the back, and is slashed. The sleeves button on the outside of the arm. For additional warmth, a cape can be added like that of our model, having a standing collar lined with dark-red silk, and a deep box-plaited ruffle trimmed with the silk.



No 1.

the bottom of the front with a band of dark-blue and red plaid silk. The bodice is slightly full at the neck, a broad band of the plaid silk coming from under the arms to a point in front. The basque skirt is



No. 2.

No. 2—Shows a new and simple way of making a morning-dress. The original is of dove-gray camel's-hair of light quality. At (535)

the back, it is cut *Princesse* style, in one piece from the neck to the bottom, where there is a very short train. In front, it may be made in one piece or joined under the pointed belt, which is edged on either side with small ball-fringe of the color of the dress. The triple capes—which are slightly full—and the cuffs are also trimmed with the balls.

No. 3—Is a blouse bodice of terra-cotta surah. The full waist is fastened under a

dresses for the purpose. All the materials mentioned cast off dust and look much better



No. 3.

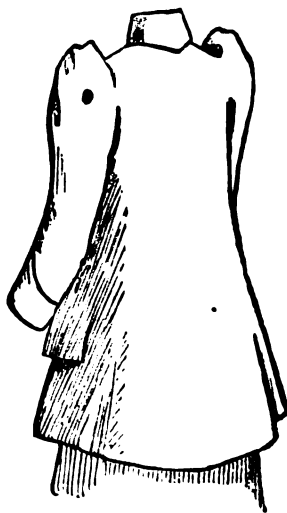
broad belt of the surah striped with black, and the open collar corresponds. The sleeves are wide, with a loose ruffle at the wrists.

No. 4—Is a model of one of the many new-style petticoats now so fashionable. White cotton petticoats are seldom seen on the streets now, and, by the rich and luxurious, striped silks, plain silks, and changeable silks are universally worn. Those less favored of fortune use moreen, colored alpacas, and mohairs, or utilize old silk



No. 4.

after a long walk than a white petticoat does. Our model is trimmed with three pinked flounces. At the back, the fullness is held



No. 5.

in by a casing ornamented by a ribbon bow.

No. 5—Shows one of the very latest things in summer jackets. Instead of the close-fitting Louis XV and Louis XVI garments so long worn, as the warmer weather comes on, looser wraps are desirable, and Paris and London have set us the example of having cooler jackets. There are no seams back or front. In front, it fits the figure snugly, but having no darts to draw it close to the waist.

ered. The sash is of twilled silk, and can be either white, coral, or blue, as may suit



No. 6

Our model is of tan-colored cloth, of very light color and weight, suitable for the cool days that occasionally come upon us at this season of the year.

No. 6—Is a simple way of making a girl's frock. The material is of white sateen, and the skirt is trimmed with a flounce of the same, buttonholed and studded with dots in coral and corn-flower blue cotton. The yoke and sleeves are edged with ruffles done like the flounces. The collar is also embroid-



No. 7.

the fancy. It has a windmill bow at the side. A pretty figured chintz would look well, in place of the embroidery.



No. 8.

No. 7—Is a dress for a small boy. It is made of one of the handsome new plaid



No. 9.

ginghams, is bias and laid in kilt-plaits. It is quite as pretty, made the straight way of the material. The wide collar is edged with embroidery, and the full sleeves have cuffs of the same.

No. 8—Shows us a pretty sun-bonnet for a child, reminding us of the days of our great-grandmothers, but prettier than those were, because made of such beautiful materials. Our model is of delicate blue batiste, edged with embroidery or torchon lace. Rose-pink is also becoming to a child. Imagine the blue eyes peering out of such quaint bonnets, or the brown ones from beneath a corn-colored one.

No. 9—Gives a pretty pattern of a boy's suit. The skirt and collar are of plaid gingham, and the plain loose blouse is of dark-blue chintz. Sailor hat, with blue or plaid ribbon.

BABY'S BLANKET.

Our colored plate in the front of the book gives a design for a dainty cover for baby's carriage. Cream-colored cloth is prettiest. The edges are pinked around large points. The outline of these points is followed out and formed into squares by a row of feather-stitching done in shaded yellow rope silk. Tassels are made of the same, and attached to the points. A spray of daisies and grasses

is outlined in the stem-stitch with finer silk. This afghan will be found very effective and pretty.

Crewels may be used in place of the rope silk, or the work may be done in blue or pink. Blue is used for boys', pink for girls'. The flowers in the corners should be of the most delicate tints or in white, such as lilies of the valley.

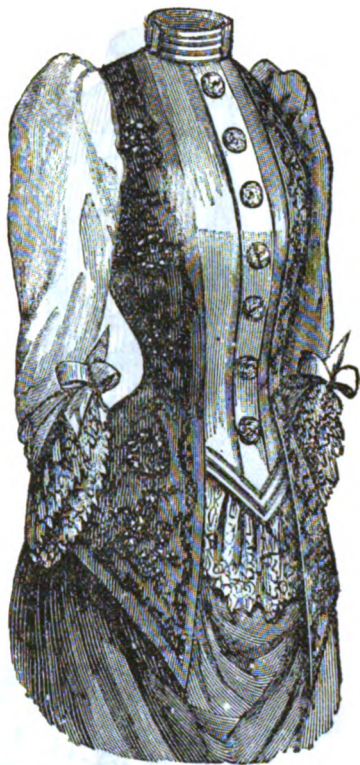
EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.

In the front of the book, on our colored flannel suitable for petticoats, blankets, or a pattern, we give a design for embroidery on baby's shawl.

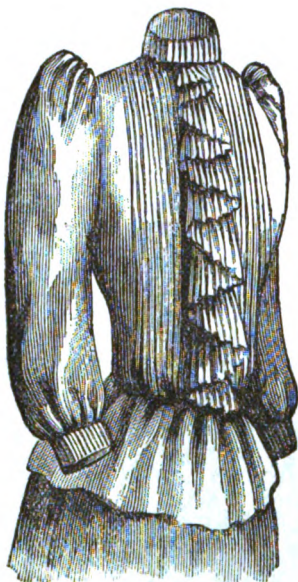
ALPHABET FOR TABLE AND BED LINEN.

We give, on the Supplement, an alphabet or table linen. It may be done either in of a beautiful design, for embroidery on bed white or red washing-cotton.

SLEEVE. FANCY BODICE. HAT.



BLOUSE-WAIST. HATS. SHIRT-WAIST.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE



SUMMER CAPE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



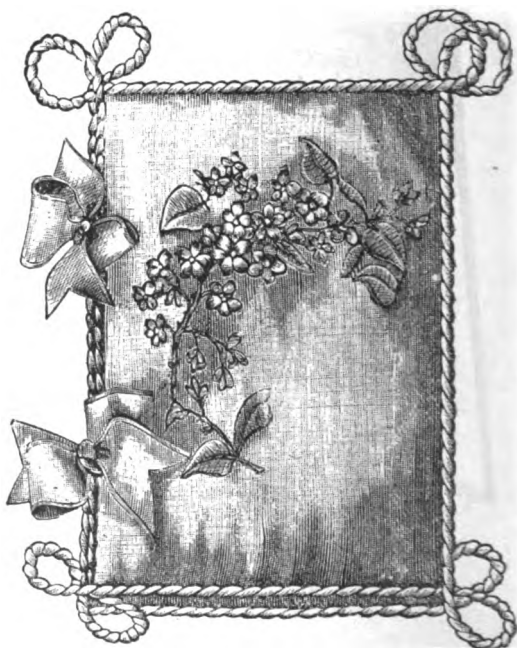
For our Supplement this month, we give the pattern of one of the new summer capes. It consists of three pieces:

1. HALF OF ONE-HALF OF LOWER FLOUNCE.
2. POINTED YOKE.
3. HALF OF ONE-HALF OF UPPER FLOUNCE.

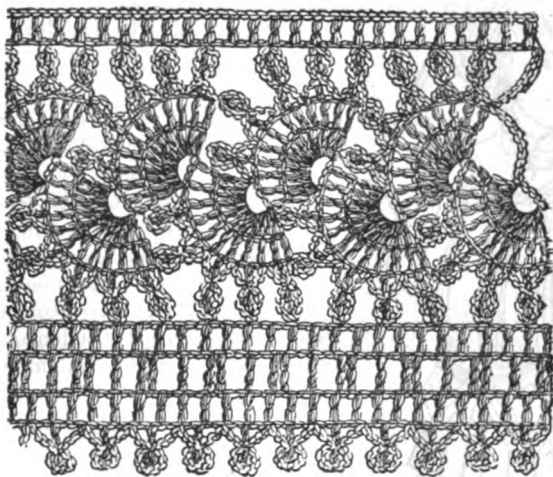
This pretty little wrap is made of mastic-colored lady's-cloth, with the pointed yoke braided with moss and gold, or with the same color as the wrap, but of a darker shade. The lower flounce is plaited upon the yoke, arranging the fullness so as to fall properly over the shoulders. We could only give the half of the half of the flounces, as the paper would not take the entire length. The letters and notches show where the pieces join. As will be seen, the half we give is exactly the half of one-half, front and back being alike. The letters and marks show the edge to sew to the yoke. The straight high collar is not given; it may be easily supplied. The French pattern did not furnish it. The yoke in our pattern meets in front.

NIGHT-DRESS SACHET.

Cream corded silk or cashmere, outlined with a thick cord in multicolor chenille to correspond with the spray of flowers, either painted, embroidered, or appliquéd on the front panel; butterfly bows in forget-me-not blue ottoman ribbon, harmonizing with the quilted satin lining. Each flap has a pocket, and forms a twin case for a double bed.



CROCHET LACE FOR TRIMMING.



Make 12 ch, unite.

First row : * 3 ch, 11 treble in the circle, turn.

Second row : 4 ch, 11 treble, 1 ch between each turn.

Third row : 2 ch, 1 treble in second ch of previous row, 7 ch, 1 single on top of the treble (for picot), 2 ch, miss 1, 1 single, repeat four times.

Fourth row : 8 ch, 1 single in last treble, turn, repeat from *, continue in this way until length desired is made.

The third fan to be joined to the two picots of first fan, and the fourth to second, as shown in the illustration.

For the edge, join the cotton to a picot *

3 ch, 1 single in next picot, 3 ch, 1 single in next, 4 ch, 1 single in next, repeat from *. turn.

Second row : 1 treble, 1 ch, miss 1, 1 treble, repeat.

Third row : 1 long treble (cotton twice round the hook) over 1 treble, 2 ch *, 2 long trebles between next 2 trebles, 2 ch, miss 1 treble, 1 long over the next treble, repeat from *.

Fourth row : Same as second.

Fifth row : 2 ch, miss 1, 1 treble, 7 ch, 1 single in top of treble, 2 ch, miss 1, 1 single, repeat.

For the foot, same as first and second rows of the edge, then one row of single in each stitch.

EMBROIDERY IN STEM-STITCH.



This pretty design is very suitable for children's frocks, and is very effective on flannel. Either wash-silk or colored cotton may be used on dresses, and silk or linen floss on flannel and cashmere. Satin-stitch should be used.



EMBROIDERY PATTERN.

The embroidery pattern for a child's table-apron is suitable for other purposes. It should be done in black or red washing-cotton, or a combination of black and red, or of blue and red, or all three colors may be used, if judgment be shown in the combination.

A SHOE FLOWER-HOLDER.

The shoe employed as a flower-holder may be one of the wooden sabots worn by the peasants in Europe, or one made of tin painted, or even of a pretty shoe which has been actually worn. A large hole must be cut in the front of the shoe. In the shoe, a tin must be fitted to hold water, in which the flowers are set, both in the lower and upper parts of the shoe. The ribbon should be of the color of the shoe, whatever that may be.



CUSHION.



A cushion, made longer than those that have been so much used, and showing a large pattern to much advantage.

Our model has plush corners and edges; the centre is of a gorgeous piece of old brocade, cream-color, but wrought over with many colored flowers and gold thread. Any handsome piece of modern brocade will look well for this purpose, and its beauty may be enhanced by outlining some of the flowers with gold thread. Where the brocade is attached to the plush, there is placed a band of gold galloon. The back is covered with silk of the color of the plush.

For a less expensive cushion, a cheaper plain material can be used in place of the plush, and a gay flowered chintz instead of the brocade.

NAMES FOR MARKING.



Charles

Charlotte

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

EXCELSIOR may be a trite motto, but it is a good one all the same, and our new volume will offer ample proof that we have a right to claim it for our own. Our list of fresh attractions, in all the different departments of the Magazine, are too numerous for us to take up space in trying to enumerate them. We can only mention a few of the leading articles for the July number, which will be a fair specimen of what may be expected of its successors in the way of literary and artistic merit.

Prose and Poetry of the Fan, by Frances M. Smith, will be profusely illustrated with specimens of fans, from the days of Cleopatra to those now in the possession of some of our most famous society-leaders.

Throgmorton Haggett's Discovery, by Julian Hawthorne, will be found one of the most striking short stories that he or any other recent writer has produced.

The new serial, *Held Up at San Angelo*, by Howard Seely, will add another leaf to its author's laurels. We shall give, also, a biographical sketch and an admirable portrait of this popular young novelist of the Southwest.

Flower Decorations, by Rosa F. Hastings, will have a series of charming illustrations and a graphic account of American and Japanese modes of decorating rooms and dinner-tables.

The Heart of the Lotus, by Minna Irving, will tell in exquisite verse a romantic story illustrated by a Nile landscape.

An Unintentional Deception, by Anna M. Dwight, we consider one of the best and most charmingly illustrated stories we have ever published.

Miss Ault, by Henry Cleveland Wood, will charm by its delicate pathos.

Reminiscences of a Convalescent, by Elisabeth Robinson Scovill, should be read by every woman.

Homely Hints, by Mattie Dyer Britts, will give ladies numerous novel and useful ideas for living-room and bed-room furnishing.

Add to these a plentiful stock of matter as varied as it is interesting, admirable engravings, beautiful fashion-plates, a treasury of needlework and household directions, women's talk, and the newest book-notices, and a fair idea can be gained of our approaching number.

"IT IS NO WONDER," says the Boston "Traveler," "that 'Peterson's' preserves its popularity. Its fiction, miscellany, music, and household suggestions exactly meet home needs."

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SOME BRIGHT WOMAN has contrived a little convenience which will save many a minute of vexation. Everyone has been annoyed by having the mirror tip backward and forward and every way but the right way. Instead of putting up with this bother, make a little roll of a cushion and fasten it by long ends of baby ribbon to the mirror-frame, so that it can always be in place. It should be four or five inches in length, and the width of two pieces of two-inch ribbon stitched together at the sides. Wedged in between the frame and the glass, it will hold the latter in any position. This little pad may be as dainty as you please. If you are sending it to a friend, explain what it is for, or she may think it a pincushion.

AN INEXPENSIVE GIFT is a nail-polisher. A toy rolling-pin may be covered with chamois, cut two inches longer than the rolling-pin itself, and just wide enough to fit tightly about it when overhanded on the wrong side and turned and slipped on. An inch fringe should be slashed at each end, and, if it is decorated with lines of gold or bronze metallic paint, it will be still prettier. It should be tied at each end with baby ribbon; if it is to be hung up, a loop may be added.

LAMP-SHADES.—The newest lamp-shades are made of soft silk, with bunches of artificial flowers introduced. They generally consist of gathered flounces pinked at the edges. Sometimes they are lined with a color—white silk, for example, trimmed with yellow buttercups. Occasionally the opening at the top is square, lined with green, the shade itself white with daisies. Some of the silk shades are of the pagoda shape, the points turning upward. Butterflies are often introduced on them. A flame-colored shade is pretty trimmed with nasturtiums, with yellow butterflies hovering over them.

NO CHANGE is noticeable in bodices. They all continue to be full, whether high in the neck or low. If high, the fullness is gathered into a high collar; if low, it is gathered round a shoulder-band, which may be covered by a lace berthe or fringe of beads, etc.

IN CAPABLE HANDS.—The Washington State woman's literary work for the World's Fair has been given to Ella Higginson, one of the most brilliant young authors of the West, whether as poet, story or newspaper writer.

OUR FULL-PAGE ENGRAVINGS this month merit special mention.

"An Egyptian Toilet" is not only a beautiful picture, but it is an odd reminder of how surviving customs connect this progressive present with the distant past. The Eastern beauty of three thousand years ago probably derived her habit of painting her brows and darkening her eyes from women of some still more ancient date; but the practice has never died out, and is to-day almost as common among society-belles in Europe and America as it was in the Egypt of the Ptolemies.

"A Post Station in Thuringia" represents a fairly idyllic scene in that beautiful region, which in these days is seldom called by its old name, as it now forms a part of Upper Saxony. It is an interesting fact that the picturesque road which traverses the province is of unknown antiquity, the first mention of it being found in a letter of Pope Gregory's, written in 783. This highway literally forms the boundary-line between Northern and Southern Germany, as dialect, costumes, and even habits are quite different in the districts stretching out on either side of the route.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Presumption of Sex, and Other Papers. By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—These striking essays are so just in their strictures and so fearless in their truthfulness that, however much they may wound the proverbially thin skin of the American public, they ought to receive a thankful welcome. Women who may feel sore and irritated after the merciless castigation of feminine weaknesses and sins inflicted in the paper on "The Ruthless Sex" can console themselves by turning to the scaring record of "The Vulgar Sex." After this, they will do well to summon their male relatives and friends, and select somebody to read aloud the opening essay on "The Presumption of Sex," and follow that up by the closing paper headed "Our Dreadful American Manners." When the reading is over, if the listeners of both sexes do not rise humbler in mind, meeker in spirit, and far more tolerant mutually, they will prove themselves as conceited as pouter pigeons and blind as the eyeless fish of the Mammoth Cave.

Wood-Notes Wild. By Simeon Pease Cheney. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—The author of this original and charming volume was a skilled teacher of music, as well as an ardent lover and keen observer of nature. The close study of years convinced him that nature's music, whether animate or inanimate, forms melodic strains which employ all the intervals of the major and minor scales in absolute perfection. He gives, in support of his statement, the songs of scores of

birds in musical notation on the staff. The account of bird habits and peculiarities is exceedingly interesting and contains many really new facts.

Hand-book of School Gymnastics of the Swedish System. By Baron Nil Posse. Boston: Lee and Shepard. This newest production of a writer who has done so much for gymnastics in this country will be found worthy of his great experience and skill. The fundamental principles are first given, fully illustrated, and added thereto is much useful advice to teachers. There are one hundred progressive tables of exercises, which, by the aid of lists at the end of the volume, an instructor can easily expand to make correspond to any conditions under which he may be teaching. Invaluable for schools, even for self-tuition, and issued at a cheap rate, though very neatly printed and bound.

God's Image in Man. By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This is not a polemical or indeed a theological treatise, in any sense of the word. The book offers clear presentations of advanced religious thought, brightened by poetic fancies and appealing to intuition and faith rather than setting forth dogmatic assertions. The universality of law, race solidarity, and evolution are all given their due weight, and the great change going on in spiritual and metaphysical science is depicted with unconventional eloquence.

The Golden Guess. By John Vance Cheney. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—A volume of essays whose titles are of themselves enough to incline one pleasantly toward it. "The Old Notion of Poetry, Who are the Great Poets, What about Browning, Music or the Tone Poetry," are among these attractive names. The subjects are treated with a knowledge and power which, whether or not one may always agree with the writer, exhibit not only wide mental culture, but keen literary acumen and a special gift of analysis.

Tatters. By Beulah. Boston: Lee and Shepard. The story of a life that begins among the London poor and reaches finally the haven of ease and luxury. The incidents are numerous and stirring, and the plot has a touch of downright old-fashioned romance about it which is really refreshing in these days of realistic common-places.

The Jonah of Lucky Valley, and Other Stories. By Howard Seely. New York. Harper & Bros.—When some years ago that charming novel "A Nymph of the West" appeared, it was evident alike to critics and readers that certain little-known and very interesting phases of American life had found a delineator as original as he was gifted. Every succeeding work of Mr. Seely's has increased his rapidly gained reputation until he is to-day regarded in this country and England

as the one distinctive novelist of the Southwest, and holds in literature a place as exceptional as it is enviable. The present volume will be eagerly welcomed by a large circle of readers and cannot fail to strengthen their admiration for his talent.

The Household Idol. By Marie Bernhard. New York: Worthington Co.—This is a charming story of society and home life in the quaint old city of Hamburg. The interest never flags; the incidents carry the reader eagerly on, and the heroine is a very lovely conception, who is lucky enough to find a hero worthy of her. Like all the works issued by this house, the volume is a model in the way of paper, typography, and binding.

The Philadelphia Magazines and their Contributors. By Albert H. Smyth. Philadelphia: Robert M. Lindsay.—In 1741, the first magazine ever published in this country was begun in Philadelphia: which city, up to 1850, remained the principal seat of periodical literature, just as for a hundred years it led all the cities of America in culture and authorship, as well as in commerce. This much-needed record is as interesting as it is instructive, and it is not until one has reflected on the great fund of information given in regard to magazines, books, and writers, that one realizes how much toil and research were required to collect the material about which Mr. Smyth has woven the charm of a style as polished as it is easy and natural.

A Baby's Requirements. By Elisabeth Robinson Scovill. Philadelphia: Curtis Publishing Company.—Miss Scovill's numerous valuable articles in this magazine will prepare our readers to expect a great deal from this little volume, and they will find it surpass even their expectations. The very headings of the chapters show how thoroughly every branch of the subject is considered—clothing, nursing, the bath, the bed, weaning, amount of food, interval of feeding, ailments; they are all there, along with numerous other matters and directions, clearly set forth, many of them so new, so full of practical common sense, that even an experienced matron will be glad of their assistance, while to the young mother making ready for that priceless treasure, the first baby, this book will be simply invaluable.

Corinthia Marazion. By Cecil Griffith. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—Like so many other novels of the period, this tale deals with religious opinions and questions in a liberal yet earnest fashion. The story is interesting in itself, and the characterization merits much praise, so that the book ought to please two widely different classes of readers.

LOOKING ROUND.—To the mean eye all things are trivial, as certainly as to the jaundiced eye they are all yellow.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

UNDER THE AUSPICES of the Board of Lady Managers, there has been formed the Woman's Dormitory Association, the object of which is to furnish cheap and comfortable living quarters during the Exposition to women visitors, particularly those of the industrial class and of limited means. Four huge hotels or dormitories will be erected. The site for one of them has been donated by George M. Pullman. It is a square only two blocks and a half from the northern entrance to the Exposition grounds. This dormitory will be 450 by 150 feet, built in eight sections, so that there shall be no inside rooms, and will have a capacity of 1,200 persons daily. The rooms will be varied in size, and plainly but neatly furnished. Sites for the other three dormitories have not yet been selected. It is estimated that 130,000 women visitors will be accommodated during the Fair. The association will issue \$125,000 of stock, in shares of five dollars each. No one person will be permitted to buy more than \$100 of stock. It is expected that industrial and other women will buy the stock. Each share entitles the owner to its face value in room-rent. The rooms will be rented out for thirty cents a day. To what extent the association will furnish eating facilities has not yet been determined. It is believed that women who desire to visit the Fair will find it of great advantage and convenience thus to have a place to which they can go immediately upon their arrival in the crowded city, and where they can find safe and comfortable lodgment. The dormitories will be managed entirely by women.

Women will assist very materially in making up the Washington State exhibit for the Exposition. The art exhibit, which is being collected by a woman, will include pictures of Washington scenery, animals, birds, fish, fruit, and flowers. Other women are actively engaged in perfecting the exhibits in education, flora, Indian curios, needlework, embroidery, modeling, missionary and benevolent work, etc. Every industry carried on in whole or in part by the women of the State is to be shown. Some of the carved panels and other ornamental features of the State building will also be furnished by women.

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and cucumbers: *Creme Simon*, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; whiten, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York. Druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Read Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

German Milk Bread.—Let the flour stand for an hour or two in a warm place; make the milk lukewarm and mix the yeast with it, stirring in

the flour till it forms a kind of porridge, which should then be dusted with flour, covered, and left to rise in a warm place. The flour left over is kept till the dough is worked, which it should not be till it has risen well and cracks appear on the surface, when the salt and the rest of the flour should be worked in with the hands till it no longer adheres to them. Throw the dough on to the pastry-board, strike it several times with the roller, and then make it into little rolls of any shape you like, smoothing their surface well, let them rise a little on the baking-tin, then give each a cut, brush them over with beaten egg, and bake in a hot oven till done. These can also be made by working eggs and butter into the dough, and then baking the rolls quickly. The proportions are four pounds of flour, one quart of milk, one and a half ounces of yeast, a little salt, and, for the second kind, four eggs and a quarter-pound of fresh butter.

Bananas (to cook).—Place eight bananas peeled (not over-ripe) in a porcelain or agate pan, and pour over them half a pint of good claret or Burgundy, with three ounces of sifted sugar, and the juice of half a lemon. Stew very gently for twenty or twenty-five minutes. Serve cold, with whipped cream. *Another way:* Six bananas, one well-beaten egg, four dessertspoonfuls of flour, and two dessertspoonfuls of sugar. Mash the fruit into a pulp with a fork, add the other ingredients, beat up well, drop half a dessertspoonful at a time into boiling fat, turn as soon as set, and keep turning until fried a nice brown. Can be eaten either hot or cold, but are rather rich hot. *Another way:* Make a smooth thin batter with flour and eggs thoroughly beaten up, and a pinch of salt; have ready some very hot butter in a pan. Peel six or more good-sized bananas, cut them lengthwise in finger-lengths, dip them into the batter, and thence immediately drop them into the hot butter. When brown on one side, turn them, and, when done equally brown, serve them hot, thickly sprinkled with sifted sugar and cinnamon. *Another way:* Peel some fine bananas (they should, of course, never be over-ripe for cooking), cut them lengthwise, making three or four slices of each one; prick them here and there, and put them into a very clean frying-pan with half a pound of sugar, six ounces of butter, a pinch of cinnamon, or a little vanilla if preferred, some nutmeg, and a little water. Put the pan on a brisk fire, shaking frequently to prevent the bananas from burning. When the liquor is fairly thick, put the pan in a cool oven or under a salamander for a short time, then serve. *Pudding:* Butter a pie-dish, put in the bottom a layer of grated bread, then one of bananas sliced thin, and another of powdered sugar. Over this, put some butter and a sprinkling of vanilla or cinnamon, cloves, and grated nutmeg. Repeat these layers till the dish is full, then bake for one hour.

This can be eaten with syrup or not. *Compote:* Peel some bananas (not too ripe), remove any threads or fibres, but do not touch the fruit with a metal blade. Drop the fruit into boiling water, strain at once, and drop them into some hot syrup over the fire; draw the pan aside, and let the fruit cool in the syrup. About an hour and a quarter after, strain the bananas, reduce the syrup, flavor it with orange-juice, pour it over the bananas, and serve when quite cold. *Preserve:* Choose good fine fruit, nearly ripe; peel and boil very slightly and carefully, to keep the bananas whole. Put them into jars, with a little piece of vanilla or cinnamon in each; pour over them a thin syrup flavored according to taste; tie down when cold, and keep in a moderate temperature.

To Wash Vegetables.—Have two pans of water, one quite cold, the other—close to it—filled with warm water, not hot enough to scald or cold enough to be only tepid. After having picked a vegetable free from stem and decayed leaves, say a cauliflower, hold it by the stem downward, dip it into the warm water and move it rapidly three or four times through the water, then instantly throw it into the cold water; whatever insects or worms there were in it will drop out. Spinach is washed differently. First pick it free from dead stems. Have two pans of water; take only as many leaves as will barely fill the right hand, move them about quickly in the warm water, then catch them up rapidly and throw them into the cold, and continue till the whole is in the cold water. As soon as this is done, pour off the water quickly, and again put more cold water, or set the water-tap running on the spinach. Greens of every kind, and parsley, to be washed in the same way as spinach. Cabbages are best cut in circles, as for pickling, then washed clean in hot and cold water, and cooked ten or fifteen minutes in plenty of boiling water, two ounces of salt, and soda, filbert size. Spinach should have no water in cooking it, and, when strained and pressed and chopped, it should be beaten well with salt, pepper, an ounce of butter, a teaspoonful of sugar, and a tablespoonful of vinegar.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—DRESS, OF WHITE CAMBRIC, spotted with red. The skirt is made crosswise, and one side is wrapped over the other side of the skirt. It is buttonholed and embroidered with red cotton all around the bottom and up the right side. The bodice opens in front and is edged with the embroidery. Pointed belt, of white ribbon. Large white felt hat, without trimming.

FIG. II.—DRESS, OF WHITE SERGE. The skirt is trimmed with two rows of blue ribbon. The Russian blouse-jacket is cut in wide tabs and edged with ribbon. It opens from the left

shoulder down to the bottom, has no darts, and consequently is slightly full at the waist under a light leather belt. A band of blue ribbon is around the throat. Large white straw hat, trimmed with feathers and faced with blue.

FIG. III.—DRESS, OF YELLOW AND PANSY-COLORED STRIPED SURAH. The skirt is of striped silk. The bodice is a jacket and bodice combined, and is of yellow silk. The full front is worn with a pointed torselet of the pansy-colored silk. Cuffs of the same, with full upper sleeves of the yellow silk. Straw hat, trimmed with purple flowers.

FIG. IV.—DRESS, OF CHINA SILK, TERRA-COTTA COLORED, figured with black. The skirt is trimmed with a black lace flounce, festooned and caught with knots of ribbon. It is slightly draped at the waist. The bodice is a little full on the left shoulder, and is worn under a black lace corselet ornamented with black ribbons. The full sleeves have a novel trimming of lace and ribbon below the elbows. Black lace hat, trimmed with bird's wings.

FIG. V.—DRESS, OF PEARL-COLORED LAWN, dotted with blue flowers. The skirt is trimmed with two sets of flounces, headed with straight bands and lace insertion. The bodice is pointed, and has a lace ruffle below the waist. A Figaro jacket, of the lawn, is trimmed with a ruffle of the same. Full sleeves, with elbow cuffs. Straw hat, ornamented with blue flowers.

FIG. VI.—DRESS SKIRT, OF GRAY CHEVIOT. It is made with side pockets and a special band for wearing with shirt-waists. The bodice is of white silk, spotted with dark-blue, with a plaited yoke, turned-down collar, and cuffs. Full sleeves.

FIG. VII.—DRESS, OF BLACK FRENCH CHINTZ, well covered with designs of flowers in the natural colors. The skirt has a straight flounce. The basque bodice is full in front, and confined at the waist by a black ribbed ribbon tied in long bows. Full quilling of ribbon at the throat and wrists. Coarse straw hat.

FIG. VIII.—BOATING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE FLANNEL. The skirt has a slight drapery in front, and the side plaits are confined by straps of cream-colored braid put on with pointed ends. The blouse waist and broad collar are trimmed with the braid. The plastron has a pair of ears embroidered on it. Straw sailor-hat, with blue ribbon.

FIG. IX.—LAWN-TENNIS DRESS. The skirt is of cream-colored serge, with pockets at the sides. The blouse is dark-blue silk, opening on the right side and trimmed with pearl buttons. Collar and sleeves ornamented with braid. The latter also has the pearl buttons added. Hat of soft blue felt.

FIG. X.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF PINK

AND WHITE STRIPED FOULARD. The skirt is plain. The bodice and sleeves are of white foulard, the latter embroidered at the hand and tied with bows of pink ribbon. Sash of the foulard. Jacket of the pink and white striped silk, with revers of white. Hat of silk muslin, edged with a fall of lace and trimmed with pink and white spotted silk.

FIG. XI.—DRESS, OF GRAY AND BLUE STRIPED CAMBRIC. The front is cut so that the stripes meet in points in front. White embroidered ruffle around the waist, and a jabot collar of the same down each side of the plastron, where the stripes meet in points. Straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon.

FIG. XII.—NEW-STYLE SLEEVE, much wrinkled about the elbow and buttoned on the outside of the arm.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-JACKET, OF LAVENDER-COLORED BENGALINE, trimmed with jet. It opens over a waistcoat of a lighter shade of lavender crêpe, ornamented down the front with large buttons, and trimmed with lace and lavender-colored velvet ribbon at the point. Sleeves of lavender-colored crêpe, trimmed with lace and satin ribbon.

FIG. XIV.—HAT, OF GRAY STRAW, trimmed with a roll and large bow of silk mull and a gray curled feather.

FIG. XV.—BLOUSE-WAIST, OF CHANGEABLE RED AND GRAY SILK. It has a plaited jabot of the silk down the front, and is tucked on each side of it. Full sleeves, put on a tucked cuff.

FIG. XVI.—BLACK STRAW HAT, trimmed with black velvet and cock's plumes.

FIG. XVII.—HAT, OF BASKET-WORK STRAW, trimmed with jonquil-colored satin ribbon.

FIG. XVIII.—SHIRT-WAIST, OF WHITE MUSLIN, trimmed down the front with Russian embroidery done in red and blue working-cotton, and a ruffle also scalloped with working-cotton. Turn-over collar, embroidered in colors.

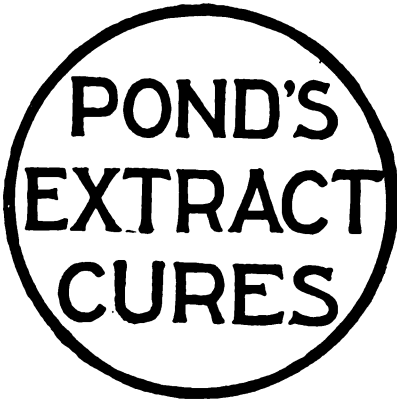
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF GRAY TWEED. The Norfolk jacket has the belt passed under the plaits. It buttons high in the neck.

FIG. II.—SMALL BOY'S FROCK, OF WHITE LINEN. The border about the bottom, belt, cuffs, and yoke are of dark-blue linen, embroidered in a Russian design in red and blue working-cotton. The border above the band is in blue cotton.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF CAMBRIC, figured with parti-colored flowers. The skirt has a ruffle of the material, edged with white embroidery. The bodice is slightly pointed at the waist under a band of black velvet, full in front from a yoke of white embroidery. Revers of white embroidery.

PILES, BOILS, WOUNDS,
BRUISES, MOSQUITO BITES,
CATARRH, SORE EYES,

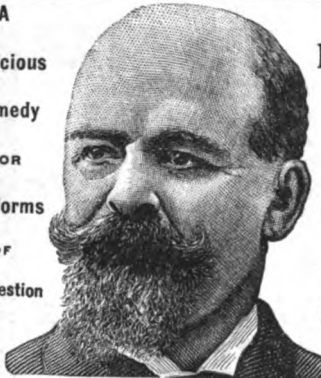


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HAPPY HOMES

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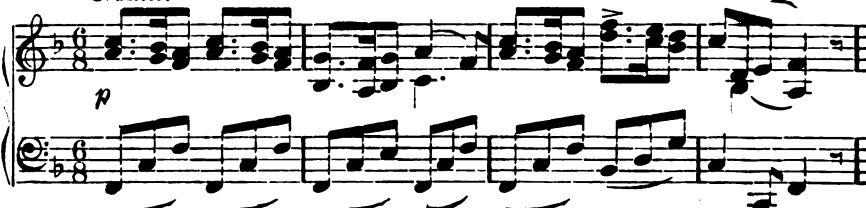
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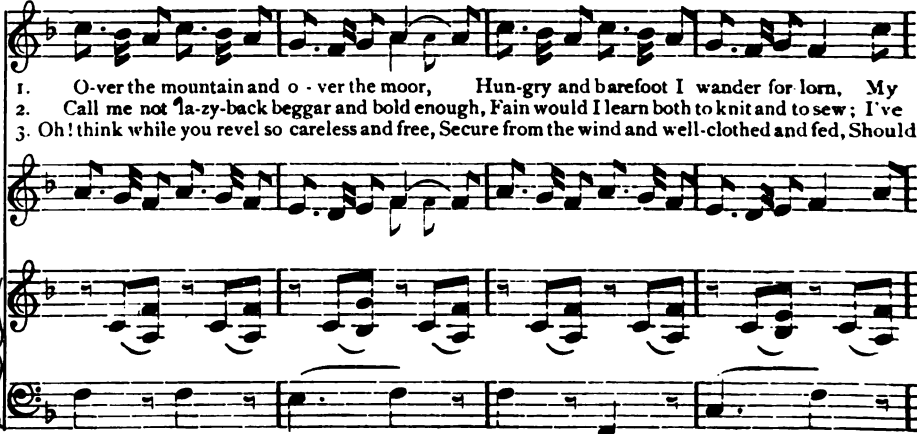
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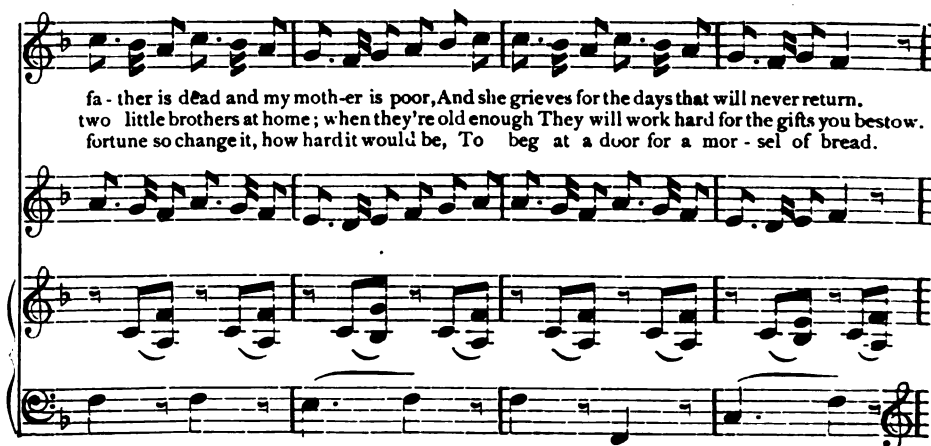
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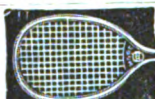
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